THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Illustrated Weekly
Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JULY 24, 1915 — 5cts. THE COPY

A Billion-Dollar Business—By A. C. LAUT

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Get them at your dealer or write us direct

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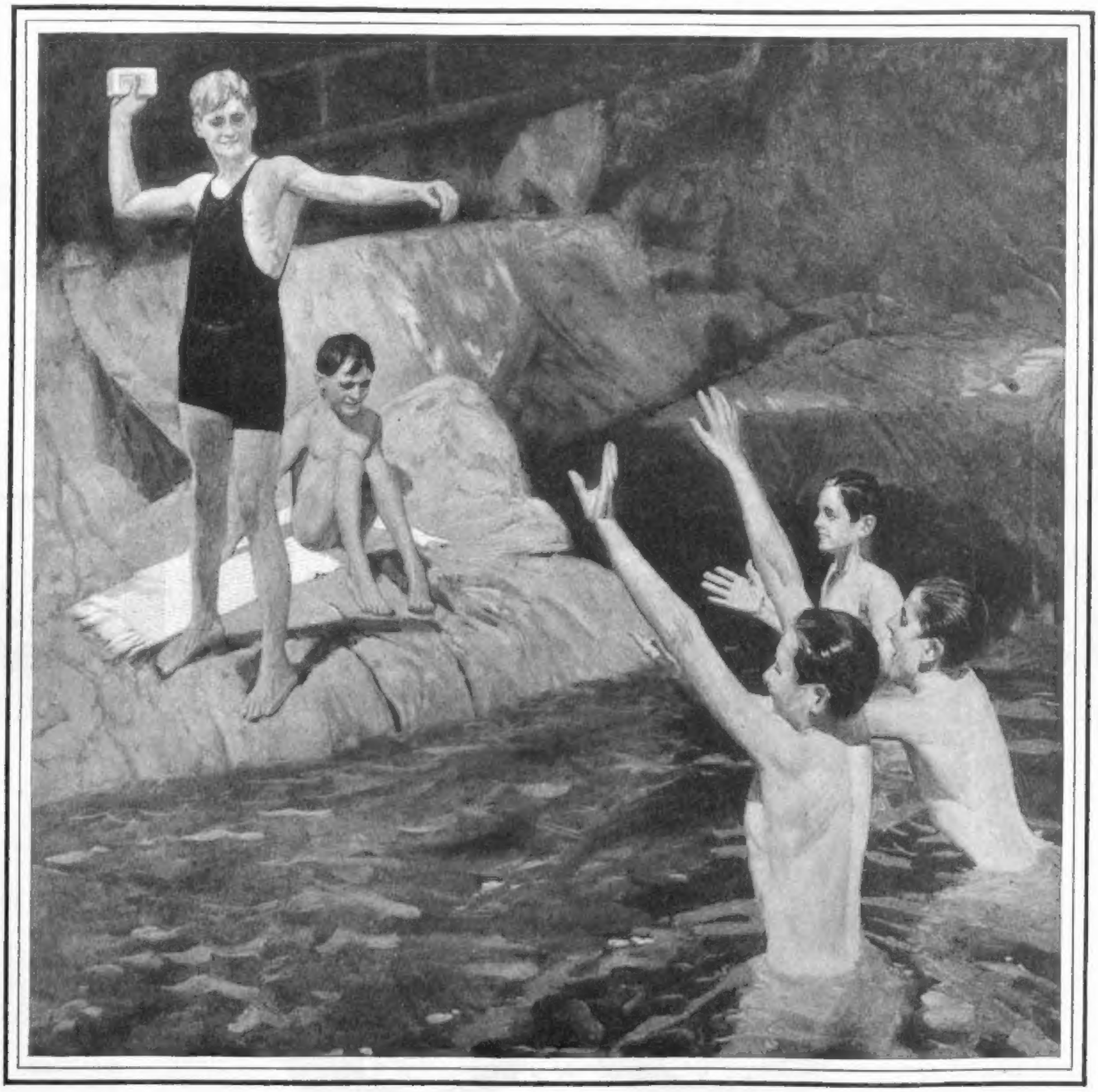

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A BILLION-DOLLAR BUSINESS

By A. C. LAUT

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY
Loading a Big Gun

WHEN the great war broke out the wildest expectation of any benefit counterbalancing loss to the United States from the world catastrophe was in furnishing food supplies to the warring nations. Everything was to be over by Christmas. The one consuming desire of the United States was to keep out of it—keep out of it—keep out of it!

Suddenly the Russian line collapsed from lack of munitions. Suddenly Lloyd George announced to the world that what was hamstringing, hampering, holding England impotent—was lack of munitions. And suddenly Uncle Sam, whose one desire was to keep out of it, found himself the hub and the nub and the rub of the whole situation. If either side could cut off his supplies to the other side, the loser would crumple up and collapse. Before Uncle Sam remotely sensed what was happening, his shores were flooded with war orders. Before war orders had become words of magic in Wall Street, myriad secret buyers had spread over every state in the Union, and consignments of every conceivable kind of supplies came from dummy shippers in the West and Middle West, freight prepaid, pouring in to dummy receivers in the East.

Agents chartered steamers for the freight piled in a blockade on the docks of Atlantic ports. Charter rates jumped from five thousand dollars to fifty thousand dollars and fifty-five thousand dollars a month. Checks to make a shipowner's eyes jump out of his head, signed by forwarding agents for one of the great banks, prepaid the ocean freight, the insurance risk, the bonus of from ten to fifteen dollars a man for the crews of from sixty to a hundred men. Who provided the money for the checks? Nobody knew. From whom had these shipments come? Nobody knew. Who was behind the dummy name to which the consignment was shipped in Europe? Nobody knew. The shipowners put the checks and their personal inferences into their pockets; and still the freight kept piling in. Old sailing craft that had been laid up as junk for ten years were scraped and painted and launched at charter rates for which a steamship owner would have been glad before the war.

This was early in November. Oil began going out in barrels—millions of barrels; you remember some of the first ships seized and some of the first sunk were oil carriers. Why was the oil going out in barrels? Because, though its manifest might lie about the real destination, the thing glaringly manifest beyond the ship's declaration was the fact that barreled oil was going to ports where there were neither tanks nor pumps. It was going to hidden, rocky, out-of-the-way places. Likewise of bulk cement, and cotton cargoes with shells inside the bales,

and lumber carriers with something all-fired more explosive than spruce or hemlock in their holds.

Before the port manifests were made public at all—that is, before January first—before, indeed, the Government had wakened to the necessity of making manifests public, war orders had totaled almost two hundred million dollars—to be accurate, according to ship manifests and acknowledged orders, $188,859,000; and these did not include any food supplies except sugar and flour and canned meats. They did not include the enormous shipments of wheat and oats and barley and corn that had gone out from the harvesting of the 1914 crop. They consisted mainly of army clothing, steel products for munitions of war, copper, spelter, zinc, horses, harness, autos, machinery, armaments. It may be said that three-quarters of the total value of the war orders to January first was for the firing line.

Then the world was wakened by three violent international explosions.

England announced her blockade of ships with cargoes direct or indirect to German ports. Uncle Sam scratched his touseled head and asked: "Blockade against what?" The Allies pointed to exports to Denmark, increased fivefold; exports to Italy, increased threefold; exports to Sweden, increased eightfold; exports to Norway, increased fivefold. One great ship-chartering firm of New York had, in February, a hundred and forty-eight ships loaded with provisions consigned to Genoa. It can hardly be inferred that Genoa needed all those provisions in February; but Genoa was a forwarding point to Germany. Then Greece put on cargo carriers from American ports. The shipyards of the world rang to the hammer of more orders than could be filled in ten years. It was said among seafaring men that all you needed to make a fortune was a tub with a sail. The tonnage of all the Scandinavian countries went up like mercury in midsummer heat. "That," said the Allies, "is our blockade against what!"

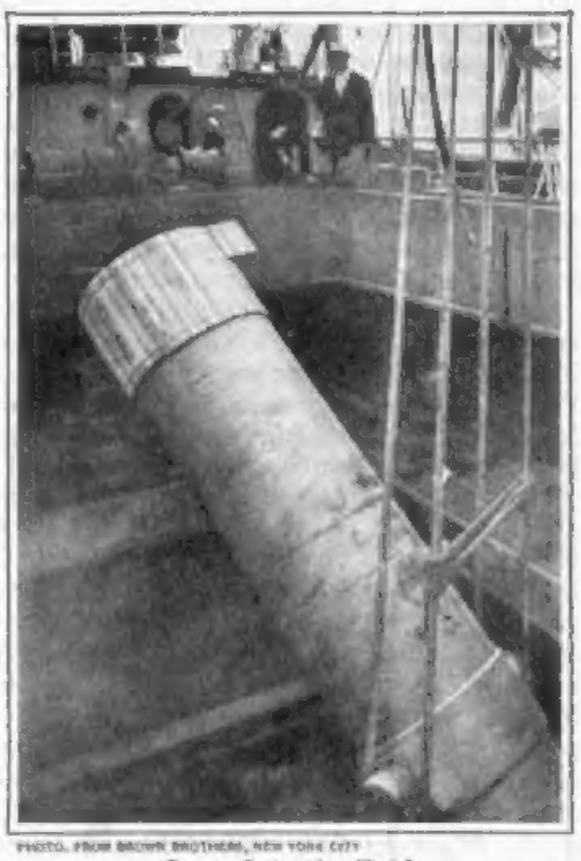

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY
Down Into the Hold

Uncle Sam came awake next with an explosion over his impeded traffic. It was then that the Administration overruled Mr. Bryan and made public all outward-bound ship manifests. Up to the time of England's blockade, on special instructions from Mr. Bryan, these outbound ship manifests were withheld from the public. The more Uncle Sam examined those manifests the hotter he got. Instead of keeping out of it—out of it—out of it—he was in it so deep that he could not take a flounder without kicking somebody's shins. He could not quit without giving a wound to whichever side failed to get his supplies.

Then Germany wakened—or, rather, the German torpedo wakened the world. "If you cut off our supplies," said the torpedo, "we'll cut off yours." And Germany pointed to American supplies to France, increased a hundred million dollars; American supplies to England, increased a hundred and fifty million dollars. Not long ago I heard two country neighbors paying each other their respects; and the ultimatum was: "If you shoot my dog I'll skin your cat!" Shorn of diplomatic language, that is exactly the situation among the belligerents on war orders from the United States.

Suddenly, the war switched and hinged round war orders. East and West and Dardanelles firing lines marked time or swayed impotently backward and forward, gaining an inch to-day, losing an inch to-morrow, grappled in deadlock and deathlock.

The war has suddenly resolved into a life-and-death struggle to get American war orders and keep the other side from getting them. Instead of sitting serenely on a calm shore afar from Europe's maelstrom of hate, Uncle Sam finds himself on the verge of the rapids. He holds the fate of the world in his hands; but his own destiny has become interlocked with that fate.

Before the torpedo blockade war orders amounted to almost two hundred million dollars. Six months after the torpedo blockade they total five hundred million; and if the samples submitted to European buyers, who are spread over the country in thousands, come up to specifications, they are likely to total a billion before long.

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY
A Battleship Off Staten Island Inspects Every Vessel Leaving New York Harbor

How did the war orders assume such enormous proportions that Uncle Sam was involved before he could extricate himself? By a policy of swift secrecy unexampled before in world history.

"Women and children starving in Germany—piffle!" scoffed the head of one of the largest freight lines on the Atlantic operating for the Allies when I pointed out to him that American supplies to German ports had decreased from two hundred and sixty-eight million dollars to twenty-eight millions. "Look at the increase to Sweden and Denmark and Holland! Yes; I know shipments to Holland must go through the Dutch Oversea Trust; but I also know that Danes are being penalized every day in the week for contraband trade with Germany. Germany is not the country to starve. She has ample supplies. Belgium is the only country that is doing any starving. Germany is getting as many supplies from the United States, in proportion, as the Allies. Of course we know it is going on. Of course the Pinkertons are watching them and they have the Burns people watching us. We know their supplies are going out in neutral ships to neutral ports; but you tell us which cargoes have them—and ——"

He did not finish. He gave an effective, quiet wink to himself at his own thoughts. His line has suffered an almost weekly loss from German torpedoes.

Early in May a small cargo carrier loaded fresh provisions at one of the docks in Brooklyn. She wore new paint on her name and new paint on her hull. She was a neutral and carried such a cargo as might have been sent out to a survey ship or big private yacht for a long cruise. The freight bills showed provisions coming through commission agents and going to commission agents; but what excited suspicion among the New York dock hands was a peculiarity of the cargo: There were boxes of fresh fruit from the Pacific and canned meat from Chicago, and barrels of fresh vegetables and canned vegetables and biscuits. The label was ripped from every box and can and barrel. In its place was written simply the name of contents—meat, apples, oranges, pears, and so on. Where the name had been stenciled, it was erased or destroyed. Nothing went into the ship's cargo that could reveal where the provisions came from or where they were going. Her manifest read free of suspicion; but when she had gone down New York harbor as far as the Statue of Liberty she was held up by the customs officials and reëxamined—"contraband cotton" was the excuse for a second search. Nothing amiss was found and the ship proceeded on her way.

Mystery Ships That Leave Our Ports

THREE weeks later another ship loaded in almost the same fashion at the Bush Terminals. By this time the dock hands called such carriers "the mystery ships." This one, too, was held up by the customs; but nothing wrong was discovered. She, too, went on her way. What was she? If a carrier for some British cruiser outside, why should the cruiser not provision openly from Bermuda or Halifax or from the hundreds of British auxiliary cruisers provided with refrigeration for fresh supplies which go in and out of New York harbor every day? Was she carrying out oil and food for some submarine on the watch for outward-bound munitions of war?

One authority declared that a submarine could not go on a wider radius than a thousand miles from home base. Another shipowner declared a submarine could come twenty-six hundred miles—the distance from the west coast of Ireland. Thenanother set the limit around three thousand miles—the voyage of the submarine that went from Germany to the Dardanelles. A submarine can carry only a few torpedoes at a time. If a submarine is watching for munitions of war on this side of the Atlantic, where is its hidden base for a supply of shells? Where is its supply of oil for motive power? And to which side does it belong? Every harbor in the country is full of such mystery movements just now. It is part of the subterranean policy that has involved Uncle Sam in war orders before he knew what was going on.

It is a pretty safe guess that the Dominion of Canada would rather sink a province in the bottom of the sea than supply war orders to Germany. Yet so secretly were war orders executed early last November that the Dominion played into the hands of German supply agents without knowing it. As winter set in, with each side fighting in wet trenches, inquiries came to manufacturers in the United States for enormous supplies of little sheet-iron stoves such as settlers use in tents and canvas wagons. Manufacturers' associations remain strictly neutral. When thousands of inquiries come pouring in for rifles, for powder, for picric acid, for aëroplanes, for soldiers' uniforms, for machinery, for boots, for sole leather, for medical supplies, the associations send back to the inquirers—whether government agents or war brokers—a list of the manufacturers likely to be able to provide the desired supplies. There the big manufacturers' associations, both of the East and of the West, stop.

The buyers then go to the individual manufacturing houses. This is one reason why a single inquiry for so many rifles, or shoes, or suits, or socks, becomes exaggerated into four times the actual order. Each factory to which an inquiry comes tables the order; and the news leaks out from half a dozen factories on the same order.

The next step on the part of the buyer is to demand samples in the case of clothing and food and arms, and to lay down specifications in the case of transportation, aëroplane, motor or munition supplies. If the sample comes up to the requirements of the government experts who are buying, the order is placed; but in many cases the government expert never appears openly. Agents and brokers bring him the samples.

In the case of the sheet-iron camp stoves to heat the trenches, a war broker conducted negotiations. The stoves could be found only in Canada, where new settlers had created the demand, and in the American Northwest, where homesteaders still cross the plains in tented wagons. A heavy purchase was made—from five hundred thousand to six hundred thousand camp stoves in all, a very large proportion from Canada. Three-quarters of those camp stoves were shipped to Sweden; and, as Sweden was not drying out trenches, it is a pretty safe guess that stoves from Canada helped to keep the Germans warm. The rest of that purchase went in another shipment to the Allies.

In this case there is not the slightest doubt the war broker did not know for whom he was buying. He bought for a dummy, was paid by a dummy, and shipped to a dummy.

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

German Steamers Interned at Hoboken

In another case, of three hundred thousand dollars' worth of medical supplies, the shipment passed through the hands of four dummies before it reached its final destination—German hospitals. Each broker undoubtedly took his rake-off. Having made the purchase, two more transactions, equally secret, must be put over—the goods must be paid for and the goods must be shipped.

At first, when the game of war orders was new, payment was made in drafts and hand-to-hand cash; but as the orders grew from a few hundred thousand to fifty and eighty million dollars' worth—as they have for powder and shells and projectiles and submarines—rake-offs became so extortionate and the element of time so vital that the governments of Europe placed large credits in the hands of half a dozen big responsible bankers. I purposely did not say gold; for if there is gold in all the purchases the bank balances and clearances do not show it throughout the country. The bankers then took on themselves what were entirely new rôles for bankers. They organized their own staffs of detectives or spies. I believe the proper title is "private investigator." Under guidance of inspectors sent out from the European governments they then engaged expert buyers under one managerial head of known ability and responsibility. The managing buyer for one of the largest international banking houses handling the credits of France and England was the president of a trust company lent for the emergency.

Buying in a Roundabout Way

HOW many secret inspectors there are in the country is unknown—certainly two hundred or three hundred from England and as many from Russia and France. German buying has been done through a well-known banker of New York who had long military training in Germany and who acts through a transatlantic shipping company and a well-known German doctor. They, in turn, have acted through two commission houses, who have their own staff of buyers and dummies, one of whom is a woman of German-Swedish birth married to an American.

Having their staff of buyers the bankers handling the credits then guarantee that the firms receiving the contracts are responsible parties; that the contracts, seldom let for more than seventy-five per cent of the requirements, shall be delivered on time; that if the firms lack factory capacity or money to finance the manufacture of the supplies, financial aid shall be extended to them. In several cases of railroad supplies, explosives and aëroplanes money was advanced for the building of plants, the plants to be owned by the banks during the war or by the banks' patron, but to revert to the manufacturer at the end of hostilities. It is current knowledge in the trade that for explosives, aëroplanes and specially armored motor trucks almost fifty per cent of the cost has been advanced beforehand to enable the manufacturer to get the orders under way.

The reasons for these precautions can be appreciated: England and Russia are not advancing credits for factories that might be bought by bankers representing Germany and Austria. It was this feature of financing war orders that raised the rumor that Germany was ready to buy up American munition factories.

Germany would not, for the simple reason that she has her own string of supplies and her own secret way of getting them. If you doubt that Germany is obtaining supplies from the United States, look up the outward manifests of steamers destined for Göteborg, Sweden, or

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Loading War Orders From the Brooklyn Docks

better still, for Malmö, opposite Copenhagen, whence shipments are easily slipped across to Swinemünde on the German coast.

At random I pick the manifest of a steamer for Copenhagen: Sixty-two cases of motors; fifty-seven cases of motorcycles; seven hundred barrels of oil; nine hundred and five barrels of lubricating oil; three thousand coils of copper wire. Or take another, bound for Sweden: Twenty-nine boxed autos; five boxes of auto parts; forty bundles of aluminum; twenty-nine cases of autos; twenty consignments of steel wire; four hundred and seventy-one boxes of copper; twenty bundles of steel wire—these metal shipments to a country abounding in manufactured metals of her own. If you will go back over the outward-bound manifests of ships from Boston, New York and Philadelphia to Sweden and Italy, from November to May, you will find literally thousands of cargoes of which these two are typical. If you did not know there was any war you would think that Sweden and Italy had suddenly taken to dressing in guncotton and living on live copper wire and locomoting only on armed motor trucks.

Preceding the entrance of Italy into the war and the torpedoing of the Lusitania, war-order shipments to Genoa and Malmö were unexplainably colossal. For the last six weeks the cordon of the British blockade round the Baltic has been growing tighter. One of the agents of the big Scandinavian lines told me that if the cordon tightened much more nothing from America could enter Germany by Sweden. "But," he added, "watch the newly established line of transport by way of Greece."

"Buying through the big banks," declared the manager of one of the lines that is shipping most heavily to the Allies, "must have saved these governments thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands of dollars of petty graft; and it assures delivery on time. Don't forget, when Schwab contracted for five submarines, for delivery in ten months, he delivered in five months; and those who wish to make good on these war orders will have to speed up to the same pace of swift, perfect work."

On the other hand, the war brokers, of whom every hotel and street is full just now, and the small manufacturers are furious that they cannot get a look-in on war orders unless they have a pull with the big banks. It is hard to tell just how much is in this grievance; for there are other buyers, free of foot, besides Russia and France and England, who have placed their credit with the big banks. One manufacturer's agent told me that Italian buyers were on the open market at their wit's end for supplies they could not have promised for delivery before April of 1916, because the big bankers' buyers had forestalled all loose orders. A manufacturer of New England told me he expected to see the greatest scarcity of skilled labor ever known if the war continued another year.

There is another point to be considered regarding the banking: If the bankers are accepting international credits instead of gold, who will pay those credits for the defeated side? Let the war continue three years with accumulating debts and inflated currency, and the consols or bonds or subscriptions of one side will not be worth the paper on which they are engraved.

Having put over a war order, it remains to get the shipment out of the country; and, what with torpedo and blockade, that has become as ticklish and adventurous a risk as ever threw glamour over the wars of the past. Enormous war orders for munitions and armor go out through Canada, just as enormous contracts have been sublet in the United States through Canada. At the time of writing, contracts sublet from Canada total eighty-nine million dollars in the United States; this is only a small part of Canada's total war orders. It is definitely known that war orders to the value of a hundred and fifty-six million dollars have already been placed in Canada; and these are likely to be increased enormously almost at once. The big Canadian transcontinental railroads are to become the official buyers of munitions for the Allies; and Canada simply has not the factory plants to fill all the orders coming to her. Many more will be sublet in the United States.

Another reason for an enormous increase in munitions shipped through Canada lies in Russia's peculiar predicament. She is literally bottled up by the Baltic and the Dardanelles. She must now import wholly through Archangel, an Arctic port, and through Vladivostok, the seaport of the trans-Siberian Railroad. The Canadian Pacific Railroad is to handle all shipments of the Russian Volunteer Fleet to Oriental waters. Practically half of Russia's supplies will now go out through Canada, to cross the Pacific and the Siberias before reaching the battle line.

At Atlantic ports tramp freighters and British subsidized liners risk the war-order cargoes. In other cases, as of the American-Hawaiian Line, the steamers are chartered to forwarding agents, who pay the big charter rate, then look after all freight payments and handling. This line has carried thousands of horses to France under charter terms. It was while returning in ballast from a

(Concluded on Page 47)

Goldie May and The Faithful Servant

By JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

BECAUSE of a promise made to Mrs. Talbot Kingsbury, I have a task to perform: I must write a story with a purpose. This is not in my line. I am to enter the lists, pen in hand, against one Spike Lavinsky; and all because Goldie May, aged twenty-two—the cough of her profession already on her—insists on earning money for Spike, despite the Society for the Prevention of Something or Other, of which Mrs. Kingsbury is president.

"We could save this girl; I feel sure of it," Mrs. Talbot Kingsbury told me—"if it weren't for that horrible—that unspeakable man! Oh, why haven't we laws that would take him and kill him for the beastly thing he is!"

"And yet—perhaps in the next flat," I suggested, "lives Mrs. Pat McGann, who wipes the soapsuds from her arms to hand Pat his drink money for the week. Is Pat a white slaver? Not he! He has encompassed his woman with the law and the church."

Mrs. Talbot Kingsbury put her hands over her ears.

"I won't hear any more!" she said. "That's the way with all you clever men—you twist things so and make black seem white, and you won't do anything to help! Why, if I could only write as you can, I'd write day and night until such men were driven out of the city—I'd wring the hearts of the people! I'd—I'd—tell the truth—just the truth. Won't you do it? Please—just one story! Start with this one. Go see this girl, and then write. Here's her address. Will you? Please! Oh, please!"

And so I promised Mrs. Kingsbury to write a story and "tell the truth," as she put it. Then her nephew, Billy Kingsbury, burst in. He had a head like a young god. He was home again, having finished at Oxford. Because he could drive a gutta-percha ball farther and more accurately than almost anyone else, he was already a celebrity.

An adoring maid brought him cakes; an adoring aunt poured him tea; and I thought, as I took my hat and stick from the man at the door and went out into the avenue—Goldie May's address in my pocket—that many would adore that young man before his day was over.

I

HER given name was seasonable. Old Doctor Hemingway had creaked down the almost perpendicular stairs, had blown his nose on his big red handkerchief, and said:

"A gal, Ezra!"

"I Believe You," He Said. "You Must be What I Came to See"

Her grandfather closed The Light of Asia and put it carefully on its accustomed corner of the marble-topped table. He had not been reading while he waited. He had been watching the crab-apple blossoms nod to him through the open window.

"We'll call her May," he said at last, his eyes still on the crab-apple blossoms. "Her gran'mother'll wanta land somethin' hifalutin on her. It'll be May though—you hear me, Doc?—it'll be May!"

And May it was. But the soda-water clerks, across the aisle, called her Goldie before she had been behind the candy counter three days, and the name was taken up by all the employees of the Archer Drug Store. Even Mr. Wheatlin, the crisp little, tense little manager, called her Miss Goldie when he wanted to know why the Saturday chocolate sale was thirty pounds below the week before—"And a perfect day for chocolates, young lady—cold and bright and fair!" As he said "bright and fair," his eyes, despite him, would lift to the spun gold, coil on coil, that crowned the girl before him.

"There was a game at New Haven to-day," she would explain, looking him evenly between the eyes.

"Ah—so there was! So there was!" the little manager would say relievedly. He had found his explanation for the main office, which was forever wanting to know "Why?" "Thank you, Miss Goldie—er—that's all."

The drug store ruled by the little manager was one of a dozen or more stores owned by the Archer Drug Company. This particular store had for its territory a cleanly suburb, divided from the city proper by a twinkling river.

In this suburb there was a big university. In this university youths—not quite boys, not quite men—learned many things. They learned—but what they learned has nothing to do with this story, except that some of them—a good many of them, in fact—learned to have a sudden liking for chocolates.

Stuff Weatherbee, who really liked chocolates, "saw her first." She had been sent to the University Branch Store by the general manager of the Archer Drug Company, who had imagination.

"But no trifling, young lady!" he had told her. "Only ladies are employed by the Archer Drug Company. You understand me?"

Homesick and very much afraid, she nodded dumbly, and so was behind the candy counter when Stuff, after a gulp, asked for a pound of "your best chocolates."

That night he claimed her for his own by right of discovery, making an impassioned speech to a roomful of his kind, somewhat as follows:

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen—lend me your attention for a moment! I come to tell you that I have a mortgage on this flapper—get me? But, loving schoolmates—loving schoolmates—I ask you to go and take a look. Believe me, she is some chicken!"

From then on, chocolates became the rage. At first she was known as The Candy Kid, but some of them learned her given name, and many of them heard from other clerks her nickname—Goldie. At last they combined their knowledge and her names, and called her Goldie May.

Then began a battle. They laid siege to her, one thousand strong. Big odds, gentlemen—big odds! One maid against a thousand and a traitor heart that sent a world-old longing through her veins.

Why she resisted is a secret that only women know. She was no more capable of moralizing than a kitten. That her body was a trust to be kept inviolate for humanity's sake she never even dreamed. To her the future was not. Tomorrow never dawned. She saw happiness little beyond the moment; and she wanted, above all else, to be happy.

Yet, with every fiber of her body craving the excitement that would be hers through companionship with some warm-eyed buoyant youth, she stood safe behind her candy counter and met them all with the same friendly, impersonal smile. This smile curtained her from them far better than a frown. Where she found it is another secret that only women know.

They accomplished one thing, however—these much-tubbed young men. They taught her to know and require more than those of her own class could give her. After one or two trials at picture shows and dance halls with Mr. Jerry Mulhauser, who had charge of the "patent" counter, she accepted no more of his invitations. Jerry's intentions were of the best, but he ate garlic, roached his hair, and called her Kiddo.

Once she ventured—her instinct failing her against a smooth and experienced person who sold pipes. Being told by the girl at the cashier's desk that the little manager was "out to lunchun," the pipe salesman put down his sample case and drifted, with just the right amount of aimlessness, to the candy counter. He seemed to see Goldie May for the first time as he looked up from a bored inspection of a wicker-gilt candy basket. He met a friendly, impersonal smile and returned it with its mate.

"Tired?" he asked.

"Not very."

"I am," he confided to her. "Business is rotten. Sort of takes the ginger out of me. I can go all day and never feel it if things are breaking right. You know what I mean?"

"Sure!" she answered. "I hate to stand round worse than anything else. I like to be so busy I can't think."

They chatted on.

"Haven't been home for two months," he said. "Haven't met anyone I know this trip. Last night I got to thinking of the bunch playing pool at the Hollenden back home—it was fierce! I got kinda homesick, I guess. . . . I suppose you think travelin's a cinch. Well, it ain't—take it from me! It's lonesome business. You don't know when you're well off. When you get through you got a home to go to. A hotel lobby for mine! Gee, how I hate 'em!"

"I don't live here," said she. "I live up in Vermont. If you could see where I stay, I guess you wouldn't call it much of a home."

He looked at her with a show of sympathy.

"Say, that's tough!" he said. "It's bad enough for a man, but it's fierce for a girl. But then, you've got friends to be with—evenings."

She opened her lips to deny this, but changed her mind in a flash and began to fill a glass jar with lime drops.

"What were you going to say?" he asked.

"I don't know—when?"

"A minute ago when you stopped."

"Oh, I don't know. I've forgotten," said Goldie May, still busy with the lime drops.

He watched her in silence for a moment; then looked at his watch.

"I guess I won't wait for the boss," he said. "He must be Fletcherizing. Well, be good! . . . So long!"

She neglected the lime drops to watch him as he walked toward his sample case. He picked it up, set it down again, and came back briskly to the counter.

"Say," he began, "I've just thought about this evening. I don't see how I can stand for that hotel lobby. Won't you pass up whatever you've planned to do and help a lonesome guy? We can have a bite to eat and then a show, or whatever you say. How about it?"

He did not seem too eager. His tone was matter-of-fact, and he looked at her with a frank, whimsical, almost boyish smile. Goldie May searched his face for a moment with her eyes. He met this look of inquiry easily, still smiling.

"I never go out with strangers," she said at last.

He laughed aloud at this.

"Don't you suppose I know that?" he said. "Why, I knew that the minute I looked at you. That's the reason I asked you to go. You may not believe it, but I don't ask many girls to go out with me. They're too easy. But you're different. I'd be tickled to death if you'd take dinner with me. Will you?"

"How do I know all that?" she asked. "You probably say the same thing to everybody you meet. I don't ——"

"Wait a minute!" he interrupted. "I can prove that it isn't every girl I meet. Now how long do you think it would take me to get a girl for dinner in this town? Why, look right over there at that black-haired cashier; I'll bet money she'd go in a minute—now wouldn't she?"

"That's her business," said Goldie May; but obviously he had scored.

He took instant advantage of it. The smile left his lips.

"I don't want to argue about it any more," he said. "If you'll give me your address I'll call for you at any hour you say; and I'll try to make you have an agreeable evening. I'll appreciate your kindness in coming very much. . . . You see," he added, his smile returning, "a man likes to make the other fellows in a café feel jealous of the girl at his table; and you're the girl to do it—believe me!"

Goldie May hesitated, and then wrote her name and address hastily on a piece of wrapping paper.

"I'll be ready at seven," she said as she pushed the paper across the counter. "But maybe I'll feel sorry for this!"

"Believe me, you won't," he told her. "Thank you very much!"

That evening, her hands being prisoned, she was forced to kick out the glass of the taxicab just behind the stolid driver. An instant later she almost fell into his arms as he opened the door. He had a vision of a white face with eyes like blue diamonds—then it was gone.

"Where to—now?" asked the taxicab driver.

Out of the darkness of the taxi he heard a gloomy voice say: "Parker House." And he grinned as he closed the door.

A narrow stairway, filled with a smothering darkness and the smell of ancient matting, led up to Mrs. Gimball's third floor back. Goldie May had come to dread this black climb; yet she felt her way up to her room that night without the aid of a match—the unknown terrors about her being, for once, forgotten. The creaking whispers of the old stairs seemed to her like friendly little voices, assuring her again and again that she was "Safe! Safe! Safe!"

She even undressed in the dark. She had taken the last match from the matchbox when she went down to meet her escort for the evening.

"I forgot to ask him for a match!" she said to herself; then giggled hysterically—then just giggled. The last thing she told herself before she went to sleep was: "Never again, you little fool! A peaceful life for yours!"

She never forgot that evening, and the thought of it served as a mental rampart against which the besiegers from the big university hurled themselves, a thousand strong, in vain.

She had promised herself a peaceful life—and peaceful perhaps it was; but, also, it was lonely—the terrible loneliness of the city that strikes to the soul of a young thing born among emerald hills.

She met this loneliness with pretense. She revived a romance of her childhood and pretended that she was waiting for The Faithful Servant. The Faithful Servant had been her friend for years and years. His picture was in a book called The Wonder Clock. In this picture he knelt, holding out his arm so that the King might cut off his hand to get the charmed armlet he wore. He had on a beautiful helmet with wings. He was looking down at the armlet. And his face made Goldie May, even when a very small girl, long to be the princess whom he marries in the story.

The Wonder Clock had been an unexpected windfall. An artist had come, one summer, to paint the greeny-purple distances of Vermont. He had stayed, Goldie May remembered, at the house with the iron gatepost, down the road beyond the post office, where the old lady with the hooked nose used to live. His little girl and Goldie May had played together. The little girl's father was a funny man. You never could understand anything he said. Sometimes, when it rained, he would read aloud to Goldie May and his daughter. Of all the books he read, Goldie May liked The Wonder Clock best; and she liked The Faithful Servant more than all the other people in the book.

The little girl's father knew this; and when they went away he made his little girl give Goldie May The Wonder Clock, though Marion—that was the little girl's name—didn't want to do it, and cried.

Marion's father stood looking down at Goldie May with The Wonder Clock safe in her arms.

"Tadpole," he said—he called her Tadpole because she wiggled when he read The Wonder Clock—"some day you'll have a Faithful Servant of your own—for a time, at any rate—for a time. Treat him kindly from the very first, and pray God that he treats you kindly—at the last."

Of course Goldie May did not understand this, but she was awfully glad to get The Wonder Clock; and, until she learned to read about him, she looked at the picture of The Faithful Servant almost every day. Later she fancied that the somebody who would some day come for her would look like and be like The Faithful Servant.

This childish fancy had followed her through girlhood. Even on the train, as she wondered what the new life would be like, she told herself that perhaps The Faithful Servant was somewhere in the city, waiting. But he was not at the station or among the millions of people on the streets, and Goldie May had gradually forgotten about him until the loneliness, which reminded her of a lonely childhood, brought him back to her.

She had only a memory of how he looked, for during schooldays the puppy had chewed and partially destroyed The Wonder Clock and, with it, the splendid pen-and-ink drawing of The Faithful Servant. Though she could remember every detail of the picture, she wanted it again. She wanted to sit cross-legged on the floor and pore over it, her hair hanging about her face, and dream dreams.

She never thought of trying to buy another copy of the book. Always it had seemed to her that she had the only Wonder Clock in the world. He was her Faithful Servant! No one else could possibly have him. So now, when night came and she was alone in her room, she played the game of The Faithful Servant, without his picture.

And then one day a miracle happened—he came to her! He came out of a candy barrel she was helping the stockroom boy unpack. Candy boxes were packed in the barrel with excelsior and newspaper. A piece of glazed paper, part of a Sunday supplement, had stuck to a candy box.

Goldie May lifted out the box to tear this off. There was a picture on the piece of paper and she glanced at it. Then she looked again. . . . It was a picture of somebody she knew—somebody she knew quite well. At first she could not think who it was. . . . Suddenly it came to her—it was The Faithful Servant! He had a cane or a stick in his hand, and he was looking down at a little white ball lying on the ground.

Of course this was a photograph, not a pen-and-ink; but the face and the way he held his head were unmistakable. Just below the picture was Willis—— Then the paper was torn. Below the torn place was something about "young golf wonder" and "runner-up in the Western Championship." Goldie May did not know what runner-up meant; but she separated the picture from the candy box very carefully and put the scrap of paper in a safe place.

"Say!" said the stockroom boy, who had watched her with a jealous eye. "Whatcha puttin' that guy's pitcher inside your shirt for?"

But Goldie May only laughed. She knew, at last, that the game of The Faithful Servant was not altogether pretense. She knew that somewhere he really lived and breathed, and that he looked exactly as he should.

II

UPPERCLASSMEN spoke of him as "The Good-looking Freshman"; and that they noticed him at all marked him as above the dead level of his class. The big university in the cleanly suburb, separated from the city proper by a twinkling river, attracts youths to it from the ends of the earth. The size of its Freshman Class year after year is in keeping with its tremendous prestige and dignity. It follows that a student who stands out from the general horde must have something the plodding mass of his brethren lacks. He must be notable in personality or possessions or athletic prowess.

Of these three things the last is always first, so far as the student body is concerned. The big university could nourish a coming major poet and those who sway its undergraduate life would scratch their heads if asked his name on the day he graduated; but some young bull, with just wit enough to rip and drive and butt his way from one chalk line to the next, will turn them by thousands into idolaters—nothing less.

Therefore, it was not his personality—though that was attractive enough—nor because he had a great deal more money than was good for him, that made the upperclassmen single out the good-looking freshman. It was because, so long as he remained there, a certain athletic championship would also remain with the big university. The heads of the Athletic Association smiled when intercollegiate golf was mentioned, and the good-looking freshman profited accordingly. Though his was a minor branch of athletics, his mastery of it placed him among the chosen few. Great lords of the river or the diamond or the gridiron gave him the nod of brotherhood in passing.

Though the cream of college life was offered to the good-looking freshman, he skimmed it off, as a matter of course. It never occurred to him that he could be offered anything else. As far back as he could remember, everything he wanted had been his. It had become a habit with him to have his wants supplied. People served him instinctively. Head waiters gave him a glance and led the way to the choicest table. Ticket sellers found seats for him that had been put aside for a possible friend. Hotel clerks assigned him to the best they had, and if asked the reason could not have told why. It was because he had an air—an indescribable air; also, he had a head like a young god.

It was already characteristic of them that, when the telephone bell in their study rang one morning, the good-looking freshman went on reading while his roommate strolled to the telephone.

"It's Mother Hubbard," announced the roommate, his hand over the transmitter. "She wants to know whether you'll go out to the Wimbleton Club for luncheon and play a round with a friend of hers."

That year the manager of the golf team at the big university was named Hubbard. At first he had been known simply as The Squash. Later, Mother had been prefixed to his right name and his gender changed accordingly.

"Tell her, 'Sure!'" said the good-looking freshman. "Tell her I'll drop over in the machine for her at twelve-thirty. . . . Mother has a little scheme," he told his roommate presently. "She's going to find out whether the goods are just as advertised. Do you know who her friend is? Well, I do. It's that Englishman. He's in town. I saw it in the papers yesterday. I'll play the Englishman this afternoon—you can bet on that! This suspense is killing Mother. She's going to find out if I'm as good as she's heard."

"Well, are you?" asked his roommate.

"If anything—more so," said the good-looking freshman with a grin. Then he slung a bag of clubs over his shoulder and went out, whistling.

It proved to be "that Englishman" sure enough, and the good-looking freshman was beaten, despite a brilliant seventy-four over a strange course; but Mother Hubbard seemed contented as they rolled homeward.

"Good Gad! Where did you learn to putt, freshman?" he asked.

"Steady nerves!" said the good-looking freshman, swinging the gray roadster past the wavering bicycle of a messenger boy. "It's because I lead such a pure life."

"Speaking of your pure young life, freshman," said Mother Hubbard suddenly, "do you know a classy flapper when you see one?"

"Why, I think so," said the good-looking freshman modestly.

"Well, stop at that drug store on the corner and I'll give your eyes a treat."

The man behind the steering wheel had been given his directions a shade too late. The good-looking freshman threw out the clutch and put on the brakes with one motion. The rear wheels locked, and the car skidded on the newly sprinkled asphalt and slid into the curb, just in front of the Archer Drug Store.

For an instant the car seemed to hesitate, as though wondering what to do next; then it went over on its side with a crash and the jingle of breaking glass.

Mother Hubbard, his hands in his overcoat pockets, rolled across the sidewalk until he brought up against the iron network that guarded the narrow windows of the drug-store basement. For a time he lay staring into the basement through a hole in the clouded glass. At last he rolled back once, took his hands from his pockets and sat up, swearing to himself softly.

As the car tottered, the good-looking freshman shut off the motor. Then the pavement came up and met him. It proved to be a whirling blackness, unexpectedly soft, and shot with streaks of fire. The streaks of fire went out and there was a humming, like bees. Soon the humming stopped and it was all pleasant and quiet, and very dark.

Voices began. One said: "Right in the back room here—don't let that crowd in! Put him on this counter now. . . . Cambridge seven-double-three, for Doctor Brookes, Mr. Hubbard!" Another said:

"Where's something to put under his head? That's right, Miss Goldie—sit right up on the counter! Jerry, bring a basin of water! Alf, get some scissors from the front case—get a roll of antiseptic gauze! Look out for your dress, Miss Goldie!—here's a handkerchief."

The humming began again and drowned the voices. Then the quiet darkness came, deeper than ever.

Years later the darkness began to turn red. Something hard pressed against his back—the whole length of his body. No—something warm and soft was against the back of his neck and head. He turned his head a little and found his cheek against the same warm softness. He wondered what this was and put up his hand to find out. . . . The warm softness stirred a little. He opened his eyes and found himself looking into two blue wells, turned upside down.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Never mind," said Goldie May. "It doesn't matter."

The good-looking freshman scowled. His head was aching and he did not wish to argue.

"But I want to know," he said.

"I'm just a girl," said she.

She Met Them All With the Same Friendly, Impersonal Smile

His pain-filled eyes took in for a moment her flushed cheeks, half-parted lips, and the golden glory above. Then he closed them with a tired sigh.

"I believe you," he said. "You must be what I came to see."

Her heart began to beat until she was afraid he might notice it. Though she had told him so, she had not been a girl until now. She had been a mother, holding a sick boy-child; but the child had suddenly grown up and become The Faithful Servant.

With the excitement of it all, his coming had not seemed remarkable. To find his head in her lap seemed somehow quite natural; but this was when he lay still and helpless

He opened his eyes again.

"Where's Mother Hubbard?" he asked.

"He's not hurt," she told him. "He just went to the front of the store to look for the doctor."

"I don't want a doctor!" he said, and suddenly sat up. He put his hand to his head uncertainly. "Where's my hat?" he demanded.

Before she could answer, he slid from the counter and lurched for the door.

When Mother Hubbard called on the invalid next morning the good-looking freshman was alone. He had decided that a two-inch gash in one's scalp, even when scientifically sewed up, was reason enough to cut lectures for a day. His first words were not about the accident.

"Holy Mackerel!" he exclaimed when he recognized his visitor. "Does she always work in there?"

Mother Hubbard, relieved by the greeting, assumed his upperclassman manner.

"Yes, freshman," he said; "she always works in there. Do you get me?—she always works in there! And that's why you see before you a bitter, disappointed man."

"What's her name?"

"In the institution of which you are an infinitesimal atom she is known to fame as Goldie May. Some of us, more discerning than the rest, call her The Golden Fleece. We buy chocolates from her—very bad chocolates; she takes our money. That is all! You get the aptness of the simile? Do you, freshman? Must I add, for the benefit of your childlike mind, that we are all busy little questers?"

"Maybe she'd go to a show!" said the good-looking freshman after a silence.

Mother Hubbard had been pacing up and down as they talked. He came to a dramatic halt.

"Marvelous! Marvelous!" he said. "Daring and original! The thought came to you like a flash, didn't it, freshman? Suppose you try it!"

Three days later the gray car, with new fenders and running board, glided to a sedate stop before the Archer Drug Store.

Goldie May, for some reason, had been watching the door all day. She saw him as he got out of the car. She saw him enter and sweep the store with a glance. She pretended not to see him as he marched straight to the candy counter. When he reached it he found a busy woman. She was arranging candy trays and was so completely absorbed by her work that she failed to notice a customer.

"Good morning!" he said.

"Oh—excuse me!" said she, looking up.

"Remember me?"

Their eyes swam together. Her friendly, impersonal smile was far away—it would not come to her aid. And, to make things worse, she felt her cheeks begin to flush. This was awful!

"You haven't forgotten so soon—you remember me, don't you?"

"Oh, yes! I remember you now," she said. "How's your head?"

"I've come for two reasons," said he, ignoring her question: "First, I want to thank you for what you did, and tell you how much I appreciate it; and then I want to find out how soon I may come and take you for a ride. You see, we're going to be friends. We just can't help it."

"I didn't do anything."

"Did you spoil your dress?"

"No, indeed—water took it right out."

"That's good," he said. "Now when will you go for a ride—to-morrow?"

Thump! Thump! Thump! went her heart. He took everything so for granted! She felt all shaky—inside. Her knees too—the silly things!—they did not want to hold her up.

"How about to-morrow?"

"I don't want my head cut," she said, forcing a laugh.

"Huh!" he said. "Don't let that worry you. I don't always stop that way."

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POUNDS VS. MARKS

The Battle of Giant Banks—By Albert W. Atwood

PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Mr. Lloyd George in His Robe as Chancellor

NAPOLEON said an army fought on its belly; but to-day armies fight on their bank accounts. Behind the line of men are the phantom lines of finance, without which armies starve. Behind the shrapnel are the "silver bullets"—in the long run the deadlier of the two. Stupendous the world war may be; but back of it, supporting it, is a more amazing and perplexing conflict—the battle of giant banks, of rival note systems, of bond issues and gold reserves, of the whole complicated machinery of finance, stretching and straining, close perhaps to the bursting point.

When the war started language was ransacked for adjectives fitly to describe its horrors; and, helpless to depict their feelings, men fell back on saying that it was enough to unhinge the human reason. For nearly a year this unbelievable thing has grown progressively worse, with no end in sight. Yet, bad as it is, military experts had at least conceived of such a war and had made plans accordingly. What no one did foresee—what no general or statesman or banker even dreamed of—was that Europe could pay for such a contest.

For years pacifist doctrine had been based on the financial impossibility of war. Time and again last fall, and even during the winter, the greatest economists of Europe predicted a speedy ending, because of financial exhaustion and ruin. This was good reasoning; but unfortunately war is the denial of reason—and, most of all, in finance. The nations have found means to pay and no man can yet say truly that the breaking point is near.

"We don't borrow too much," said Von Gwinner, Germany's greatest banker, to the Prussian Parliament. "We borrow too little. The thing is to borrow right. Talent is necessary for everything, but borrowing requires genius."

And the supreme genius of Europe will be that which furnishes the "last one hundred million," which the British Chancellor said will win the war. Who can produce the overwhelming volley of silver bullets—England or Germany? Whose lines of finance are soundest and strongest? Whose money weapons are most powerful? For the dollar is mightier than the sword, and it well may be that the richest nation is sure to win.

It is said that nations have gone on fighting after they were bankrupt. The Boers and the Confederate States of America certainly kept on; but they did not win. Napoleon was downed after twenty-two years because of the superior resources of England. Wars cost money, and they cost more and more money. Long before the present conflict began, the governments of Europe recognized that they must base their plans for military mobilization on the most carefully prepared financial mobilization, the latter being kept as jealously secret as the former.

A War of Banks and Budgets

TWICE at least in the last ten years one of the present belligerents recoiled from plunging Europe into war, because it knew only too well the truth of what Rabelais wrote four hundred years ago: "War carried on without good provision of money has but a mere breath of vigor. Money makes the sinews of war." And each year since Rabelais lived has made the question of armament more and more a question of finance.

Germany and England are the real protagonists in this gigantic war of banks and budgets. They alone, at this writing, are the only ones which have not been directly despoiled by war. Both have exhibited great inherent strength of resources and both have been remarkably free from unemployment and failures. Many circumstances conspire to make their financial warfare the final test, just as on the actual field of battle they are the bitterest foes.

France is rich, but she has sunk her resources, such as they are, into the one great pot controlled and managed by England. France needs foodstuffs and munitions of war from America, but England is in a far better position to make the purchases than France. The Allies have pooled their resources, with England as manager, because she is the richest and because she has long controlled the world's avenues of trade and the means of making payment therein. In his great budget speech in May, David Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, told how England could assist her allies:

"It is the service she rendered in the Napoleonic wars, of bearing the main burden of financing the allied countries in their necessary purchases for carrying on the war—purchases outside their own country more especially; and also to help with the manufacture of munitions and equipment of war."

France is in no position to take the leadership; for she has suffered too much, lost too much. German armies hold several of the most prosperous departments, containing more than eight per cent of the total population of the country. Germans claim that from sixty-two and four-tenths per cent to one hundred per cent of the different lines of coal, iron and steel industry are under their control. Paris admits that the market for all manner of mining and manufacturing company stocks has been paralyzed, since many of these industries are in the hands of the enemy.

Lille, one of the chief industrial centers of France, with a population of a million souls grouped in and about the city, had a bourse of far more than provincial importance before the Germans took the city. No wonder the Paris Bourse is deprived of its outside public and bargains are conducted only for cash. Probably the German estimate of their spoils in France—nineteen hundred million dollars—is in no sense an exaggeration.

England and Germany are working on two diametrically opposite experiments, each the most colossal of its kind the world has ever known. England's problem is external—to keep the avenues of trade wide open, to buy munitions for France and Russia and take their bonds and gold in payment. We hear that New York has become the financial center of the world; but, so far as Russia, France, Belgium, Italy, Servia, Montenegro, Japan, Canada, Australia, India and most of Africa are concerned, it is a matter of life and death that London should remain for them the financial Rome of modern civilization. London is still the clearing house of the greater part of the world. She still holds the lion's share.

For Germany, the problem is strictly internal. She must live on her own substance, take in her own washing, build an impenetrable wall about her, live in a paradise of protectionism, become an isolated state. As yet, no man can say which experiment will prove successful. Hasty generalization may prove false; but we do know that English statements about German finance and German criticism of Allied finance are alike to be avoided. Each side is too anxious to blacken the other and make it appear that there is nothing rotten in its own state.

Thus far, neither country has paid for the war by taxation to more than an insignificant extent. Already, on a peace footing, taxation had nearly amounted to confiscation. Payment is being made in part by permanent bond issues, but perhaps even more by an incredibly vast inflation of note issues and by temporary advances made to the governments by the great central banks—the banks of England, France, Germany and Russia. And every government knows that to prevent disasters, as great perhaps as the war itself, it must gather in as much gold as possible to act as the foundation for the dizzy superstructure of emergency credit facilities it has erected—vast inverted pyramids of paper money without parallel in history.

"Money is gold, and nothing else," said Morgan not long before he died.

Every belligerent nation is frantic for gold. It has always been the great motive of human activity. To-day it is desired with a fervor that other times could not have appreciated. Gold alone inspires universal confidence. It alone will pay for munitions of war and imported foodstuffs. The Rumanian merchant driving twenty oxloads of wheat across the border into Austria demands gold. The Dutch and Danish merchants must have it when they cross the border into Germany; and American manufacturers are not satisfied with less from the Allies.

How Germany Mobilized Her Gold Forces

SILVER will not serve the purpose. Even though all the nations could agree to change from gold to a silver monetary basis—an absurd supposition when most of them are at war—and even assuming that it could be used in payment of international differences—which is not the case—there is a curious fact connected with silver that prevents it from being an important factor in this war. In every belligerent country the stocks of silver in the banks and in general circulation have been tremendously reduced. This is because the poorer classes have hoarded silver, gold not being within their reach. Even in Holland there has been a great dearth of silver coin. One bank alone in France has lost fifty million dollars in silver since the war began.

As for gold, in war time it is like the blood of men. No nation can afford to lose it. Germany is in a peculiar position. She cannot lose any gold, except a little to Denmark and Holland; but neither can she gain a mark. Her problem is to discover, concentrate and utilize every gold coin and every gold ornament within her borders. For sheer efficiency nothing has ever equaled Germany's mobilization of gold in the last few years—especially since the war began. So small was Germany's stock of gold until recently that French authorities took it for granted long ago that their enemy could not finance a war except by invasion.

"German forecasts even count in the largest measure on requisitions of food and money to be made in the enemy's country," wrote Maurice Patron, an eminent French barrister, in 1908. "Thus, financially speaking, Germany is conscious of being unable to carry on a modern war, with all the required development, unless it be on the express condition of operating in the enemy's territory. Financial mobilization would compel Germany to invade at any cost; in no case could it sustain a war of any length of time in its own territory."

The Germans, however, knew their own weakness no less than the French. Many learned commissions sat on the subject and professors with long titles wrote about it. They were prepared for this contingency as for so many others, and overwhelmed even French sagacity by both invading and proceeding to create gold reserves large enough to take care of any other kind of warfare.

Only seven years ago the Bank of France held nearly four times as much gold as the Imperial Bank of Germany. Though the French have looked on the Bank of France as

the keeper of the war chest ever since the days of Napoleon and have steadily added to its gold stock year after year, yet, on May 27, 1915, the Imperial Bank of Germany had so nearly caught up with its rival that it held about three-fourths as much as the Bank of France. From July 31, 1914, to May 27, 1915, the stock of gold in the Reichsbank rose roughly from three hundred and fifteen millions to five hundred and eighty million dollars. This gold did not come from abroad or from gold mines, of which Germany has none. It had simply been annexed—commandeered by the government out of the pockets of the people.

The people have given up their gold in exchange for bank notes, no doubt in part voluntarily and from motives of intense patriotism. A New York merchant went to Germany on urgent business, by way of Italy, just before that country entered the war. He bought a large quantity of German gold in Milan to see him through. Staying at a hotel in Frankfort he had very little occasion to use money until he came to pay his bill. As he handed out the gold pieces to the clerk the latter remarked:

"It would be considered an act of the greatest courtesy, sir, if you would permit all your gold pieces to be exchanged for bank notes."

The American quickly complied with this request, and the clerk showed the greatest pleasure when the gold pieces were handed to him. As he wrapped them up he added:

"These will go to Berlin by the first post to-morrow morning."

The business of gathering gold into the Reichsbank has been as systematically organized as any other operation of the German Government. In every community individuals and societies—even school children and barkeepers—have made it their business to canvass every individual for gold. House-to-house canvasses are made. All manner of prizes and bonuses are offered for those who collect the most gold; and, with the continual printing of editorials in newspapers and the distribution of hundreds of thousands of postcards, handbills and circulars explaining the need for gold, the movement to turn it into the Imperial Bank has swept the country like wildfire. There has been a perfect gold-hunting fever in Germany.

Germany's Way of Becoming Self-Sufficient

HOW much farther this movement will go no man can say, for there is no method of calculating the exact amount of yellow metal in circulation or the exact point where efforts to draw it out of hiding will cease to be successful. Germany has had a gold standard for forty years; and, though the exports and imports are known quantities, no one can tell how much travelers have taken in and out on their persons, how much has been lost through abrasion and other causes, or how much is employed in the arts, for dentistry and similar purposes. It would seem as though the search was now fast approaching an exhaustion point. In February the Reichsbank's gold reserve was enlarged by one hundred and four million dollars; in March, by sixty-six millions; in April, by thirty-two millions; in May, by only ten million nine hundred thousand; and by only five hundred and four thousand dollars in the first week of June.

To get at the inner truth of Germany's financial mobilization is a truly arduous task. It is made up of many ingredients, both good and bad. Among the latter is the use of fear, force and repression. Say all they will about patriotism, the Germans were afraid not to turn in their gold, so great was the pressure put on them. Recently the Frankfurter Zeitung pointed out that there were more insidious enemies at home than in the trenches of Flanders or Poland.

Deutsche Bank, Berlin

First of all, there is the man who declines to send his gold to the Reichsbank. He has a store in a stocking or an old trunk, and says to himself that, should the Fatherland be ruined, he will have enough to save himself, and that his couple of gold pieces don't matter. This is a most dangerous enemy.

All manner of artificial restraints have been put on normal operations. Quotations of foreign-exchange rates have been forbidden. Buying or selling gold at a premium is forbidden. Exports of gold are forbidden. Travelers at the frontier, including neutrals, have often practically been compelled to accept bank notes for their gold. And quotations on all the stock exchanges of Germany, Austria and Hungary have been prohibited.

At this writing, with the Germans only fifty miles from Paris and the section of France where most of the steel mills and coal mines are located in German hands, the Paris Bourse remains open; while on the Berlin Bourse, hundreds of miles away from any hint of invasion, public quotations are forbidden. The official position is that open traffic on 'Change cannot be allowed because it would result in wild speculation, influenced by every fresh military rumor and applied to all the concerns which manufacture munitions of war.

The more the sale of stocks is restricted at this time, so the government argues, the better. Individuals may need to sell, and are most unlikely to get an honest price, especially with fathers, brothers and sons away at the front; but the individual no longer counts.

Smoothness of action, readiness to cooperate and subordinate rivalries and jealousies to the one great end, and freedom from red tape are other ingredients of the financial success that has crowned Germany's efforts so far. When the war broke out policyholders in a great American insurance company that does a large business in Germany rushed to the company's Berlin office to borrow on their policies. Baron von S., agency director, sat alone in his office, worried and troubled. He rang for a secretary.

"How much have the policyholders drawn down in loans?" he demanded.

He was told that policy loans had reached a very large total. He thought a long time; and suddenly the idea occurred to him that, as these loans reduced by the same amount the company's liabilities to its policyholders, it might be possible to induce the German Government to release an equal sum out of the funds foreign insurance companies must keep on deposit with the treasury. He reached for a telephone and soon was talking to the Financial Secretary of the Empire.

"I do not want to stop making loans," said Baron von S., "because the people need money. If you could send an inspector round we will show him exactly how many loans we have made."

"Why, certainly!" replied the high official. "I will send an inspector within a few minutes. Go right on making loans. We will release an equal amount of deposits."

The entire negotiations consumed only a moment. Imagine an American captain of industry or a great banker coming to terms so readily with the Treasury Department!

German finance is largely in the hands of three men—Privy Councilor Professor Helfferich, Secretary of the Imperial Treasury, originally a university professor, later one of the ablest of the country's ambassadors to Turkey, and finally one of the managing directors of the Deutsche Bank; Arthur von Gwinner, head of the Deutsche Bank; and President Havenstein, of the Reichsbank.

Von Gwinner's position in Germany is like that which the late J. P. Morgan held in this country. He is the man who reorganized the Northern Pacific Railroad in 1896, who has fought the Standard Oil Company to a standstill in his own country, and who is the real power behind Germany's commercial march across Austria, Turkey and Asia Minor to the Persian Gulf.

With relentless, terrible logic these men have set about to undo their own work. Under their leadership Germany is retracing all those painful steps she took to become an industrial, exporting state with half of its people depending on foreign trade. Now she has become again a self-sufficient inland unit. Before the war German trade was with the world—some five billion dollars a year; only a shade less than England's. The whole machinery of business, which was geared to world traffic, had suddenly to be turned in on itself. The country was forced absolutely to live its own life. Germans were compelled, in a business sense, to take in each other's washing; obliged to live off their own substance.

What all this means to Germany can be realized only by those who know how intimately the great banks of that country are allied with its foreign trade. The Deutsche Bank has really been a sort of commercial foreign office. Mainly from its countinghouse has the conquering march of German capital in two hemispheres been directed. It has been the pioneer of oversea enterprise. The Bank of England, the Crédit Lyonnais and J. P. Morgan & Company were no longer able to parcel out the earth among them. Wherever they turned they found a solid, assertive German institution in the field, demanding a place in the financial sun; and its name was the Deutsche Bank.

Doing Without Foreign Trade

IN NO other country are the banks so closely tied up with business enterprises, both foreign and domestic, and nowhere else do they exercise such autocratic dominion over the manufacturing, mining and shipping industries. The banks are really promoters; and thus the havoc wrought by war affects them more than it does the banks of any other country. Germany must win, or its half-billion-dollar banks will—but prophecy is vain.

"With a thousand threads we are interwoven with the organization of the world," said Doctor Helfferich in his last eloquent address to the Reichstag. "Yet our seventy million people have learned to be self-reliant and self-dependent. Our economic and social organizations are immense. Our opponents—especially our most dangerous foe—had figured that stagnation of our gigantic foreign trade would cause the gravest disturbances—nay, a fatal deadlock—to our whole economic organization; but there was a flaw in that calculation. What had been underrated was the national strength which Germany had developed by hard and persistent labor, both physical and mental.

"Our life has marvelously adapted itself to the war, and the great military expenditures indirectly benefit our home industries and labor. There is a sound and beneficent rotation of money among us."

German authorities before the war—practically all of them—predicted that a prolonged blockade would reduce their country to subjection; but what even the Germans did not foresee was the extent to which all their industrial and financial energies could be shifted over into making war supplies. Shut off from the rest of the world, all outside competition, usually a tremendous restraining factor on even the strongest country, has been removed, with an effect like lifting a dead weight off a man's body. Germany has suddenly fallen into a paradise of protectionism and enjoys a temporary and perhaps bogus prosperity, like that which a country storekeeper would have if every mail-order house was compelled temporarily to shut its doors

Bank of England

With true consistency German leaders refuse to be dismayed because their money has depreciated enormously as compared with that of neutral countries. Four marks normally will buy ninety-five cents. Now it buys eighty-two cents. American travelers entering Germany by way of Holland are able to buy German money at a twenty per cent discount; but any unlucky American coming back through Holland who overestimated his requirements when he went in is obliged to turn the German bank notes back into Dutch, English or American coins and notes at an equal or even greater loss, in one case said to amount to twenty-five per cent.

German money is depreciated in Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries as well as in Holland and America. The Swiss postal authorities and banks will not take German bank notes except at a twelve per cent discount. Learned authorities have argued much as to whether this depreciation in German exchange is solely due to the stoppage of foreign trade or in part accounted for by distrust of German finance in neutral countries. Not until the war is over will it be possible to find the needle of an answer in the haystack of conjecture.

By shipping gold to Switzerland, or to Holland, and thence to this country Germany could restore an equilibrium between its money and ours. But what of it? There is no object in restoring the exchanges unless Germany desires to buy goods in this country, which she cannot do on any large scale because of the blockade. To have foreign exchange run against it cannot possibly injure a country that has no relations with other countries. There may be a terrible reckoning after the war; but what of it now? Even assuming the worst from the Teuton point of view, all that would be necessary after the war would be to admit the weakened, depreciated state of the currency as compared with other countries and reduce the amount of gold in the German coins correspondingly.

"A successful loan is a bloodless victory" is the exultant cry of the German newspapers; and truly stupendous success has thus far attended the two great German bond issues. It is asserted that the German people are prepared to keep on absorbing bond issues indefinitely.

The great card, however, which Germany holds up her financial sleeve, and which, so far as I have been able to learn, rarely, if ever, has been mentioned in the neutral or belligerent press, is the proposed mortgaging of her state-owned railroads; the municipal-owned water, power and light plants; and the state-owned lands, forests and mines. When the German Empire can no longer issue bonds with safety Prussia and the other states that own railroads and other property will put a second and even a third mortgage on these belongings.

It is said that Arthur von Gwinner, presiding genius of the Deutsche Bank, once returned a document to a subordinate, with a penciled marginal reference to the advice on borrowing and lending given by Polonius:

Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

Perhaps this wise advice of Shakspere's does not apply when borrowing and lending is all inside the family; but the manner in which the two great German bond issues, exceeding three billion dollars, were subscribed for makes it look as though huge financial pyramids were being torn from their broad foundations and turned over to stand on their points.

To begin with, the newspapers label anyone who does not subscribe to the bond issues as a traitor and deserter—that is, bonds have been forced down into the people's pockets much as the gold has been forced out of them. French financial writers assert that German banks, savings institutions and manufacturers of war munitions were positively compelled to subscribe, and proudly declare that French finance does not have to resort to the penal code.

So far as Austria is concerned, there seems little doubt that bond issues were forced on the people, an expedient which history has always proved disastrous and which amounts to absolute confiscation. Savings banks in Austria appear to have subscribed under compulsion one-fifth of their total deposits. Their liquid funds were exhausted and they protested against taking a second loan, which they could do only by borrowing—altogether a fine mess for a savings bank! Obviously Germany has reached no such pass; and yet we must look with some suspicion on the rather turbid eloquence of President Havenstein, of the Reichsbank, in addressing his stockholders:

"The circumstances of war loans are—among all the great things which this solemn time has brought forth in our people—a new, shining picture which is worthy of being placed side by side with the deeds of our armies."

What the Germans have done has been to borrow on their debts, and before long they will be borrowing on debts secured by debts. It is a pretty vicious circle and there is absolutely no doubt that it exists. With no desire to discredit the effort being made by that people it is just as well to point out that the enormous figures published by their official agents throughout the world are a delusion. The bulk of both issues of bonds was taken by banks, the very institutions that are loaded up with now worthless foreign ventures. Indeed, it was asserted by a leading Italian newspaper, long before Italy entered the war, that "credits temporarily not recoverable"—which could mean only foreign securities—were accepted in payment for bonds.

We do know, from what the Germans themselves say and not from any lukewarm neutral or open enemy, that banks which purchased the first issue of bonds were permitted to use those to buy the second—that is, the same capital is being used over and over. There is skillful maneuvering and astonishingly expert use of interlacing credit; but nothing can conceal the fact that the same capital is having a second mortgage placed on it. Special loan banks have been created for the purpose of helping

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The Empire of Con O'Connel

By Calvin Johnston

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

BENEATH the evening sky line of station, clock tower and town lay the Barlow Yards, with rails still piping like bugles to the flight of the Mountain Mail. The clatter of vehicles and voices of the dispersing traintime crowd died away, and a single figure, crossing at the yardsman's shanty, held up his handful of fluttering slips; the battered old switch engine volleyed one last enormous ring from her stack and clanked to a stop. The night yard-master sauntered on leisurely to the shanty, the day crew scattering away, and amid twilight startlingly still only the smoke ring continued alive.

Sometimes Winifred Goes to Spy on Him

The boy leaning over the rail of the director's private car on the upper siding had not lost an incident of all this; when motion ceased in the yard and station he had hung on the echoes. Now they had died away and he watched the smoke ring with a last breathless hope of something yet to come. It spun, sagged, and then, soaring swiftly, shredded away a pennon of crimson in the upward ray of the sun, to the far-blown hail of the vanished train. The boy straightened up and frowned, half afraid, into the mysterious dusk; he wondered whether such tremendous things could possibly go on here all the time.

He was startled by the striking of a match; a man had come round the car to light his pipe, out of the wind.

"A compliment to ye along av the grand car," said the man. "How swate it must be to ride in all the privacy, with gould ornyminta jingling forninst ye!"

The boy frowned; an autocrat is not to be cajoled by the first shabby stranger. But, as the man nonchalantly nursed the spark in his pipe without further remark, the autocrat began to feel impressed.

The greasy cap and jacket, and the unlighted lantern under his arm, marked a character in this great mystery of smoke and iron.

"What is your part?" asked the boy.

Denny, the Old Switchman, considered his answer; not everybody has the chance to impress an aristocrat. But the boy's grave interest was such that Denny thought: "A shame it would be to deceive him."

So, instead of replying in words, he only waved his hand in a proprietary manner toward the strings of freight cars, the depot and the distant shops. The boy shrugged his shoulders.

"I switch the cars," admitted Denny hastily, "from place to place and back again."

The boy asked how the waving of lanterns sent the engines among the cars to pick out the trains. He asked what happened on stormy nights when wrecks piled up; and why the engineers and conductors ran out of the offices reading telegrams.

It was a quiet hour in the yards, and the only occupant of the private car was a woman writing under a lamp at the far end of the observation compartment. Denny was not one to neglect such an opportunity for narrative, and, being still slightly chagrined by that shrug of the shoulders, made it a matter of self-respect to reduce the autocrat to submissive attention.

"A fine curiosity ye have to know what all the ixcitemint is about!" he said. "But whist! Were ye only a boy afther the fashion av Jerry O'Connel, av the ould N. A., 'tis a rough-and-tumble ye wud seek, wit' rock and dirt and dynamite and iron, to learn for yezsilf. Sorra the day Jerry O'Connel grew up and passed away! A machine av men and ingines sparkled in the brain av him whilst sportin' wit' toys in the nursery; and, as a boy, he drank in th' lore av' Ould Con av th' Fens."

"Who was Con av th' Fens?" asked the autocrat.

"A crooked man—twisted wit' age and rheumatism; white as snow was his hair and his voice low and swate. But the jaw held firm in his withered cheeks and the eye av him was bush-browed and gray and cold, and the hands lyin' bony and still on his knees had torn mountains apart in times agone. And they had gripped hard men and harder jobs, and thrown him, and knitted up a continent wit' rails ——

"But why should I tell ye av Jerry the boy and Con av the Fens?" asked Denny impatiently. "Sure, ye are av the folk who travel in palace cars and play th' pianny."

The other colored angrily; but, made self-conscious by this accusation, he looked down at his neat knickerbockers and stockings, and ties with silky laces. His lips trembled a little as he answered:

"I do play the piano; but I'd like ——"

"Ye'd like to hear about the rough-and-tumble?" said Denny with condescending good humor.

"I'd like to do it myself," answered the boy sullenly.

Denny raised his brows and smoked contemplatively.

"Well, well, 'tis little we know!" he said. "But 'twould go very hard wit' ye, I'm thinkin'. And yet"—as the other's brow darkened—"I mind the time that Jerry himsilf was driven—hard and fast—wit' hate and curses."

He paused, calmly judicial; the boy winced, glowered, and then with supreme effort muttered:

"I'd stand it if I had to. Now tell 'bout him," he commanded fiercely.

The woman in the car, disturbed by the voices, had looked up from her writing, but Denny affected to be unconscious of her presence. Seated on the edge of the car platform, he gave the history of Jerry O'Connel to the boy hanging over the rail and gazing wide-eyed into the smoky mystery of the yards, now awink with green and crimson switch lamps.

Sometimes the listener frowned in puzzlement over scenes or emotions that were strange to his experience; but always he clung doggedly to the thread of the story, and, aside from a questioning glance or two, did not interrupt.

Ye have heard me spake av wan Jerry O'Connel; and a great builder he was in his playdays wit' sticks and stones, and ould Con, his grandfather, lookin' on.

"'Tis the sowl for impire over ditch and trestle and tunnel the b'y has," t'ought Con, and, leanin' on his cane, conthracted that a causeway be thrown across the marsh below th' spring; for 'twas by the mighty wor-rk av

spannin' a sea av mire and quicksand that the ould man himsilf had been nicknamed Con av th' Fens by the men av the grade camps.

And as the b'y stood at grips wit' th' job, mud-spattered and weary and white, strugglin' wit' scratched hands and totterin' little legs to complate his conthract on time, a warmer light wud come into Con's gray eye than had iver shone on his own son, Martin.

A big, dark, smiling man was Martin, wit' a hawk's greedy eye and a manner av moving his lips in silence; for so he confissed to a sayeret divil av his own. And, though brought up in the grading camps, he had a quare dislike av buildin' and the builders savin', av course, his father. Out av that roaring dust he came, counting to himself; for 'twas the divil av Big Figures which possissed him, and togither they had bargained that certain ould rails and bridges and cars and men shud be sold to people who do not know th' difference betwane a sherapheap and a railroad.

So Martin took the money he'd made, and all Ould Con had given him, and bought a road that was half built, and while it all fell into sherap and rust he was busy sellin' it, wit' the divil's help; and the O'Connels' sowl av impire was pledged in raytурn. Sure the divil made a foine bargain, y'undershtand; for now Ould Con was about t'rough and his own son wud build no more for th' common good.

So Martin bought railroad afther railroad and they crumbled to rust under his touch, and by the black magic av the junk market he became a man av millions. And his wife died and he married agin—a lady av high sassiety. Little Jerry grew into a slender strong-knit lad, and Ould Con grew less and less, wit' the eyes bright and gray and cold in the wizened face av him; and his low, swate voice was little heard in the great counthry house av his son.

So it stood wit' the O'Connels whin Jerry came back home from th' little-b'y schools, and th' great high schools, wit' th' diplomy that gave notice in Latin to all the wur-rld that, whin in doubt, they cud turn to him. Framed it was and hung in th' lib'ary, where his father and stepmother came to admire; and Winifred Collins, the rich orphin relytive av Mrs. O'Connel, who was now wan av th' household, came too. A beautiful colleen she was and, in her first sayson, the darlint av high sassiety. Tearful wit' pride av having Jerry so honorably mentioned in th' diplomy, she says:

"A large name ye will make in th' wur-rld!" And he admits: "For yez own sake I will do it." For they were in love wit' aich other since th' Christmas holiday.

"What do the diplomy say?" asks, behint thim, th' low, swate voice of Ould Con av th' Fens, who alone av th' household has not been invited to th' occasion; and he hobbles close to study th' writin'.

"'Tis a dead language," ixplains Miss Collins wit' a frosty politeness she has for the wans not in sassiety.

"P'rhaps it is an epytaph," says Con. "Rade it!"

And whin Jerry has read it aloud wit' modest pride:

"Yez epytaph it must be, Jerry," says Con; "ixplainin' what ye ought to be and are not. A great comfort to us ould wans, Miss Collins," he says, "is the thought that the angel must make up his riccord from th' tombstones, where all the sinners have given wan another a characther."

"This be a characther that Jerry has already earned," she ixclaims wit' indignation.

"Thin why th' dead language if it be not an epytaph?" says Con, drawin' his ould gray shawl about him and hobblin' away, wit' Miss Collins bitin' her lip at him.

"Hard is that ould man's eye," she says; "and a sayeret wish he has av mischief."

"'Tis only his way, as I raymimber him," ixplains Jerry, though divil a bit does he like th' diplomy called an epytaph.

"Thin my comin' to live here has changed him," rayplies th' young lady wit' decision. "But what av it? He has come down from a rude time and is made av different clay, and has no standard to judge me by!" And she tosses her head proudly.

"And how does he judge ye?" demands Jerry wit' indignation.

"By th' lowerin' luk, I tell ye—and a caution lest th' hem av my dress brush him in passin' by!"

"'Twould be black shame to me did I let him go on," says Jerry; and wit' a pat av th' hand he stalks off to raybuke Con.

But th' latther draws into himsilf and will answer nothing; so an appeal is taken to Martin.

"Put him down, is it?" raypates Martin, shtrokin' his fat white cheek; and he is dapely troubled that an heiress may be lost to th' family. "It must be done."

But, on comin' into th' prisince av th' wrinkled kern, who huddles in a deep chair befoore th' fire, wit' th' shawl drawn up as a cowl, Martin mates th' pale glare av th' eyeball, and is minded av a man who long agone held a scepter av dynamite in his hand whilst an impire av rock and earth and steel upheaved round him.

"No, No! 'Tis Love ez Impire He Manes"

"D'ye, wit' th' diplomy, thry diplomacy on him," whispers Martin to Jerry; "for, sure, I have not th' heart to be harsh to him." And he tiptoes away.

So his son rayflects impatiently till th' nixt day, whin he mates Con hobbling along a path av th' garden.

"D'ye mind, Jerry," he says, as though no cross wur-rd has been spoke to him th' day befoore—"d'ye mind th' garden av th' ould home where ye were born, and the games we played? But ye will not raymimber thim now that ye are grown away from me," he says, and wud hobble by.

But Jerry, grinnin' wit' difficulty, by rayson av his diplomacy, rayplies:

"Sure, it was at buildin' we played. And I wance drove a causeway into th' spring puddle under conthract—"

"Build me another wan—we will see how much ye raymimber," says Con.

And so they go down to th' lily pond at th' ind av th' garden; and Jerry begins thrustin' twigs into a marshy spot and droppin' pebbles betwane for ballast, bein' careful not to splash his shoes and trousers.

"Across this cove, on th' other bank," says Con in a quare, meanin' way, "shtands a town, listenin' for th' whistle av a locomotive—its bins are full av grain and divil a way to empty thim ixcept by th' slow oxcarts, over miles av wilderness roads. And th' rich counthry beyant, half plowed and sown, is ready to brim over wit' corn and wheat into th' cars av th' railroad. But, shud another line than yez own decide to build down from th' north befoore ye can throw a branch av yez own trunk line across th' marshes——"

"Glory be!" says Jerry, forgettin' his errand. "And ye raymimber that from th' ould game? Now it all comes back to me."

His eye, wit' a curious squint and sparkle, begins measurin' th' distance across and th' stock av pebbles for ballast; and prisintly he is takin' off his shoes and stockin's to wade out and measure th' depths av the mire.

"Divil take it!" he says. "I will have to drive piles—or can I bridge to th' little mud isle as big as my hat?"

Con rubs his hands; they are up to th' eyes in th' ould game agin. And not till sunset, and Jerry stands tired and mud-spattered starin' at th' job well done, does he raymimber wit' a shock that it was only play.

"Shame to me," he growls in disgust, "that I shud be playin' wit' rocks and sticks, and give niver a thought to th' great things I am brought up and given diplomies for!"

"Is it rocks and sticks ye are blackguardin'?" asks Con, glowerin'. "And what else is there to wur-rk wit'?"

"Capital and men!"

"Capital," says Con—"and men! Cobwebs and spiders! Ye will lurk in th' stock-market building flythraps?"

"Th' rude times ye lived in are past," ixplains Jerry; "th' shtrong man av this day is th' wan who throws th' others on 'Change. There, in the battle av great fortunes, my father——"

"Wirra, wirra!" snarls Con, straightenin' up in spite av rheumatism. "Spake not to me av Martin! A Napolyan he is av spiders; and so may ye be—bad scran to ye!—but avil to th' land whin th' sons and grandsons av th' builders web th' great industhries wit' th' gamblers' market."

"Th' ould fule!" rayflicts Jerry as Con hobbles off. "Why cannot he live and learn?" And thereafther, throttin' at th' little tappin' heels av Winifred, he puts down Con wit' harshness. "Somebody must be masther here, since my father will not," he says. "I will protict ye against an infloonce for mischief that has come into the house along av rude times."

So th' colleen rayjoices, and Jerry defies bowldly th' sorcerer who wud have him play in th' mud against th' peace and dignity av eddycation.

Now, th' time has come whin Jerry is to be inthroduced to th' great wor-rld av feenance, where he will some day juggle th' O'Connel fortune. In th' splendid city offices av Martin he is prisinted to th' men av millions who have gathered to th' stockhoulders' mating av the S. M. Railroad System. Sure, no stockhoulders were iver there; but th' gintlemen av th' market riprisinted thim kindly, and mortgaged th' road in all fairness to everybody havin' money to lose.

In th' center av th' mating sits th' Big Bull av th' market, wit' a thick neck and glarin' eyeballs, and a fist that calls all to order and keeps thim there. His son Edwin, that Jerry has known at college, is there, too, and comes round to grate him wit' a soft, long handshake and smile av honey. A slithering, slender youth be Edwin—thin-haired and pale-eyed, wit' th' face av an' 'ristocrat, y'undershtand; a handsome young feenancier.

But "Hush!" he whispers to Jerry whin th' Big Bull's fist calls all to order; and he shtands turned into stone till th' res'lution is offered to mortgage th' S. M. agin, whin he applauds wit' smiles, as ivery wan does.

But, in th' rayspictful silence befoore th' vote is taken, th' door opens and Con av th' Fens enters. How dapely Jerry is humbled befoore all th' grateness and riches and politeness av th' prisint day—to have thim gazin' wit' cur'osity and contimpt on this ould kern av shawl and crutch, who has come all th' way down from th' rude times av th' builders to disgrace th' name av O'Connel!

Th' grandson shtands back; Martin shtands back. 'Tis a clerk av th' outer office who sets a chair apart for th' ould man. But Con, lanin' on his stick, shakes his head to th' clerk wit' a ghost av a smile; and, as a shareholder and directhor av th' S. M., asks th' sense av th' mating, which th' clerk ixplains.

And Con votes against th' res'lution.

And still he shtands, wit' gray eye, a skeleton at th' money feast; and soon Jerry marks wit' astonishment that th' great feenanciers squirm or color at Con in saycret rage. 'Tis th' silent tumult that always swells in polıter people in th' household, or in the great wur-rld, whin th' Builder comes. Wan, only wan, can mate his eyes and overpower his magic—th' Big Bull will turn him back! But th' growl is throttled in th' thick neck; th' fist lies flat and limp. Th' Big Bull declares th' mating at an ind and laves in all th' haste av retreat.

Thin Con, beck'nin' th' clerk t'rough th' door, is helped to his carriage below.

Edwin is th' last to lave, havin' shtopped to whisper Jerry a tip for his first venture, and to ask afther Mrs. O'Connel and Winifred, whom he has met in sassiety. And Jerry, left alone, scowls first at the door that has closed behint him, and thin at th' wan that has closed behint his grandfather.

A swate welcome home he gets from Winifred, who is overjoyed that Jerry has taken his place in feenance; and she tells great fortunes from th' palm av his hand. But in their happiest time togither th' strange hatred av Con forces a bitter wur-rd av him, as his stick is heard on th' lib'ary floor beyant.

Thin Martin, passin' t'rough, is appealed to.

"Only this mornin' did th' Imp himself luk out av that ould man's eyes at me," complains th' girl. "And I wud go, but I have no other place, wit' ye my guardian and Mrs. O'Connel my only kin."

Already greatly displeased wit' th' business av th' shareholders' mating, Martin is touched to fury lest th' heiress and her million take flight.

"By all th' saints," he swears, "I will tame him!"

The tappin' av th' stick is heard again and Con is in th' room.

Fiercely Martin lays down th' law to his father, who shtands listenin' and waitin' for fiercer to come.

"There is no rayson why he shud hate me—a gir-rl unproticted—so croolly," says Miss Winifred; "and drive me away ——"

"Drive ye away he shall not—I am masther!" cries Martin, lashed on to higher, harder wur-rds.

Faith, he had not been masther at th' matin' av feenanciers; nor wud he have bearded th' Big Bull for cause! Martin's greedy eye shifts and th' fingers iver touch th' thumb by turns as if countin' money. He is flushed and his voice is hollow as he blusters aut'ority; and Jerry luks at him in quare fright.

"Will ye ixplain why this hatred av Winifred?" asks Jerry suddintly.

Inshtead av answerin' Con fixes his eyes on th' gir-rl, who luks back proudly.

"There is no rayson," she says—"only his nature, which loves to put others in tormint."

Con's eyes niver blink or waver, and th' girl falters all at once, and th' dapest av blushes flies over her face.

"No," answers Con av th' Fens to Jerry; "I will not answer."

And Winifred is hardly breathin'; 'tis for possission av Jerry himself th' ould kern and th' girl are shtrugglin'.

"I am for ye," says Jerry to Con, "against all th' others." And th' spell that moves him is not love for his grandfather.

Winifred calls out in a kind av dayspair:

"What are ye sayin'? I am here, Jerry!"

It seems that she wud hould him back in her arms from mystherious danger. Jerry faces her—th' gray eyes bright and hard; his voice as he answers is low and clear as a disthant horn.

"I have decided!" he says.

And whin Martin abuses him he nayther spakes nor moves till th' storm is spent. "He is changed; he is gone back to the nature av his grandfather," t'inks Winifred, and shrinks away.

The grandfather and grandson are alone.

"Now ye are ditched av feenance," says Con.

"'Tis yezsilf I have to thank for it," spakes Jerry wit' cold impatience. "What is to come?"

"Ye will go," says Con, "to Jimmy Donovan, Sooperintindint av th' Nort' America & Gowlden Gate Railroad, which 'tis aisy to find by studyin' th' county maps. Sure, th' S. M. touches it at Barlow Junction."

"Ye will give me a letther ——"

"Can I hould a pen, ye numbskull? Luk Jimmy Donovan in th' face and he will call yez name!"

"A curse on him!" says Jerry. "He will be also under a shpell."

"Donovan will give ye a job. Other officers are there none. 'Tis not much ye will find there," says Con, "but a job among sticks and stones and ould iron, though in the grip av a builder 'twould stretch and strengthen into a sinew bindin' great towns togither."

Jerry's nostrils flare wit' th' strange, mighty thrill.

"A builder," he says in a risin' voice—"I am!" Th' two stare at aich other, grim wit' dislike and yet rejoicin' under th' sorcery av ruder times. "And now, havin' spellbound me to th' schrapheap, who am born to better things, ye will meddle no further!"

"'Tis the Sowl for Impire Over Ditch and Trestle and Tunnel the B'y Has"

"I am like to meddle," answers Con in his tiger's purr. "Caged in wit' this rampin' sowl av impire have I been; and now ye uncage me to begone along av th' monsther. I shud meddle!

"Wan momint!" He laughs wit' joy av Jerry's bitterness. "My crutch I will lave ye to lean on and th' shawl to shroud yez face from men when ye are beaten. Now begone, and lave me to th' peace av age. Building up or crashing down, it is no more business av mine—glory be! Ye are th' O'Connel!"

So Con av th' Fens draws his shawl over his face like a cowl, and, at peace wit' th' wur-rld, hears Jerry go out on swift, firm foot.

Winifred Collins hears Jerry disinherit himself.

"Treachery this is," Martin has said, "for a trained son to desert. Ye will come back quickly or not at all."

"I will not be back," answers Jerry.

"As for me," says Winifred, "though th' hurt is yet deep 'tis time alone, and not yez rayturn, I luk to heal it. Ye are not th' gintleman I cared for, but a t'rowback to th' savage ould grandfather."

But already Jerry listens apart to other sounds than wur-rds and, wit' cold, red-sparklin' eyes, luks on things they cannot see. He answers nothing more, but prisintly laves th' house; and near th' gate he passes Edwin Slade comin' in.

At Barlow Junction, t'ree days later, Sooperintindint Donovan and Gary, th' Masther Mechanic, play bottle pool in th' Giniral Offices av th' N. A. Company, whin Jerry is heard inquiring his way av th' bartender.

"Whist!" says Donovan. "'Tis a thraveler tourist, and th' N. A. has laped into promynince."

"We will sell him an annual pass," says Gary, who is a canny man. And Jerry is shown in.

"Con O'Connel he be," ixclaims Donovan—"young and shtrong, in dhude clo'es and a Panyma hat!"

"I am th' grandson," ixplains Jerry wit' scorn av th' simple ould sooperintindint, and makes known his impatience to be at th' job av impire.

"First, we will ask him," says th' Masther Mechanic, "has he ixperience?"

"I have not," rayplies Jerry; so th' other immejutly sells him an annual pass for eight dollars, which may be used in riding to Cactus Station, a hundred miles beyant.

"A telygraph office is there and a yardmasther," ixplains Gary; "but no Giniral Passinger Agint, though a fine little city has already grown up round th' saloon. Now, havin' strong infloonce wit' Sooperintindint Donovan, here, I may saycure ye th' app'intment."

So he does, at wance; and afther congratulatin' Jerry on gettin' a start so soon, th' two see him off to Cactus on th' avenin' thrain av ore cars and a passinger coach.

A schedule av its own th' thrain has, creepin' at curves and threstles, and breakin' into a gallop along av th' tangents or shtraight stretches, y'undershtand. And at a little station dapot in th' foothills there is a bitther quarrel betwane th' agint and th' conducthor over th' color av his signal lamp—whether it is red or grane.

Thin th' ingineer and conducthor study their thrain orders wit' disthrust, ixclaiming that wan so ould and foolish as th' dispatcher shud not be imployed, ixcipt in th' traffic departmint.

Th' N. A. is a railroad embalmed in rust, and haunted by thrains that are derelicts and crews who are ghosts. Th' few little towns along its three hundred miles are settled by old passingers who, havin' escaped whin their thrains were ditched or broke down, are contint to raymain foriver out off from the rist of the world by the N. A. & G. G. R. R.

These facts and many others are raylated nixt day by Grogan, yardmasther at Cactus Station, to whom Jerry gives close attintion, raysonin' that th' officials wud be inthrested to conceal their incompitence, which an imployee would confiss wit' honest shame.

"Faults I may have," admits Grogan, like th' modest man he is; "but lie wit'out profit I will not."

And he ixplains why he is here, bein' blacklisted on all other railroads by the Brotherhoods because av his yard ingine, McCarty, who nades no fireman or ingineer.

"Is it a yard ingine be named McCarty and runs wit'out stame?" asks Jerry wit' sudden disthrust av Grogan, and so is prisintly inthroduced to a tan mule av distinction who switches th' cars in th' yard and up th' spur thrack to mines near by.

"Which proves I am an honest man, am I not?—I am!" says Grogan. "And ye may trust me wit' business av impire.

"Sure, it has been th' gossip," he says, markin' Jerry's surprise, "that Con O'Connel, lately havin' sunk all his fortune in this sherap-pile, wud sind ye here to make a railroad av it. And ye are to be promoted as ye wish."

And that avenin' a lawyer's letter comes ixplainin' that Con O'Connel, bein' av unsound mind, has bought one-third av all th' N. A. stock, which he has put in Jerry's name; and this is all av th' ould man's fortune, so that Jerry can inherit no more.

"And, havin' advised shtrongly aginst this sinkin' av a quarther av a million in a railroad long since abandoned and ruined, we wash our hands av it," winds up th' lawyer's letther; but inclosed is a sheet av paper wit' large, strange, staggerin' characters across, like th' signs av magicians.

"Here is th' wur-rd 'Foundation,'" says Jerry afther long study—"and 'Eternithy'!"

Sure, he cud make out nothin' else, and niver did; but in th' shaggy, blotted signs he saw th' sowl av Con O'Connel shtrugglin' against age and rheumatism to write wan last command to th' builder who was to come afther.

"'Tis th' black curse av Shielygh," says Grogan, readin' over his shoulder wit' awe; for he has long heard av Con O'Connel as th' magician av railroads. "Wud ye mind," he asks, "if th' curse is not on yezsilf pers'nally to lend it me for use against McCarty, who will flee a velocypede as th' polthroon he is, but is possissed to shtand and kick at th' locomotives?"

"Peace—lest I ignore ye intirely!" says Jerry wit' sternness. "And help me discover th' juties av Giniral Passinger Agint at Cactus Station."

But divil a juty can they discover; and Jerry, rayflectin' that Donovan and Gary have thrifled wit' him, makes a tour av inspection on a hand car to End av Thrack.

'Tis at this station the S. M., swervin' far to the north afther lavin' Barlow, again crosses th' N. A. toward th' southwest, and for th' first time Jerry re'lizes that his little road, hemmed in betwane mountains, is throttled by th' trunk line at both inds.

From th' station he marks a row av rotted stakes runnin' to th' western sky line; and th' agint ixplains:

"Niver were rails laid along that survey, because there are no towns or business there."

And he tells av a little Coast Line which, afther sthrugglin' into th' counthry beyant th' far range av mountains, has laid down and died in th' wilderness.

Jerry fales th' soul sink faint wit'in him.

"What miracle cud raise this rusty corpse av th' N. A. from its coffin av cañon!"

And he reaints bittherly that Con shud have shackled up himself and th' great fortune to this monsther sprawled along th' bottom av a t'ree-hundred-mile ditch.

Back he turns wit'out wur-rds, and hurries on to headquarthers.

"He has gained ixperience as Giniral Passinger Agint," says Gary to Donovan, "and is now come for promotion. Ye will app'int him Roadmasther."

"Wance ye have thrifled wit' me to discourage me and so hold on to th' managemint here," Jerry tells him in all sternness. "Let it pass. But, by yez lave, I will be given

jobs wit'out pay in wan daypartmint afther another till I learn th' operating av a railroad. So I will quickly infor-rm mesilf and thin turn my hand to the N. A.," he says wit' modesty.

"I back him up," says th' sooperintindint.

"I do not," says Gary. "Do ye play bottle pool?" he asks Jerry, who treats him wit' contimpt and resolves that th' Masther Mechanic will be first av all th' incompetints fired whin himsilf takes hould to manage.

So a year passes; and, there bein' no divvydend av stock, Jerry boards on credit; th' clo'es he has brought are shabby and he is filled wit' anxiety along av th' time to come, bein' too proud to draw pay as a laborer or to ask for his divvydend.

Manetime no wan else has come to town but Edwin Slade, son av th' Big Bull av th' market, to learn on th' S. M. all that is known av railroadin'.

"'Twill be a matther av a few months," he tells Jerry, mating him on th' shtreet. "I am beginning as assistant to th' Giniral Sooperintindint. 'Tis th' practic'l side av railroadin' I take to," he says; "th' sowl av a builder I have, and will turn to account in the stock market."

"Divil a tie will be lay on th' S. M. but he will issue a share av stock on it to sell to suckers," t'inks Jerry, wit' indignation that Edwin shud call himsilf a builder av railroads.

But th' other sympathizes wit' Jerry and, seein' him shabby, offers a job on th' S. M.

"A great pity it is ye have been cut off from th' inheritance," he says, "for now Martin O'Connel has another son born to him."

"I have my inheritance," rayplies Jerry proudly, "in the N. A."

"That is th' greatest misfortune av all," says Edwin, "for yez grandfather to sell all his houldings in S. M. and other trunk lines to sink it in N. A. Four dollars a share—ninety-six below par, d'ye mind?—N. A. is quoted, wit' no buyers, havin' niver a divvydend to declare. And, worse than all, ye are tempted to spind yez life, shabby and hollow-eyed and dayspairing, as I see ye now, in guardin' and tinkerin' over a quarther av a million dollars' wort' av rust and rubbish."

"Shabby I may be," says Jerry, "but, wit' a brother born to inherit from my father and my fortune invisted in rubbish, divil an hour do I dayspair!"

"Y' must congrat'late me," says Edwin. "An ingagemint I have made to marry."

"'Tis Winifred!" Jerry shakes th' offered hand in a steady grip. "Marry her and be dommed!" he congratulates.

The third railroad intering Barlow is a feeder, or branch, av a great northwestern trunk line; and, afther a year and a half as a studint, Jerry draws a large map and hurries to th' Giniral Manager in Chicagy.

"Suppose," he says, "we push th' N. A. on west beyant End av Thrack where th' S. M. crosses us? Sixty miles av buildin' from End av Thrack will take us to that new line which has felt its way up from southern Californy; this wud give ye a connection at Barlow wit' th' fruit belt and th' South Coast over th' N. A."

"Build it!" says th' Giniral Manager; but, havin' great schemes av his own on hand, he cannot help wit' feenancin'.

Niverth'less, it is built. Jerry confers wit' th' heirs av th' two ould istates who hold most av th' stock, and they are impressed wit' him.

"He be th' miracle wur-rker we have waited for," they say; and Jerry, playin' for desperate stakes, mortgages his own stock to the last dollar, and th' heirs put up much more. And by courthesy he is made Vice Prisident.

Wance again an O'Connel is in th' field; and, along av th' conthracthors, Jerry lives in th' construction camps till th' job is done. A shtrong campaign he makes thin for fruit shipments and all kinds av freight, assisted by th' agints av th' Northwest Line and th' Californy Line; and whin th' shipments come he walks th' strates av Barlow, so Edwin Slade may have a luk at a builder. And Edwin mates and congratulates him, and laughs to himself, though th' N. A. and its connectin' lines are now a shtrong competitor av his own road, th' S. M.

Well th' son av th' Big Bull knows that impires are not builded av sticks and stone and steel—such things bein' only straws blown about th' markets.

And already have th' ingine bells rung th' knell av th' O'Connel impire, whilst Jerry, in Panyma hat and white flannels, shtruts in Barlow. Th' freight he has loosed on th' N. A. falls like an avalanche—and a blockade piles up at Cactus, th' center av th' road, so it cannot be moved either way.

"'Tis like th' checkroom in purgathory!" says Grogan.

McCarty sits down to luk at it, brayin' to himsilf; and th' smash av th' N. A. is wan that baggagemen spake av to this day wit' rayspict.

Two terrible wakes they are, clearin' the line—wit' shippers who have borne up for years against freight service dayspairin' at last; and telygrams showerin' in from connectin' lines.

So it is that Jerry, stunned by th' terrible Waterloo, prisintly finds himself sittin' on th' platform at Cactus Station, his head in his hands, and th' ould N. A. sunk back into paralysis and rust, wit' wan mixed thrain a day, in aich direction, grindin' and creakin' past.

Thin it is that Grogan and all other men raymain aloof, and only McCarty comes up wit' briskness to bray at him and paw th' cinders.

"Glory be!" says Jerry wan lonesome day, studyin' him. "'Tis by mule power th' N. A. must be run." And Grogan marks, wit' suspicion, that th' two plot together, till wan day Jerry is missin'.

Gone he is, back to th' shippers and th' Giniral Managers av connectin' lines, to demand why there is no more t'roo freight given th' N. A. because av a temporary paralysis, which may happen to any railroad. And joyful they all are to see him, and ixclaim: "Let me at him!" But divil a pound av freight will he iver get again for a railroad that has laid down and died under th' strain av five days' business.

An assistant is necessary to pay th' claims for delay and shpoiled oranges, and a curse is put on Jerry by th' stockhoulders; so that no wan in th' wor-rld is his frind but McCarty. And he drifts back to Cactus Barrens to sit on th' edge av th' platform, wit' a broken heart.

Thin it is Gary comes down to visit him and confers wit' Grogan hard by.

"Luk at him," says Gary—"him who was so puffed out wit' th' sowl av impire! To grief he has come and brought th' N. A. into public notice, which is disgrace to us all. I am Gary, th' prophet, Grogan, and ye are wan who backed him up!"

"'Twas th' mule to blame," ixplains Grogan; "a sorcerer's insthinct has McCarty, along av a Prisbyterian who brought him up, and I trusted him to know th' O'Connel for what he really was. Thraitor!" he ixclaims, and wud kick him in th' ribs but for McCarty's kickin' back.

"'Tis rayson and not insthinct ye shud follow," says Gary; but Jerry, low as he has sunk, cannot bear to hear thim longer and drifts down th' thrack.

Betwane tnick green woods it passes, and th' day is fair and war-rum and shtill.

"Come into me, all this peace!" says Jerry. And away from throuble fly his thoughts, and he raymimbers th' ould days in th' little garden whin he was a boy; and th' schoolmates; and th' pride that was his whin th' family wint to th' great house near th' city. "'Twas fairy kingdoms I came into whin a boy," he t'inks. On, on thravels his mimory; and he is afraid, but cannot hould it back. To college days it takes him; now, wit' a great hurt, comes th' raymimbrance av Winifred, and his eyes blink in a black mist. "I miss her!" he cries to himsilf. "Why is she not along av me?"

Wance again he is among th' things av th' prisint time—his inheritance mortgaged, himself disowned.

"A curse," he says, "on Con O'Connel for setting me to guard a quarther av a million dollars in rubbish! Who cud build out av it—and yet who cud t'row it away?"

Blinded he has been by th' splindid dreams and prophecies av th' ould man who wud sackerfice his kin to kape th' fame av O'Connel th' builder alive afther him.

"Father and swateheart and fortune have I lost t'rough his pride!" shrieks out th' ruined man. "Frinds—where have they gone?"

He pauses, a beggar in sowl for th' peace av th' shtill, green woods; but it is denied him, and, wit' arms upheld, surrenderin' to dayspair, he shtumbles back up th' thrack to th' station. And there he sits shiverin' in th' sun, nor answerin' th' rayproach av Grogan that he has bethrayed those who backed him up as a magician.

"Glad I am it is not too late to raypujiate ye befoore all men, and th' Masther Mechanic," he says.

"Now, Grogan, ye have rayson," says Gary.

But they mark that McCarty, who shtamps up and down briskly in th' hush which has fallen along th' N. A. Railroad, comes now and thin to bray at Jerry like a thrumpet.

So th' O'Connel is not only broken but beaten to earth, and is part av th' rubbish; and ivery day he sits shiverin' in th' sun on th' station platform.

"A disgrace is th' mule to us all for th' loud cheer he gives whin O'Connel comes up," says Gary, who will not go home while there is a meanness to do. And he kicks McCarty in the ribs av him.

"Shtop it!" says Jerry; but Gary, a shtrong ould man, belayvin' he can now safely repay th' contimpt av t'ree years, shtrikes him a blow in th' chest.

Thin Grogan picks up his frind from th' ground, and Jerry walks down th' thrack, gazin' in surprise at his skinned knuckles.

(Continued on Page 43)

A Test Run He Gets for th' Pacific Mail

YOUR PORTER

By Edward Hungerford

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

HE STANDS there at the door of his car, dusky, grinning, immaculate—awaiting your pleasure. He steps forward as you near him and, with a quick, intuitive movement born of long experience and careful training, inquires:

"What space you got, guv'nor?"

"Lower five," you reply. "Are you full-up, George?"

"Jus' toler'bul, guv'nor."

He has your grips, is already slipping down the aisle toward section five. And, after he has stowed the big one under the facing bench and placed the smaller one by your side, he asks again:

"Shake out a pillow for you, guv'nor?"

That "guv'nor," though not a part of his official training, is a part of his unofficial—his subtlety, if you please. Another passenger might be the "kunnul"; still another, the "jedge." But there can be no other guv'nor save you on this car and trip. And George, of the Pullmans, is going to watch over you this night as a mother hen might watch over her solitary chick. The car is well filled and he is going to have a hard night of it; but he is going to take good care of you. He tells you so; and, before you are off the car, you are going to have good reason to believe it

Before we consider the sable-skinned George of to-day, give a passing thought to the Pullman itself. The first George of the Pullmans—George M. Pullman—was a shrewd-headed carpenter who migrated from a western New York village out into Illinois more than half a century ago and gave birth to the idea of railroad luxury at half a cent a mile. There had been sleeping cars before Pullman built the Pioneer, as he called his maiden effort. There was a night car, equipped with rough bunks for the comfort of passengers, on the Cumberland Valley Railroad along about 1840.

Other early railroads had made similar experiments, but they were all makeshifts and crude. Pullman set out to build a sleeping car that would combine a degree of comfort with a degree of luxury. The Pioneer, viewed in the eyes of 1864, was really a luxurious car. It was as wide as the sleeping car of to-day and nearly as high; in fact, so high and so wide was it that there were no railroads on which it might run, and when Pullman pleaded with the old-time railroad officers to widen the clearances, so as to permit the Pioneer to run over their lines, they laughed at him.

"It is ridiculous, Mr. Pullman," they told him smilingly in refusal. "People are never going to pay their good money to ride in any such fancy contraption as that car of yours."

Then suddenly they ceased smiling. All America ceased smiling. Morse's telegraph was sobering an exultant land by telling how its great magistrate lay dead within the White House, at Washington. And men were demanding a funeral car, dignified and handsome enough to carry the body of Abraham Lincoln from Washington to Springfield. Suddenly somebody thought of the Pioneer, which rested, a virtual prisoner, in a railroad yard not far from Chicago.

The Maiden Trip of the Pioneer

THE Pioneer was quickly released. There was no hesitation now about making clearances for her. Almost in the passing of a night, station platforms and other obstructions were being cut away, and the first of all the Pullman cars made a triumphant though melancholy journey to New York, to Washington, and back again to Illinois. Abraham Lincoln, in the hour of death—fifty years ago this blossoming spring of 1915—had given birth to the Pullman idea. The other day, while one of the brisk Federal commissions down at Washington was extending consideration to the Pullman porter and his wage, it called to the witness stand the executive head of the Pullman Company. And the man who answered the call was Robert T. Lincoln, the son of Abraham Lincoln.

When Pullman built the Pioneer he designated it A, little dreaming that eventually he might build enough cars to exhaust the letters of the alphabet. To-day the Pullman Company has more than six thousand cars in constant use. It operates the entire sleeping-car service and by far the larger part of the parlor-car service on all but half a dozen of the railroads of the United States and Canada, with a goodly sprinkling of routes south into Mexico. On an average night sixty thousand persons—a community equal in size to Johnstown, Pennsylvania, or South Bend, Indiana—sleep within its cars.

And one of the chief excuses for its existence is the flexibility of its service. A railroad in the South, with a large passenger traffic in the winter, or a railroad in the North, with conditions reversed and travel running at high tide throughout the hot summer months, could hardly afford to place the investment in sleeping and parlor cars to meet its high-tide needs, and have those cars grow rusty throughout the long, dull months. The Pullman Company, by moving its extra cars backward and forward over the face of the land in regiments and in battalions, keeps them all earning money. It meets unusual traffic demands with all the resources of its great fleet of traveling hotels.

Last summer, when the Knights Templars held their convention in Denver, it sent four hundred and fifty extra cars out to the capital of Colorado. And this year it is bending its resources toward finding sufficient cars to meet the demands for the long overland trek to the expositions on the Pacific Coast.

The transition from the Pioneer to the steel sleeping car of to-day was not accomplished in a single step. A man does not have to be so very old or so very much traveled to recall the day when the Pullman was called a palace car and did its enterprising best to justify that title. It was almost an apotheosis of architectural bad taste. Disfigured by all manner of moldings, cornices, grilles and dinky plush curtains—head-bumping, dust-catching, useless—it was a decorative orgy, as well as one of the very foundations of the newspaper school of humor.

Suddenly the Pullman Company awoke to the absurdity of it all. More than ten years ago it came to the decision that architecture was all right in its way, but that it was not a fundamental part of car building. It separated the two. It began to throw out the grilles and the other knick-knacks, even before it had committed itself definitely to the use of the steel car.

Recently it has done much more. It has banished all but the very simplest of the moldings, and all the hangings save those that are absolutely necessary to the operation of the car. It has studied and it has experimented until it has produced in the sleeping car of to-day what is probably the most efficient railroad vehicle in the world. Our foreign cousins scoff at it and call it immodest; but we may reserve our own opinion as to the relative modesty of some of their institutions.

This, however, is not the story of the Pullman car. It is the story of that ebony autocrat who presides so genially and yet so firmly over it. It is the story of George the porter—the six thousand Georges standing to-night to greet you and the other traveling folk at the doors of the waiting cars. And George is worthy of a passing thought. He was born in the day when the negro servant was the pride of America—when the black man stood at your elbow in the dining rooms of the greatest of our hotels; when a colored butler was the joy of the finest of the homes along Fifth Avenue or round Rittenhouse Square. Transplanted, he quickly became an American institution. And there is many a man who avers that never elsewhere has there been such a servant as a good negro servant.

Fashions change, and in the transplanting of other social ideas the black man has been shoved aside. It is only in the Pullman service that he retains his old-time pride and prestige. That company to-day might almost be fairly called his salvation, despite the vexing questions of the wages and tips of the sleeping-car porters that have recently come to the fore. Yet it is almost equally true that the black man has been the salvation of the sleeping-car service. Experiments have been made in using others. One or two of the Canadian roads, which operate their own sleeping cars, have placed white men as porters; down in the Southwest the inevitable Mexicano has been placed in the familiar blue uniform. None of them has been satisfactory; and, indeed, it is not every negro who is capable of taking charge of a sleeping car.

The Pullman Company passes by the West Indians—the type so familiar to every man who has ridden many times in the elevators of the apartment houses of upper New York. It prefers to recruit its porters from certain of the states of the Old South—Georgia and the Carolinas. It almost limits its choice to certain counties within those states. It shows a decided preference for the sons of its employees; in fact, it might almost be said that to-day there are black boys growing up down there in the cotton country who have come into the world with the hope and expectation of being made Pullman car porters. The company that operates those cars prefers to discriminate—and it does discriminate.

That is its first step toward service—the careful selection of the human factor. The next step lies in the proper training of that factor; and as soon as a young man enters the service of the Pullmans he goes to school—in some one of the large railroad centers that act as hubs for that system. Sometimes the school is held in one of the division offices, but more often it goes forward in the familiar aisle of a sleeping car, sidetracked for the purpose.

Going to School in a Pullman

ITS curriculum is unusual but it is valuable. One moment it considers the best methods to "swat the fly"—to drive him from the vehicle in which he is an unwelcome passenger; the next moment the class is being shown the proper handling of the linen closet, the proper methods of folding and putting away clean linen and blankets, the correct way of stacking in the laundry bags the dirty and discarded bedding. The porter is taught that a sheet once unfolded cannot be used again. Though it may be really spotless, yet technically it is dirty; and it must make a round trip to the laundry before it can reënter the service.

All these things are taught the sophomore porters by a wrinkled veteran of the service; and they are minutely prescribed in the voluminous rule book issued by the Pullman Company, which believes that the first foundation of service is discipline. So the school and the rule book do not hesitate at details. They teach the immature porter not merely the routine of making up and taking down beds, and the proper maintenance of the car, but they go into such finer things as the calling of a passenger, for instance. Noise is tabooed, and so even a soft knocking on the top of the berth is forbidden. The porter must gently shake the curtains or the bedding from without.

When the would-be porter is through in this schoolroom his education goes forward out on the line. Under the direction of one of the grizzled autocrats he first comes in contact with actual patrons—comes to know their personalities and their peculiarities. Also, he comes to know the full meaning of that overused and abused word—service. After all, here is the full measure of the job. He is a servant. He must realize that. And as a servant he must perfect himself. He must rise to the countless opportunities that will come to him each night he is on the run. He must do better—he must anticipate them.

Take such a man as Eugene Roundtree, who has been running a smoking car on one of the limited trains between New York and Boston for two decades—save for that brief transcendent hour when Charles S. Mellen saw himself destined to become transportation overlord of New England and appropriated Roundtree for a personal servant and porter of his private car. Roundtree is a negro of the very finest type. He is a man who commands respect and dignity—and receives it. And Roundtree, as porter of the Pullman smoker on the Merchants' Limited, has learned to anticipate.

He knows at least five hundred of the big bankers and business men of both New York and Boston—though he

knows the Boston crowd best. He knows the men who belong to the Somerset and the Algonquin Clubs—the men who are Boston enough to pronounce Peabody "Pebbuddy." And they know him. Some of them have a habit of dropping in at the New Haven ticket offices and demanding: "Is Eugene running up on the Merchants' to-night?"

"It isn't just knowing them and being able to call them by their names," he will tell you if you can catch him in one of his rarely idle moments. "I've got to remember what they smoke and what they drink. When Mr. Blank tells me he wants a cigar it's my job to remember what he smokes and to put it before him. I don't ask him what he wants. I anticipate."

And by anticipating Roundtree approaches a sort of *n*th degree of service and receives one of the "fattest" of all the Pullman runs. George Sylvester is another man of the Roundtree type—only his run trends to the west from New York instead of to the east, which means that he has a somewhat different type of patron with which to deal.

Sylvester is a porter on the Twentieth Century Limited; and, like Roundtree, he is a colored man of far more than ordinary force and character. He had opportunity to show both on a winter night, when his train was stopped and a drunken man—a man who was making life hideous for other passengers on Sylvester's car—was taken from the train. The fact that the man was a powerful politician, a man who raved the direst threats when arrested, made the porter's job the more difficult.

The Pullman Company, in this instance alone, had good cause to remember Sylvester's force and courage—and consummate tact—just as it has good cause in many such episodes to be thankful for the cool-headedness of its black man in a blue uniform who stands in immediate control of its property.

Sylvester prefers to forget that episode. He likes to think of the nice part of the Century's runs—the passengers who are quiet, and kind, and thoughtful, and remembering. They are a sort whom it is a pleasure for a porter to serve. They are the people who make an excess-fare train a "fat run." There are other fat runs, of course: the Overland, the Olympian, the Congressional—and of General Henry Forrest, of the Congressional, more in a moment—fat trains that follow the route of the Century.

Remaking the Banker's Bed

IT WAS on one of these, coming east from Cleveland on a snowy night in February last, that a resourceful porter had full use for his store of tact; for there is, in the community that has begun to stamp Sixth City on its shirts and its shoe tabs, a bank president who—to put the matter lightly—is a particular traveler. More than one black man, rising high in porter service, has had his vanity come to grief when this crotchety personage has come on his car.

And the man himself was one of those who are marked up and down the Pullman trails. An unwritten code was being transmitted between the black brethren of the sleeping cars as to his whims and peculiarities. It was well that every brother in service in the Cleveland district should know the code. When Mr. X entered his drawing-room—he never rides elsewhere in the car—shades were to be drawn, a pillow beaten and ready by the window, and matches on the window sill. X would never ask for these things; but God help the poor porter who forgot them!

So you yourself can imagine the emotions of Whittlesey Warren, porter of the car Thanatopsis, bound east on Number Six on the snowy February night when X came through the portals of that scarabic antique, the Union Depot at Cleveland, a redcap with his grips in the wake. Warren recognized his man. The code took good care as to that. He followed the banker down the aisle, tucked away the bags, pulled down the shades, fixed the pillow and placed the matches on the window sill.

The banker merely grunted approval, lighted a big black cigar and went into the smoker, while Warren gave some passing attention to the other patrons of his car. It was passing attention at the best; for after a time the little bell annunciator began to sing merrily and persistently at him—and invariably its commanding needle pointed to D. R. And on the drawing-room Whittlesey Warren danced a constant attention.

"Here, you nigger!" X shouted at the first response. "How many times have I got to tell all of you to put the head of my bed toward the engine?"

Whittlesey Warren looked at the bed. He knew the make-up of the train. The code had been met. The banker's pillows were toward the locomotive. But his job was not to argue and dispute. He merely said:

"Yas-suh. Scuse me!" And he remade the bed while X lit a stogy and went back to the smoker.

That was at Erie—Erie, and the snow was falling more briskly than at Cleveland. Slowing into Dunkirk, the banker returned and glanced through the car window. He could see by the snow against the street lamps that the train was apparently running in the opposite direction. His chubby finger went against the push button. Whittlesey Warren appeared at the door. The language that followed cannot be reproduced in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Suffice it to say that the porter remembered who he was and what he was, and merely remade the bed.

The banker bit off the end of another cigar and retired once again to the club car. When he returned, the train was backing into the Buffalo station. At that unfortunate moment he raised his car shade—and Porter Whittlesey Warren again reversed the bed, to the accompaniment of the most violent abuse that had ever been heaped on his defenseless head.

Yet not once did he complain—he remembered that a servant a servant always is. And in the morning X must have remembered; for a folded bill went into Warren's palm—a bill of a denomination large enough to buy that fancy vest which hung in a haberdasher's shop over on San Juan Hill.

If you have been asking yourself all this while just what a fat run is, here is your answer: Tips; a fine train filled with fine ladies and fine gentlemen, not all of them so cranky as X, of Cleveland—thank heaven for that!—though a good many of them have their peculiarities and are willing to pay generously for the privilege of indulging those peculiarities.

Despite the rigid discipline of the Pullman Company the porter's leeway is a very considerable one. His instructions are never to say "Against the rules!" but rather "I do not know what can be done about it"—and then to make a quick reference to the Pullman conductor, who is his arbiter and his court of last resort. His own initiative, however, is not small.

Two newspaper men in New York know that. They had gone over to Boston for a week-end, had separated momentarily at its end, to meet at the last of the afternoon trains for Gotham. A had the joint finances and tickets for the trip; but B, hurrying through the traffic tangle of South Station, just ninety seconds before the moment of departure, knew that he would find him already in the big Pullman observation car. He was not asked to show his ticket at the train gate. Boston, with the fine spirit of the Tea Party still flowing in its blue veins, has always resented that as a sort of railroad impertinence.

B did not find A. He did not really search for him until Back Bay was passed and the train was on the first leg of its journey, with the next stop at Providence. Then it was that A was not to be found. Then B realized that his side partner had missed the train. He dropped into a corner and searched his own pockets. A battered quarter and three pennies came to view—and the fare from Boston to Providence is ninety cents!

Then it was that the initiative of a well-trained Pullman porter came into play. He had stood over the distressed B while he was making an inventory of his resources.

"Done los' something, boss?" said the autocrat of the car.

B told the black man his story in a quick, straightforward manner; and the black man looked into his eyes. B returned the glance. Perhaps he saw in that honest ebony face something of the expression of the faithful servants of wartime who refused to leave their masters even after utter ruin had come upon them. The porter drew forth a fat roll of bills.

"Ah guess dat, ef you-all'll give meh yo' business cyard, Ah'll be able to fee-nance yo' trip dis time."

Fat Runs and Their Records

TO INITIATIVE the black man was adding intuition. He had studied his man. He was forever using his countless opportunities to study men. It was not so much of a gamble as one might suppose.

A pretty well-known editor was saved from a mighty embarrassing time; and some other people have been saved from similarly embarrassing situations through the intuition and the resources of the Pullman porter. The conductor—both of the train and of the sleeping-car service—is not permitted to exercise such initiative or intuition; but the porter can do and frequently does things of this very sort. His recompense for them, however, is hardly to be classed as a tip.

The tip is the nub of the whole situation. Almost since the very day when the Pioneer began to blaze the trail of luxury over the railroads of the land, and the autocrat of the Pullman car created his servile but entirely honorable calling, it has been a mooted point. Recently a great Federal commission has blazed the strong light of publicity on it. Robert T. Lincoln, son of the Emancipator, and, as we have already said, the head and front of the Pullman Company, sat in a witness chair at Washington and answered some pretty pointed questions as to the division of the porter's income between the company and the passenger who employed him. Wages, it appeared, are twenty-seven dollars and a half a month for the first fifteen years of the porter's service, increasing thereafter to thirty dollars a month, slightly augmented by bonuses for good records.

The porter also receives his uniforms free after ten years of service, and in some cases of long service his pay may reach forty-two dollars a month. The rest of his income is in the form of tips. And Mr. Lincoln testified that during the past year the total of these tips, to the best knowledge and belief of his company, had exceeded two million three hundred thousand dollars.

The Pullman Company is not an eleemosynary institution. Though it has made distinct advances in the establishment of pension funds and death benefits, it is

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MINNIE GOOD OF MANHEIM

By MARY BRECHT PULVER

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

Madame Uttered a Harsh Cry and Leaped Like a Lioness at the Man

FOR full five minutes the chauffeur had stood with his head and shoulders plunged into the hood. The stout little woman in the back of the car could stand it no longer.

"In heaven's name, Otto, what is it?"

Otto emerged.

"Carburetor," he said with something like a groan; "it will be an hour anyway."

"And this place we are in?"

The little woman rolled up her veil and peered about the sleepy August country. The chauffeur plunged an oily hand into his pocket and produced a paper guidebook and at a given page came round to her side. He thrust it under her eyes, a thumb pressed on a pink rectangle.

"Manheim township, I think."

The woman's ruddy face grew ruddier.

"*Gott*," she murmured, "you think!"

Yet, although on the map the color of the township bore no resemblance to the rolling green-and-gold country round her, there was unmistakable confirmation at hand. A zinc mail box stood close by the car, neatly stenciled:

MARTIN GOOD
MANHEIM TWP. R. F. D. No. 2.

The little woman did not heed it. She was looking past it up a leafy, narrow lane. Beyond it the white contours of a farmhouse showed.

"If it takes one hour it takes two," she said sardonically. "I will go up to that house and rest and get some milk. Twice you shall blow the horn when you have finished. You hear, Otto?"

The chauffeur touched his cap and opened the door. The little woman sprang out into the lane, arriving with incredible lightness upon the toes of her high-heeled, buckled slippers. She slipped out of her loose coat and struck up the lane briskly, her full pouter-pigeon chest carried very high, her full hips thrust back. She walked very carefully on the balls of her feet though it was difficult going over the rubbly ground; but years of training are not lightly put aside. Her cheeks burned from the wind, there was dust in her mouth, and the thought of ice-cold milk and of an easy-chair was comforting.

Presently she saw a barn, a clean-painted, gabled, German-looking affair that thrilled her like familiar music. She had come from such a farmhouse herself years ago in Germany. She remembered now she was in the Pennsylvania Dutch country. She would see many familiar things.

There was no one visible about the barn, and she crossed the clean yard with gingerly swiftness. At the painted garden gate she knocked and called aloud, watching warily for a dog. But no one—not even a dog—appeared. She opened the gate and went in—up the snowy boardwalk between rectangular beds of gay flowers to the quiet shuttered house. Midway a sound stopped her—a deep, voluminous, rhythmic murmur.

"Bees—but such quantities of bees!" she half whispered, and looked about for the hives. Then she realized her mistake. A curious change came over her face—an expression incredulous, amazed, awed. "It cannot be!"

She listened a moment. The murmur continued—rich, resonant, velvety, it came pouring out of the house ahead of her with the volume of organ tones. "*Barmherziger Gott!*" she cried. She picked up her skirts and fairly ran toward the house. A door on the porch stood open. She could see beyond a kitchen dark and cool, full of spotless tinware and dishes. No one was here, but in a room beyond she saw two figures. A woman rocked in a low, painted chair, a child in her arms.

The deep murmuring came from her lips.

At nine o'clock that morning, the first rush of the day's work being done, Martin Good's young wife, according to custom, had picked up her tow-headed, apple-cheeked offspring and, leaving the kitchen, had hushed it in the sitting room for its morning nap.

It was a luxurious custom for a busy farmer's wife, but Minnie Good was "well fixed" to a greater degree than most of her kind. Mart, her husband, was uncommonly generous and easy-going. He was rich to boot, owning two fat farms and that last sinful extravagance, "a automobile." He gave Minnie a hired maid, and although he came of Dunker family and personally followed their doctrines, he had never pressed his faith upon his wife, who had not as yet "turned plain." But it was generally believed, by their little world and by Minnie herself, that the time was about ripe for a renunciation of general worldliness and the adoption of the practice and the garb of her husband's sect. She thought of these things this morning, wondering when Harvest Home came whether she might not make her confession. It would please Mart and she wanted to please Mart. Minnie was an affectionate and obedient wife to a Biblical degree.

She looked in the dim coolness of her sitting room like one of Albrecht Dürer's women—if Dürer's women were ever young. Minnie was twenty, with a figure at least forty. Her plump pink hands and dimpled arms were round to pudginess. The face she bent above little Crist's was scarcely less round, less rosily unmarred by time and mental effort than his.

It was very still. Mart was in the meadow field with the threshers, and Lena Koser, the little maid, had gone to the next farm. After all, Minnie concluded vaguely, it was not a time to ponder religious matters. She dozed a little over her baby, waking now and then with a start to resume the buzzing murmur she used to hush him. Minnie never sang aloud to him. Whenever she tried it she blushed for shame. She never sang at meeting, nor even hummed aloud when there was anyone to hear. Pride kept her silent. Her voice, compared with the shrill keening of the average Dutchwoman, was like the booming of a giant cannon. It always excited mirth, and Minnie, so typical in other ways, was sensitive. To sing "chust like a old sailorman" or "like frogs in a pond" was not pleasing to her. But this morning she hummed on undisturbed—at least for a time.

Presently a sound aroused her, the sound of feet on her kitchen floor, and she looked up to see a stout, very erect little woman with coal-black eyes that sparkled as brightly as her slipper buckles. Under her fashionable little hat the woman's face was queerly flushed; one hand, covered with glittering rings, was pressed to her high bosom now heaving strangely. She looked at Minnie and spoke in a queer, excited voice dramatically:

"Is it then thou?"

Minnie had heard of women who drank—though not in her immediate vicinity; also, somewhat oftener, of crazy people. For a moment a horrid fear assailed her. Was this queer little woman one of these last, a sufferer from hideous dementia who had wandered into her house? Minnie's appearance would not have indicated an agony of suspense, but back of her moon-faced stare and saucery blue eyes a wild resolution to scream was forming—to scream long and loud in terror. But she could not. She only stared as at a basilisk. The little woman came close, gesticulating strangely.

"Continue!" she said imperiously. "Again, let me hear it."

Minnie could only gasp helplessly.

"*Ei du Grund noch e' mal*," she moaned feebly. When Mart came back for dinner, how would he find her? Dead perhaps.

The simple horror in her face struck the other woman. The craziness disappeared. She drew herself up, laughed and snapped her fingers.

"I mean your singing, your voice. I heard you outside, so I came in to hear better. Begin again, please! It is marvelous. Sing, woman!"

At this, relief submerged Minnie. Likewise a scarlet tide of shame crept over her face. So they had heard in the road. Horrible! She gave a little nervous giggle.

"I didn't know a body could hear," she blushed shamefacedly; "it's all the time such a bick noise inside of me, if I don't watch out it makes chust like a man was hollering."

The other stared.

"*Gott*, it is magnificent! Such power! That's why I want to hear—and the tone as round as an O. Try again please—oh, but I know without hearing more. You have the greatest contralto voice I have ever heard—with the precious mezzo tones. The world will go mad when it knows. And I have found it. Believe me, there is no mistake. I know as indeed I should."

Minnie, with a resumption of first suspicion, only stared again.

"Perhaps you do not know me." The little woman put her hands on her hips and drew herself up. "I am Heinemann," she said simply.

But the name of the world's greatest coloratura soprano brought no gleam to Minnie's cerulean eyes. The other recognizing, half incredulous, half scornful, snapped her fingers again.

"All the world knows me. I am *the* Lucia. I have sung all over the world—from Australia to Alaska. Now I am of your great opera company."

Then as Minnie gazed on blankly the stranger shrugged. Was the creature a numskull? Even the peasants of Europe knew her, and in America . . .

"Bah," she said, "in time you shall come to know when you have found out the value of your own gift. Attend please!" she cried imperiously, and inhaling deeply she sent a little flight of crystal bird-notes out on the air—an exquisite snatch of vocalization that made Minnie gasp audibly. Once, twice, came the little silken notes; then suddenly, with a round swoop, the voice fell to middle C.

"Do," sang the little woman. "Sing that!" she commanded.

She had her victim with her now. Minnie could no longer resist this queer human dynamo who could "make like a robin" and who it seemed was pleased with her outlandish voice.

"Do," she sang obediently.

"Re—mi ——" warbled the other.

"Re—mi ——" rolled out Minnie's rich barrel tones.

"Fa—so—la ——"

"Fa—so—la ——" echoed Minnie faithfully.

So to the end and back and up again and down. Down, particularly, into the apparently incalculable depths of Minnie Good's "hollering." Emotion, wonder, rewrote themselves on the coloratura's face.

"*Du Himmel*—and to be thus sitting and rocking her baby with time so swiftly flying—I believe ——" A sudden thought smote her. "But yes, it will be assuredly—Wagner—it is an unheard-of range, and such power. Listen!" The little Heinemann inhaled again and threw back her head. Wagner was not her forte, but she did her best.

"Ho—yo—to—ho!" she sent forth Brünnhilde's cry mightily, then signaled Minnie. "Do better than that, please!"

For the first time in her life Minnie sent out her voice full capacity. She sang with all her strength the meaningless cry.

"Ho—yo—to—ho!" she sang.

And little Heinemann turned chalk-white.

"My child," she said tremulously, "it is the good God sent me to you. It is not yet too late. You are but young. With me you shall go forth into the world my protégée. I shall make of you the greatest singer alive."

A Dutchman is not easily persuaded from his intention. Martin Good was no exception. Yet for the first time in his life he realized—after two mortal hours of argument that had involved his dinner—that he had met his Waterloo. The obstinacy, the passion, the flintlike purpose of little Madame Heinemann were like nothing in the world that he had ever met—unless it were another Dutchman's. She appalled, amazed him as she marshaled reason after reason for him. The fact that he wanted his wife at home was nothing, nothing, she told him. This rare gift of his wife's was not his. To keep it immured in a farmhouse would be a crime—a crime against art and posterity. The world would thank him if he relinquished all selfish ideas of rights to it, would rejoice for all time in his generosity, but it was after all the only thing he could do. Minnie's voice belonged to the world. For him to balk her career would be an atrocity.

But art and posterity were two forces that did not impress Minnie's slow, kindly husband; nor the pictures drawn of Minnie's celebrity, her reception at foreign courts, her orbit round the sun of art and culture. All this only puzzled, troubled him. But when little Heinemann spoke of money he was more attentive—not at all for mercenary reasons but because it was the first comprehensible reason she had offered.

"You say it gives much money?" It seemed incredible for just singing.

"Much? You shall judge. I made this season past more than two hundred thousand dollars in the opera alone and fifty thousand more for the talking-machine records. Your wife would easily make as much—perhaps more—if she studies and develops herself."

Martin Good gasped and his wife tittered from sheer nervousness. It was a sum beyond her comprehension. But of one thing she was sure. If this were true Mart would be able to buy all the farms in Lancaster County.

"Why, a body can't hardly believe it!" her husband said.

Well, it was true, little Heinemann told him, and Mart gazed in vague, troubled wonder at his plump, placid Minnie. He felt as if one of his favorite hens had offered him a live roc hatched from an inoffensive barnyard setting. He didn't know what to do with this strange new potentiality sitting across from him.

Minnie herself did not argue. She held her round little son close to her breast. She propounded only one objection.

"I wouldn't know right what to do about little Crist. A body can't leave her baby."

But a body could, it seemed. Madame named a dozen singers who had families, prosperous and thriving, cared for by others. She herself had three half-grown sons in Germany this minute. They would find somebody to care for Minnie's baby. Madame herself would finance all additional expense. This simple and, to her, clinching argument having failed, Minnie sat silent, stroking little Crist's red cheek. There seemed to be nothing more to say.

In the end little Heinemann had her way even to the immediacy of the project. Mart's proposition "to study it ower a while" was briskly defeated. Otto had gone to town for gasoline. He would return in half an hour. Madame was too keen a psychologist to let the matter ripen. She would take Minnie now—to Philadelphia, where they were rehearsing for a centenary opera performance. She should stay there two weeks. After that she might come home for a little while. She could come home often, of course. So promised Madame audibly, while vowing to defeat any such plan for a year at least. If she could keep Minnie a year, time, a new viewpoint and Minnie herself would help. The two weeks settled it and, as Mart said, "Phildephy isn't such a turrible way." As in a dream Minnie heard herself blessed in two languages, found herself kissed on both cheeks and helped in the packing of her meager belongings. In the end, too, the big car arrived and Minnie said good-by. She picked up her baby and kissed him slowly, solemnly.

"Mom's boy," she whispered. Then she and Mart faced each other.

"Well, Minnie," he said, and stopped.

"Well, Mart," she answered and laughed a little nervously. He put his hands on her shoulders and gave her a conjugal peck.

She breathed rapidly a moment and looked at little Crist. "You shall take care still ——" she faltered.

She was about to get into the car when she stopped suddenly. "Wait once," she objected; "I ain't ready for off yet ——" She turned without explanation and went back to her bedroom. On a shelf in the cupboard lay a brown leather wallet filled with butter-and-egg money—her personal spoil. She did not know exactly why she felt she must have it. Madame had explicitly said there would be no need of any money—that Mart might send her some later. Minnie did not realize what impulse sent her to get it, nor, having got it, to say nothing. She came back with the wallet—unmentioned—hidden away in the bosom of her dress.

She smiled down at Mart and Crist as she tucked herself in. "Yes, well," she heard Mart say as they drove off. She turned to smile again as they swung into the lane. This time her lips trembled, and when they reached the road the trees all ran together and an unsuspected fog arose and covered the whole landscape.

A sob broke from Minnie's lips. At the sound little Heinemann patted her hand kindly.

"I know," she said gravely, "it is the cruelest sacrifice in the world—the choice between the family and the career. But it is for the greatest good, for art's sake. You will see them soon again. You will not have time to fret. We will begin at once and there is much to do. You must learn to walk, to speak, to carry yourself—calisthenics, the corset." She eyed Minnie's figure with a shrug. "There will be for you the bant, a great deal of it—to learn what to eat—or rather what not to eat. There will be the exercise of the body, of the throat; the study of the language—how to dress."

Minnie did not show much interest. She sobbed again—once, twice.

Madame sat back.

"The soul of the clam," she shrugged. "But I will find a new one for her. She has not yet lived."

As in a dream Minnie found herself entering a great hotel in Philadelphia that very evening—she who had arisen in the morning with no greater exploit in view than the canning of Mart's favorite peaches. And here she was marshaled, speechless, over long, velvet-covered floors, past vistas of marble-columned rooms, past files of lounging, chatting city men and women, past deft, silent serving maids and buttoned-up pages, to the noiseless lift and thence to Madame's luxurious suite.

Minnie uttered no word during all this. She was bemused, stunned with the novelty and strangeness. Things seemed unreal—Mart, little Crist, herself, people in a dream. Madame left her travel-stained, anomalous in her queer country garments, but not for long. She came back presently with another woman, a dark-faced Gascon whom she called Honorine. Minnie was to bathe, and change her clothes, it seemed. She was to rest and dine in her room. Honorine would look after her.

Her moments alone with Honorine were a never-forgotten horror. There was a bathroom adjoining, a splendid affair, and Honorine disappeared into this and started running water. She came back to Minnie then and quite shamelessly, with not a word of apology, began to undress her. One by one with practiced hands she removed Minnie's simple homemade garments, though their owner made frightened efforts to prevent and intercept her. They were unavailing. The Frenchwoman undressed her—like a baby. Stripped of her every garment, of her last shred of outraged modesty, a thick white bathrobe flung across her shoulders, she was marshaled like a sheep to the bathroom and left with an array of soaps, bottles, sponges and suchlike as she had never seen.

"Oh, Je!" she wept, her cheeks scarlet, as she lowered herself into the tub. The water was warm, perfumed, soothing. The ride had been hot and dusty. Gradually she grew calm again. She was not seated long before the Frenchwoman was upon her once more. She had great pale blue towels on her arm and she haled forth and rubbed the protesting Minnie dry and got her into the bathrobe again with nightmare rapidity.

Back in the bedroom, seated at the dresser, various creams, powders, scents were applied to Minnie's face, arms and hair. The last was carefully, even deliciously brushed and braided into two thick pigtails. Over these a saucy boudoir cap was applied and lastly, the bathrobe torn from Minnie's shrinking form once more, fresh undergarments appeared—but not hers! All of her little, plain muslin clothes had been scorned. She wore instead wonderful loose things of indecent sheerness, lace-trimmed, with a second robe to cover them of delicate blue silk, silk stockings to match and cunning ribbon-trimmed mules—all loaned by Madame!

It was half past eight and Minnie was faint with fatigue, nervous strain and dismay. At this hour supper at home

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The First Intelligible Thing She Saw—Griddle Cakes, Round and Smoking

"I Shall Make of You the Greatest Singer Alive"

WALKING WITH SAMUEL

One of the First Bunches to Land in Boise

By L. B. YATES

TH' PLAY didn't come up that-a-way ay-tall," persisted Jimpsey Trosper, roughrider extraordinary to the world at large. "Skeeter warn't lit up like no Christmas tree, and even if he was, it wouldn't a made no difference. Skeeter always wears his liquor on th' inside."

Jimpsey intoned his words with solemn conviction. He was endeavoring to pour the oil of comradery upon the turbulent turpitude of a brother bronco buster, because there had been an inspection of horses suitable for cavalry mounts, which were subsequently to be shipped across the big water to take part in the current unpleasantness, and the proceedings were enlivened by the unforeseen.

As the story went, Skeeter was "winding" a horse for the representative of the British Government. A little group of freight agents were on hand, with a view to securing subsequent business, and were standing down by a hayrack on the runway, when Skeeter came galloping by. Then things commenced to happen. The horse, which had just come in from the range and was hardly bridlewise, headed straight for the assembled railroaders. They stood not on the order of their going, but with one accord commenced an undignified progress round the rack. Skeeter and his horse followed. Round and round they went, yelling, struggling, fighting, to escape the destroying angel. As the flight progressed, portly men of commanding presence lost more or less of their wearing apparel, because that hayrack was full of angles, and when it was all over most of them needed the hurry-up assistance of a tailor. Collectively and individually, they were the most disheveled lot of pilgrims to be found this side of the River Jordan.

Those in authority averred that Skeeter was drunk. The latter vigorously denied the imputation. He claimed that his mount got out of hand and bolted with him, but the truth will out, and while apologizing for his comrade Jimpsey disclosed the real facts in the case.

"Somebody throwed a rock at th' bronc' he was straddlin', and he just got all het up and went locoed," explained the rider in further mitigation. "Them fellers sure did do some speedy steppin', but Skeeter warn't harborin' nothin' that looked like dynamite. No, siree; he were sober right painful!"

A Bull Market for Horses

"IF SKEETER went to war, I'd give a red apple to see him ridin' herd on them beer destroyers!" hazarded another lean horseman. "Gee, wouldn't he do th' high an' lofty act, ropin' a flock of German guns?"

"Huh! What would he ride?" This from Jimpsey Trosper.

"Why, a horse, a course!"

"Where'll he git him?" Jimpsey was talking again.

"Most anywheres. Where does he always get 'em?"

Trosper eyed the last speaker with a certain lofty contempt.

"One would think all you had to do was to turn a crank to get horses!" he retorted. "If this here game keeps up, an' Skeeter wants to go to the war, he'll have to grab an extra pair of shoes instead of a horse; him an' th' rest of us will be afoot. Yes, sir! We'll be walkin' with your Uncle Samuel, and them that is mounted'll be ridin' goats, or ringboned slick-ears that wasn't never worth th' time a grown-up man would spoil heatin' an iron to brand 'em."

"Well, John th' Baptist walked, didn't he?" drawled the other.

Jimpsey made no reply, but drew the makings from the pocket of his shirt and rolled a cigarette nonchalantly. He had just mounted a nine-year-old outlaw that had felt the cinches for the first time. While he was being saddled the horse fought like a demon, biting, striking, kicking—not to mention rearing over and falling backward. He was blindfolded while the rider climbed into the saddle. Everyone expected that he would run the gamut of the loftiest notes in horse opera, but instead of that he stood, as if modeled in marble, with front feet widely propped apart and head almost between his knees.

"He's just studyin' an' gettin' his bearings," explained Jimpsey, as he flecked the brown horse's crest with his hat. "You'll be all right, li'l horse, won't you? By an' by you'll be all right. All you need is a bucket of Nature's own remedy."

And from the roughrider's standpoint the untamed one certainly came up to expectations. The words had scarcely left his lips when the brown horse left the ground—sunfished, switched ends, and in a general way gave an exhibition of deviltry that would have made the average frontier day-bucker look like a Sunday-school, and Jimpsey sat there without once pulling leather. Still, he was only one of the many that are being brought in from the Western ranges, partially broken, and sold to the emissaries of the various European governments, who are going over this continent from one end of it to the other, with a fine-tooth comb, seeking remounts.

Well, what of it, and how would Uncle Samuel himself be situated should the occasion arise for him to need cavalry and artillery horses in the near future for his own use? In his rough way Jimpsey Trosper had diagnosed the situation and voiced the opinion of almost every man who is conversant with the real state of affairs. Some of these will talk freely and, of course, others, having horses either to buy or to sell and being more directly interested, will not; but all of them, in some way or another, have to admit that the situation is grave, and that the supply of horses available for these purposes is rapidly becoming exhausted.

Of course, statisticians will refer to the last census and tell you how many millions of horses are owned by this country. There is nothing on record, however, regarding the weights, ages or sizes of these, and, speaking in a general way, it is safe to premise that not over fifteen per cent of them would come up to the requirements of a military inspection.

Foreign buyers naturally will take exception to this statement—because, if you take their word for it, the supply is practically unlimited, and it follows that the latter is a salient argument to use with the farmer and stock raiser.

"You won't need these horses when your crop is in and harvested," say they, "and you can buy plenty more when you need them again. The country is full of them; we can get all the horses we want!"

If one inquires about price the gentlemen from the other side are singularly reticent.

"It varies," they will tell you, "and we pay such and such a price for the right kind, but publication of prices is not a good thing. It—ahem—makes it a little hard for us." All, however, admit that prices have gone up very perceptibly within the last few months. The man you are talking to may loosen up and say something like this: "Of course prices have gone up, but you must remember that when this thing started we literally stole them. The original purchasers got them for a song, but now the farmers and big horse ranchers are more wary. We have to pay for them."

This remark is almost the verbatim statement made to me the other day by a foreign buyer.

Since the war on the Continent started—from all the available information gathered from those directly in the business—an average of 32,000 horses has been purchased in this country every month. The English Government has taken 15,000 of these, the French about the same, and the Italians—who until recently have been purchasing an inferior brand—about 2000. The agents of Italy, however, are now insisting on being furnished with a better horse than has heretofore satisfied them.

Incidentally it may be said that the British Government pays the best prices, and the number of horses now being actually purchased by it far exceeds the above average figures.

And in this connection it is generally understood that the standard was taken from the St. Louis market, the freight rates being deducted to that point and, as nearly as could be, the prices regulated accordingly. At the present time, however, top prices are being paid at the Denver yards.

On a ranch outside Boise where I accompanied a buyer, I saw eight head purchased for an average of $190 apiece. These horses were five, six and seven year olds, sound and of the type that are usually called general or all-purpose horses.

A team, weighing about 2700 pounds and six years old, was purchased for $200 apiece. All the horses were the result of the cross between a Percheron stallion and the wiry native mare, which had a slight dash of the thoroughbred in her family tree. All these were to be used as "gunners." In the yards at Caldwell I saw four gunners that had just been purchased by the British Government at $180 each, and a corral full of cavalry horses which, as nearly as I could gather, had brought $140 apiece. In the last group probably three or four would have come up to the ordinary specifications of the kind of horse the average man would care to use for saddle purposes. The balance of them might, one year ago, have been bought for sixty dollars apiece, and the vendor would have had cause to congratulate himself. I have heard of $160 being paid for cavalry remounts.

Animals That Do Not Look Their Age

THIS point is made in refutation of the statement generally made by the purchasers—that the woods are still full of good horses, to be had for the price.

A few weeks ago a man passed through Salt Lake City. He offered $160 a head for horses suitable for A-1 cavalry and $200 a head for gunners. No one took his contract. They were not to be had.

The purchasers demand that the horses passed upon shall be between the ages of five and nine years. Cavalry horses should be between fifteen hands and fifteen hands three inches high. Gunners or artillery horses should weigh from 1100 to 1400 pounds. The age limit, it might be said, affords a rather wide field, because, after a horse has passed his ninth year, as a usual thing it is rather hard to judge exactly regarding age, and the old saying, that a horse never passes his ninth year, prevails. Much has to be left to his general appearance, the veracity of the vendor, and the expertness and experience of the vendee. I know of two instances where a horse seventeen years old passed inspection and where another candidate for the hero business was twenty-one.

Be it also said that my friend who sold them is, in many respects, a Christian gentleman.

From the purchaser's standpoint, however, the buying of horses is not all beer and skittles. Mixed up in some of the deals there has been a conglomeration of the tragic, the pathetic, the humorous and the disastrous. Down Boise way they tell the story of a pilgrim who came over from Canada pretty early in the game. He had been to Montreal, and he had secured an order, or contract, from the Canadian representatives of the British Government for as many thousand horses as he could get.

As the story goes, he did not have much capital to work on, but he succeeded in interesting some local men and took options on several large bands of horses—some of them being shipped in from as far west as Winnemucca in Nevada. Somewhat over a thousand head of horses were rounded up in the fairgrounds of Boise in the month of December. Their owners came with them, agreeing to take a certain price a head for those that passed the inspectors.

(Continued on Page 40)

SOMETHING NEW

VI— Continued

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

ASHE MARSON found Joan Valentine in the stable yard after breakfast the next morning, playing with a retriever puppy.

"Will you spare me a moment of your valuable time?"

"Certainly, Mr Marson."

"Shall we walk out into the open somewhere — where we can't be overheard?"

"Perhaps it would be better."

They moved off.

"Request your canine friend to withdraw," said Ashe. "He prevents me from marshaling my thoughts."

"I'm afraid he won't withdraw."

"Never mind. I'll do my best in spite of him. Tell me, was I dreaming or did I really meet you in the hall this morning at about twenty minutes after two?"

"You did."

"And did you really tell me that you had come to the castle to steal —"

"Recover."

"—— recover Mr. Peters' scarab?"

"I did."

"Then it's true?"

"It is."

Ashe scraped the ground with a meditative toe.

"This," he said, "seems to me to complicate matters somewhat."

"It complicates them abominably!"

"I suppose you were surprised when you found that I was on the same game as yourself."

"Not in the least"

"You weren't!"

"I knew it directly I saw the advertisement in the Morning Post. And I hunted up the Morning Post directly you had told me that you had become Mr. Peters' valet."

"You have known all along!"

"I have."

Ashe regarded her admiringly.

"You're wonderful!"

"Because I saw through you?"

"Partly that; but chiefly because you had the pluck to undertake a thing like this"

"You undertook it."

"But I'm a man."

"And I'm a woman. And my theory, Mr. Marson, is that a woman can do nearly everything better than a man. What a splendid test case this would make to settle the Votes-for-Women question once and for all! Here we are—you and I—a man and a woman, each trying for the same thing and each starting with equal chances. Suppose I beat you? How about the inferiority of women then?"

"I have never said women were inferior."

"You did with your eyes."

"Besides, you're an exceptional woman."

"You can't get out of it with a compliment. I'm a very ordinary woman and I'm going to beat a real man."

Ashe frowned.

"I don't like to think of ourselves as working against each other."

"Why not?"

"Because I like you."

" like you, Mr. Marson; but we must not let sentiment interfere with business. You want Mr. Peters' five thousand dollars. So do I."

"I hate the thought of being the instrument to prevent you from getting the money."

"You won't be. I shall be the instrument to prevent you from getting it. I don't like that thought, either; but one has got to face it."

"It makes me feel mean."

"That's simply your old-fashioned masculine attitude toward the female, Mr. Marson. You look on woman as a weak creature, to be shielded and petted. We aren't anything of the sort. We're terrors! We're as hard as nails. We're awful creatures. You mustn't let my sex interfere with your trying to get this reward. Think of me as though I were another man. We're up against each other in a fair fight, and I don't want any special privileges. If you don't do your best from now onward I shall never forgive you. Do you understand?"

"I suppose so."

"And we shall need to do our best. That little man with the glasses is on his guard. I was listening to you last night from behind the door. By the way, you shouldn't have told me to run away and then have stayed yourself to be caught. That is an example of the sort of thing I mean. It was chivalry—not business."

"I had a story ready to account for my being there. You had not."

"And what a capital story it was! I shall borrow it for my own use. If I am caught I shall say I had to read Aline to sleep because she suffers from insomnia. And I shouldn't wonder if she did—poor girl! She doesn't get enough to eat. She is being starved—poor child! I heard one of the footmen say that she refused everything at dinner last night. And, though she vows it isn't, my belief is that it's all because she is afraid to make a stand against her old father. It's a shame!"

"She is a weak creature, to be shielded and petted," said Ashe solemnly.

Joan laughed.

"Well, yes; you caught me there. I admit that poor Aline is not a shining example of the formidable modern woman; but ——" She stopped. "Oh, bother! I've just thought of what I ought to have said—the good repartee that would have crushed you. I suppose it's too late now?"

"Not at all. I'm like that myself—only it is the next day when I hit the right answer. Shall we go back? . . . She is a weak creature, to be shielded and petted."

"Thank you so much," said Joan gratefully. "And why is she a weak creature? Because she has allowed herself to be shielded and petted; because she has permitted man to give her special privileges, and generally — No; it isn't so good as I thought it was going to be."

"It should be crisper," said Ashe critically. "It lacks the punch."

"But it brings me back to my point, which is that I am not going to imitate her and forfeit my independence of action in return for chivalry. Try to look at it from my point of view, Mr. Marson. I know you need the money just as much as I do. Well, don't you think I should feel a little mean if I thought you were not trying your hardest to get it, simply because you didn't think it would be fair to try your hardest against a woman? That would cripple me. I should not feel as though I had the right to do anything. It's too important a matter for you to treat me like a child and let me win to avoid disappointing me. I want the money; but I don't want it handed to me."

"Believe me," said Ashe earnestly, "it will not be handed to you. I have studied the Baxter question more deeply than you have, and I can assure you that Baxter is a menace. What has put him so firmly on the right scent I don't know; but he seems to have divined the exact state of affairs in its entirety—so far as I am concerned, that is to say. Of course he has no idea you are mixed up in the business; but I am afraid his suspicion of me will hit you as well. What I mean is, that I fancy that man proposes to camp out on the rug in front of the museum door for some time to come. It would be madness for either of us to attempt to go there at present."

"It is being made very hard for us, isn't it? And I thought it was going to be so simple."

"I think we should give him at least a week to simmer down"

"Fully that."

"Let us look on the bright side. We are in no hurry. Blandings Castle is quite as comfortable as Number Seven Arundel Street, and the commissariat department is a revelation to me. I had no idea English servants did themselves so well. And as for the social side, I love it; I revel in it. For the first time in my life I feel as though I am somebody. Did you observe my manner toward the kitchen maid who waited on us at dinner last night? A touch of the old noblesse about it, I fancy. Dignified, but not unkind, I think. And I can keep it up. So far as I am concerned, let this life continue indefinitely."

"But what about Mr. Peters? Don't you think there is danger he may change his mind about that five thousand dollars if we keep him waiting too long?"

"Not a chance of it. Being almost within touch of his scarab has had the worst effect on him. It has intensified the craving. By the way, have you seen the scarab?"

"Yes; I got Mrs. Twemlow to take me to the museum while you were talking to the butler. It was dreadful to feel that it was lying there in the open waiting for somebody to take it, and not be able to do anything."

"I felt exactly the same. It isn't much to look at, is it? If it hadn't been for the label I wouldn't have believed it was the thing for which Peters was offering five thousand dollars reward. But that's his affair. A thing is worth what somebody will give for it. Ours not to reason why; ours but to elude Baxter and get it."

"You've Been Dreaming. What Should I Say 'Hello, Freddie!' For?"

"Ours, indeed! You speak as though we were partners instead of rivals." Ashe uttered an exclamation. "You've hit it! Why not? Why any cutthroat competition? Why shouldn't we form a company? It would solve everything."

Joan looked thoughtful.

"You mean divide the reward?"

"Exactly—into two equal parts."

"And the labor?"

"The labor?"

"How shall we divide that?"

Ashe hesitated.

"My idea," he said, "was that I should do the—what I might call the rough work; and ——"

"You mean you should do the actual taking of the scarab?"

"Exactly. I would look after that end of it."

"And what would my duties be?"

"Well, you—you would, as it were—how shall I put it? You would, so to speak, lend moral support."

"By lying snugly in bed, fast asleep?"

Ashe avoided her eye.

"Well, yes—er—something on those lines."

"While you ran all the risks?"

"No, no. The risks are practically nonexistent."

"I thought you said just now that it would be madness for either of us to attempt to go to the museum at present." Joan laughed. "It won't do, Mr. Marson. You remind me of an old cat I once had. Whenever he killed a mouse he would bring it into the drawing-room and lay it affectionately at my feet. I would reject the corpse with horror and turn him out, but back he would come with his loathsome gift. I simply couldn't make him understand that he was not doing me a kindness. He thought highly of his mouse and it was beyond him to realize that I did not want it.

"You are just the same with your chivalry. It's very kind of you to keep offering me your dead mouse; but honestly I have no use for it. I won't take favors just because I happen to be a female. If we are going to form this partnership I insist on doing my fair share of the work and running my fair share of the risks—the practically nonexistent risks."

"You're very—resolute."

"Say pig-headed; I shan't mind. Certainly I am! A girl has got to be, even nowadays, if she wants to play fair. Listen, Mr. Marson; I will not have the dead mouse. I do not like dead mice. If you attempt to work off your dead mouse on me this partnership ceases before it has begun. If we are to work together we are going to make alternate attempts to get the scarab. No other arrangement will satisfy me."

"Then I claim the right to make the first one."

"You don't do anything of the sort. We toss up for first chance, like little ladies and gentlemen. Have you a coin? I will spin, and you call."

Ashe made a last stand.

"This is perfectly ——"

"Mr. Marson!"

Ashe gave in. He produced a coin and handed it to her gloomily.

"Under protest," he said.

"Head or tail?" said Joan, unmoved.

Ashe watched the coin gyrating in the sunshine.

"Tail!" he cried.

The coin stopped rolling.

"Tail it is," said Joan. "What a nuisance! Well, never mind—I'll get my chance if you fail."

"I shan't fail," said Ashe fervently. "If I have to pull the museum down I won't fail. Thank heaven, there's no chance now of your doing anything foolish!"

"Don't be too sure. Well, good luck, Mr. Marson!"

"Thank you, partner."

They shook hands.

As they parted at the door, Joan made one further remark:

"There's just one thing, Mr. Marson."

"Yes?"

"If I could have accepted the mouse from anyone I should certainly have accepted it from you."

VII

IT IS worthy of record, in the light of after events, that at the beginning of their visit it was the general opinion of the guests gathered together at Blandings Castle that the place was dull. The house party had that air of torpor which one sees in the saloon passengers of an Atlantic liner—that appearance of resignation to an enforced idleness and a monotony to be broken only by meals. Lord Emsworth's guests gave the impression, collectively, of being just about to yawn and look at their watches.

This was partly the fault of the time of year, for most house parties are dull if they happen to fall between the hunting and the shooting seasons, but must be attributed chiefly to Lord Emsworth's extremely sketchy notions of the duties of a host.

A host has no right to intern a regiment of his relations in his house unless he also invites lively and agreeable outsiders to meet them. If he does commit this solecism the least he can do is to work himself to the bone in the effort to invent amusements and diversions for his victims. Lord Emsworth had failed badly in both these matters. With the exception of Mr. Peters, his daughter Aline and George Emerson, there was nobody in the house who did not belong to the clan; and as for his exerting himself to entertain, the company was lucky if it caught a glimpse of its host at meals.

Lord Emsworth belonged to the people-like-to-be-left-alone-to-amuse-themselves-when-they-come-to-a-place school of hosts. He pottered about the garden in an old coat—now uprooting a weed, now wrangling with the autocrat from Scotland who was theoretically in his service as head gardener—dreamily satisfied, when he thought of them at all, that his guests were as perfectly happy as he was.

"You are Beginning to See That it is Impossible—This Freddie Foolishness"

Apart from his son Freddie, whom he had long since dismissed as a youth of abnormal tastes, from whom nothing reasonable was to be expected, he could not imagine anyone's not being content merely to be at Blandings when the buds were bursting on the trees.

A resolute hostess might have saved the situation; but Lady Ann Warblington's abilities in that direction stopped short at leaving everything to Mrs. Twemlow and writing letters in her bedroom. When Lady Ann Warblington was not writing letters in her bedroom—which was seldom, for she had an apparently inexhaustible correspondence—she was nursing sick headaches in it. She was one of those hostesses whom a guest never sees except when he goes into the library and espies the tail of her skirt vanishing through the other door.

As for the ordinary recreations of the country house, the guests could frequent the billiard room, where they were sure to find Lord Stockheath playing a hundred up with his cousin, Algernon Wooster—a spectacle of the liveliest interest; or they could, if fond of golf, console themselves for the absence of links in the neighborhood with the exhilarating pastime of clock golf; or they could stroll about the terraces with such of their relations as they happened to be on speaking terms with at the moment, and abuse their host and the rest of their relations.

This was the favorite amusement; and after breakfast, on a morning ten days after Joan and Ashe had formed their compact, the terraces were full of perambulating couples. Here, Colonel Horace Mant, walking with the Bishop of Godalming, was soothing that dignitary by clothing in soldierly words thoughts that the latter had not been able to crush down, but which his holy office scarcely permitted him to utter.

There, Lady Mildred Mant, linked to Mrs. Jack Hale, of the collateral branch of the family, was saying things about her father in his capacity of host and entertainer that were making her companion feel like another woman. Further on, stopping occasionally to gesticulate, could be seen other Emsworth relations and connections. It was a typical scene of quiet, peaceful English family life.

Leaning on the broad stone balustrade of the upper terrace, Aline Peters and George Emerson surveyed the malcontents. Aline gave a little sigh, almost inaudible; but George's hearing was good.

"I was wondering when you are going to admit it," he said, shifting his position so that he faced her.

"Admit what?"

"That you can't stand the prospect; that the idea of being stuck for life with this crowd, like a fly on fly paper, was too much for you; that you are ready to break off your engagement to Freddie and come away and marry me and live happily ever after."

"George!"

"Well, wasn't that what it meant? Be honest!"

"What what meant?"

"That sigh."

"I didn't sigh. I was just breathing."

"Then you can breathe in this atmosphere! You surprise me!" He raked the terraces with hostile eyes. "Look at them! Look at them—crawling round like doped beetles. My dear girl, it's no use your pretending that this sort of thing wouldn't kill you. You're pining away already. You're thinner and paler since you came here. Gee! How we shall look back at this and thank our stars that we're out of it when we're back in old New York, with the Elevated rattling and the street cars squealing over the points, and something doing every step you take. I shall call you on the phone from the office and have you meet me downtown somewhere, and we'll have a bite to eat and go to some show, and a bit of supper afterward and a dance or two; and then go home to our cozy little ——"

"George, you mustn't—really!"

"Why mustn't I?"

"It's wrong. You can't talk like that when we are both enjoying the hospitality ——"

A wild laugh, almost a howl, disturbed the talk of the most adjacent of the perambulating relations. Colonel Horace Mant, checked in midsentence, looked up resentfully at the cause of the interruption.

"I wish somebody would tell me whether it's that American fellow, Emerson, or young Freddie who's supposed to be engaged to Miss Peters. Hanged if you ever see her and Freddie together, but she and Emerson are never to be found apart. If my respected father-in-law had any sense I should have thought he would have had sense enough to stop that."

"You forget, my dear Horace," said the bishop charitably; "Miss Peters and Mr. Emerson have known each other since they were children."

"They were never nearly such children as Emsworth is now," snorted the colonel. "If that girl isn't in love with Emerson I'll be—I'll eat my hat."

"No, no," said the bishop. "No, no! Surely not, Horace. What were you saying when you broke off?"

"I was saying that if a man wanted his relations never to speak to each other again for the rest of their lives the best thing he could do would be to herd them all together in a dashed barrack of a house a hundred miles from anywhere, and then go off and spend all his time prodding dashed flower beds with a spud—dash it!"

"Just so; just so. So you were. Go on, Horace; I find a curious comfort in your words."

On the terrace above them Aline was looking at George with startled eyes. "George!"

"I'm sorry; but you shouldn't spring these jokes on me so suddenly. You said enjoying! Yes—reveling in it, aren't we!"

"It's a lovely old place," said Aline defensively.

"And when you've said that you've said everything. You can't live on scenery and architecture for the rest of your life. There's the human element to be thought of. And you're beginning ——"

"There goes father," interrupted Aline. "How fast he is walking! George, have you noticed a sort of difference in father these last few days?"

"I haven't. My specialty is keeping an eye on the rest of the Peters family."

"He seems better somehow. He seems to have almost stopped smoking—and I'm very glad, for those cigars were awfully bad for him. The doctor expressly told him he must stop them, but he wouldn't pay any attention to him. And he seems to take so much more exercise. My bedroom is next to his, you know, and every morning I can hear things going on through the wall—father dancing about and puffing a good deal. And one morning I met his valet going in with a pair of Indian clubs. I believe father is really taking himself in hand at last."

George Emerson exploded.

"And about time, too! How much longer are you to go on starving yourself to death just to give him the resolution to stick to his dieting? It maddens me to see you at dinner. And it's killing you. You're getting pale and thin. You can't go on like this."

A wistful look came over Aline's face.

"I do get a little hungry sometimes late at night generally."

"You want somebody to take care of you and look after you. I'm the man. You may think you can fool me; but I can tell. You're weakening on this Freddie proposition. You're beginning to see that it won't do. One of these days you're going to come to me and say: 'George, you were right. I take the count. Me for the quiet sneak to the station, without anybody's knowing, and the break for London, and the wedding at the registrar's.' Oh, I know! I couldn't have loved you all this time and not know. You're weakening."

The trouble with these supermen is that they lack reticence. They do not know how to omit. They expand their chests and whoop.

And a girl, even the mildest and sweetest of girls—even a girl like Aline Peters—cannot help resenting the note of triumph. But supermen despise tact. As far as one can gather, that is the chief difference between them and ordinary man.

A little frown appeared on Aline's forehead and she set her mouth mutinously.

"If That Girl Isn't in Love With Emerson I'll be—I'll Eat My Hat"

"I'm not weakening at all," she said, and her voice was—for her—quite acid. "You—you take too much for granted."

George was contemplating the landscape with a conqueror's eye.

"You are beginning to see that it is impossible—this Freddie foolishness."

"It is not foolishness," said Aline pettishly, tears of annoyance in her eyes. "And I wish you wouldn't call him Freddie."

"He asked me to. He asked me to!"

Aline stamped her foot.

"Well, never mind. Please don't do it any more."

"Very well, little girl," said George softly, "I wouldn't do anything to hurt you."

The fact that it never even occurred to George Emerson that he was being offensively patronizing shows the stern stuff of which these supermen are made.

The Efficient Baxter bicycled broodingly to Market Blandings for tobacco. He brooded for several reasons. He had just seen Aline Peters and George Emerson in confidential talk on the upper terrace, and that was one thing which exercised his mind, for he suspected George Emerson. He suspected him nebulously as a snake in the grass; as an influence working against the orderly progress of events concerning the marriage that had been arranged and would shortly take place between Miss Peters and the Honorable Frederick Threepwood.

It would be too much to say that he had any idea that George was putting in such hard and consistent work in his serpentine rôle; indeed, if he could have overheard the conversation just recorded it is probable that Rupert Baxter would have had heart failure; but he had observed the intimacy between the two as he observed most things in his immediate neighborhood, and he disapproved of it. It was all very well to say that George Emerson had known Aline Peters since she was a child. If that was so, then in the opinion of the Efficient Baxter he had known her quite long enough and ought to start making the acquaintance of somebody else.

He blamed the Honorable Freddie. If the Honorable Freddie had been a more ardent lover he would have spent his time with Aline, and George Emerson would have taken his proper place as one of the crowd at the back of the stage. But Freddie's view of the matter seemed to be that he had done all that could be expected of a chappie in getting engaged to the girl, and that now he might consider himself at liberty to drop her for a while.

So Baxter, as he bicycled to Market Blandings for tobacco, brooded on Freddie, Aline Peters and George Emerson. He also brooded on Mr. Peters and Ashe Marson. Finally he brooded in a general way, because he had had very little sleep the past week.

The spectacle of a young man doing his duty and enduring considerable discomforts while doing it is painful; but there is such uplift in it, it affords so excellent a moral picture, that I cannot omit a short description of the manner in which Rupert Baxter had spent the nights which had elapsed since his meeting with Ashe in the small hours in the hall.

In the gallery which ran above the hall there was a large chair, situated a few paces from the great staircase. On this, in an overcoat—for the nights were chilly—and rubber-soled shoes, the Efficient Baxter had sat, without missing a single night, from one in the morning until daybreak, waiting, waiting, waiting. It had been an ordeal to try the stoutest determination. Nature had never intended Baxter for a night bird.

"If It's the Five Thousand That's Worrying You, Forget That Too. I'll Give It to You as Your Fee"

He loved his bed. He knew that doctors held that insufficient sleep made a man pale and sallow, and he had always aimed at the peach-bloom complexion which comes from a sensible eight hours between the sheets.

One of the King Georges of England, I forget which, once said that a certain number of hours' sleep each night—I cannot recall at the moment how many—made a man something, which for the time being has slipped my memory. Baxter agreed with him. It went against all his instincts to sit up in this fashion; but it was his duty and he did it.

It troubled him that, as night after night went by and Ashe, the suspect, did not walk into the trap so carefully laid for him, he found an increasing difficulty in keeping awake. The first two or three of his series of vigils he had passed in an unimpeachable wakefulness, his chin resting on the rail of the gallery and his ears alert for the slightest sound; but he had not been able to maintain this standard of excellence.

On several occasions he had caught himself in the act of dropping off, and the last night he had actually wakened with a start to find it quite light. As his last recollection before that was of an inky darkness impenetrable to the eye, dismay gripped him with a sudden clutch and he ran swiftly down to the museum. His relief on finding that the scarab was still there had been tempered by thoughts of what might have been.

Baxter, then, as he bicycled to Market Blandings for tobacco, had good reason to brood.

Having bought his tobacco and observed the life and thought of the town for half an hour—it was market day and the normal stagnation of the place was temporarily relieved and brightened by pigs that eluded their keepers, and a bull calf which caught a stout farmer at the psychological moment when he was tying his shoe lace and lifted him six feet—he made his way to the Emsworth Arms, the most respectable of the eleven inns the citizens of Market Blandings contrived in some miraculous way to support.

In most English country towns, if the public houses do not actually outnumber the inhabitants, they all do an excellent trade. It is only when they are two to one that hard times hit them and set the innkeepers to blaming the government.

It was not the busy bar, full to overflowing with honest British yeomen—many of them in the same condition—that Baxter sought. His goal was the genteel dining room on the first floor, where a bald and shuffling waiter, own cousin to a tortoise, served luncheon to those desiring it. Lack of sleep had reduced Baxter to a condition where the presence and chatter of the house party were insupportable. It was his purpose to lunch at the Emsworth Arms and take a nap in an armchair afterward.

He had relied on having the room to himself, for Market Blandings did not lunch to a great extent; but to his annoyance and disappointment the room was already occupied by a man in brown tweeds.

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 24, 1915

Mortgaging the Future

IT WOULD be fine if we had nobody but ourselves to swindle—if we could not sell the future a gold brick and cash in on it now. Under such conditions the gold-brick industry would decline enormously. To take up just one concrete branch of this subject, there is our cheerful habit of mortgaging our unborn grandchildren.

It has been proposed at Albany, for example, that New York's constitution forbid cities to issue any except serial bonds—those, that is, which are payable in equal yearly installments, the first falling due soon after the date of the bonds. In this way the generation that borrowed the money would have to pay it; yet finally it could pay by borrowing over again and thus shunt the burden along to its successors.

We justify mortgaging the future on the ground that the future derives benefit from the bridges, pavement, sewers, or anything else for which the money was spent. In fact, the bridges, pavement and sewers are usually worn out before the long-term bonds fall due—and posterity cheerfully mortgages its grandchildren not only to replace the outworn improvement but to pay the debt we created.

We wonder what benefit any Englishman now living gets from the six hundred million dollars his great-grandfather spent in fighting the American Colonies, on which he is still paying interest. The Anglo-Saxon, Gaul, Teuton, Slav and Latin of 2015 will probably find themselves mortgaged to the extent of fifteen or twenty billion dollars on account of the war now in progress. If they sit down together and try to check up the compensatory benefits they inherited they will certainly find a huge discrepancy in the account.

The serial bond does help some, in spite of the fact that it may be refunded and so perpetuated. If there were an international constitution that forbade any nation to borrow in a given year more than it could repay in the next twenty, the war would stop at once.

After-War Fortunes

IT IS recalled rather frequently nowadays that, in the long struggle with Napoleon, Great Britain—besides piling up a funded debt of two and a half billion dollars and a large floating debt—took two-sevenths of the total national income in taxes. A like levy nowadays would yield about four billion dollars a year, and some publicists of radical trend are recommending that the government go that length.

In the brief debate on the recent budget a member of Parliament observed that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should not look to what he is taking, but to what he is leaving; and his guiding principle should be: "No man shall be left with more than a certain amount; we are going to take all the rest." To that end he advised an income tax graded up to seventy-five per cent of the biggest incomes, with inheritance taxes or death duties that would cut into large estates with like vigor.

If there is any obese and opulent John Bull who has not been impressed with the horrors of war by the figures of casualties in Flanders, such fiscal figures as the above may be depended on to bring the due impression. Whether after-war taxation is, in fact, very radical or not, the rôle of rich citizen is going to be very trying to the nerves from now on, until the question is settled.

Conscription

THE London Economist calculates that something like twenty-nine million men are now under arms in Europe, not including the mobilized but inactive troops of Switzerland, Holland and other noncombatant nations. This would be about ten per cent of the total population of Germany, Austria, France and Servia, and about five per cent of the total population of Russia, England, Italy and Turkey; or it would be seven per cent of the population of the belligerent countries taken in a lump. Such is the rather staggering result of the Napoleonic system of conscription.

"I can afford to spend thirty thousand men a month," said Napoleon to Metternich in 1805—and from about then European statecraft adopted the idea that ability to afford a like luxury was necessary to the success of its game.

Revolutionary France, threatened on all sides by a monarchical coalition, had adopted a military levy en masse to defend the country; but it is interesting that Carnot, the great organizer of the defensive victories of Revolutionary France, was opposed to conscription and that the system immediately became, in fact, an instrument of aggression abroad and of autocracy at home.

The obscure Council of Five Hundred, representative of nothing in particular, sitting on the ashes of the Revolution and in awe of the army, passed the law that set up conscription in France—to be rapidly perfected by Bonaparte, extended by him to conquered territory, adopted by Prussia, and so to become the universal system on the Continent.

The basic principle is that every able-bodied male of a certain age must undergo thorough military training and serve a given term with the colors—virtually with no exemptions and no hiring of substitutes.

This is the system that many British observers expect—and wish—the new ministry to introduce into their country. Government command of pretty much the whole male population may be turned to great account in peace as well as in war. This was shown in France, where the government broke a railroad strike by virtually putting the strikers, who were also army reservists, under military orders—disobedience to which is punishable with death. The Prussian Government's grip on employees of the state-owned railroads and other public utilities is undoubtedly strengthened by the fact that the men are subject to military orders. That the introduction of the system in England will be attended by a very lively row seems fairly certain.

Unpreparedness

IN SPITE of regnant militarism, extending over more than a generation, only one country in Europe was prepared for war. With the exception of Germany, nobody understood what warfare would be like or what means were necessary to prosecute it. After elaborate preparations for many years, and nine months of actual fighting—with such impressive object lessons last fall as the easy capture of Antwerp and Namur—Russia was turned out of her Galician trenches almost as though big field guns were as novel to her as Spanish firearms were to Montezuma. It was only in May that England effectually woke to the fact that munitions were the vital point and began vigorously to reorganize herself on that basis.

The enormous consumption of shrapnel, powder, and like commodities, was foreseen by nobody outside of Germany. We were told the United States might get much foreign trade outside the war region because the belligerent nations would be unable to supply their foreign customers with peaceful goods. That has not happened. We were not told that we should be selling hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of war materials to the Allies—which has happened.

Copper men were in the dumps because war curtailed exports—not dreaming that prospective demand, based on war's colossal consumption, would double the price of their product. No end of study had been devoted to the subject; yet the declarations of last August let loose an unknown force.

A National Barometer

THE British Government debt really dates back to 1672, when it bore six per cent interest. Since then the major wars of the world have been recorded with more or less exactness in the fluctuations of interest return to investors in British bonds. Incidentally a very ancient and honorable British institution is now apparently in the way of being extinguished. In the middle of the eighteenth century—about the time young George Washington was surveying in the wilds of Virginia—England's government debt was consolidated into a uniform issue bearing three per cent interest—hence arose the venerated name "consols," long boasted as the world's premier security.

War with the American Colonies and with Napoleon sent consols down to forty-seven cents on the dollar; but by 1824 they were up to ninety-six, and England settled back into a conviction that her government bonds, bearing not more than three per cent interest, were among the permanent phenomena of Nature. Nearly a generation ago Mr. Goschen reduced the interest on consols to two and three-quarters per cent—then to two and a half per cent; and at the latter rate they presently sold above par.

Consols are not really bonds, as we use the term, because the principal is not payable at all. They are the perpetual obligation of the British Government; and the purchaser, instead of getting a sheet of engraved paper, with coupons attached, gets merely an entry on the Bank of England's books signifying that interest is payable to him.

Recently Parliament authorized a loan of five billion dollars, payable in thirty years and bearing four and a half per cent interest. Consols are convertible into the new loan at the rate of sixty-six and two-thirds cents on the dollar, by which process they may disappear. What other ancient and honorable institutions the war may swallow up is problematical

Getting Farmers Together

FARM coöperation—especially for credit purposes—is pretty much a German invention; but the conditions under which it evolved in Germany are very different from those in the United States. In this country only eight hundred thousand farms—or roughly one farm out of eight—are less than twenty acres in extent. The typical American farm is from twenty to a hundred and seventy-five acres—about three-quarters of all our farms falling in that class.

In Germany, on the other hand, over four million farms, or about three-quarters of all farms, are less than thirteen acres in extent. These small farmers usually live in villages, from which they go out to their tiny fields in the morning, returning at night; so they are constantly in contact with one another. Meeting to talk over affairs of common interest is a matter of daily occurrence. And when the coöperative movement sprang up they were in far worse plight than the majority of American farmers are. Few of them could obtain credit on any tolerable terms. Only by standing together could they survive at all.

Coöperation is more difficult here, both because farmers live much farther apart and because they can make a better shift at standing alone than the German farmers. It is significant that rural coöperation has been most successful in this country among fruit and vegetable growers, where the holdings are usually small and coöperation is the only alternative to complete failure.

Nowadays the rural telephone and the automobile go a good way toward canceling distance; and American farmers, with these inventions, might be about as neighborly as German farmers are if they wished, in spite of their much larger holdings. The fact that a man can exist independently is not a good reason for rejecting coöperation when he could exist better by combining with his neighbors.

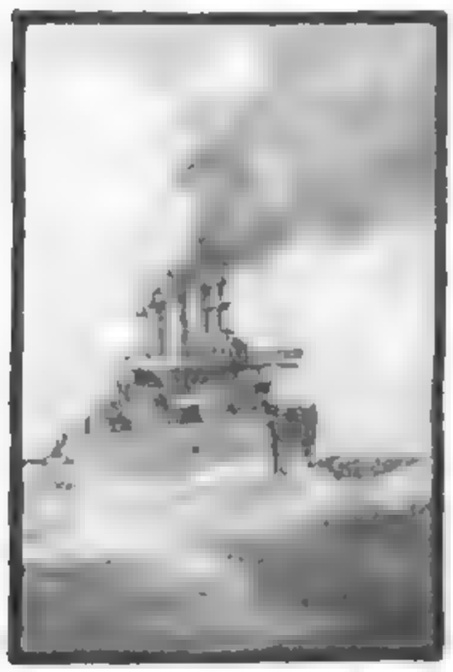
The Motion-Picture Censor

THE instinct to look after your neighbor's morals—however unsuccessful you may be in looking after your own—is ineradicable in human nature. If printing were a new art—invented, say, in the nineteenth century—it would undoubtedly be under a comprehensive censorship. There would be a college of censors in the postal department to scrutinize every printed sheet that went through the mails. There would be state censors, whose political activities had been of such nature as to inspire the governor with great faith in their general discretion.

New York, Chicago and other large cities would have local boards, probably affiliated with the police departments and very zealous in seeing that the minds of the young were not corrupted by printed words which tended to raise doubts of the police department's intelligence and integrity. Recent issues of Chicago newspapers containing information that policemen had been indicted for grafting would have appeared with the corrupting columns carefully blacked over in the Russian manner.

Motion pictures are a new art, and a complicated system of censorship is growing up round them. There is no particular reason for censoring motion pictures more than anything else, except that they are new and their unsettled status gives the censorious instinct a chance to assert itself. Crime of all sorts is constantly described in print that is within the reach of any literate child possessed of a penny. It is constantly shown on the stage, the illusion of which is much more powerful than that of the motion picture. Motion-picture men themselves set up and supported the National Board of Censors, because they wished the public to be assured that the entertainments were such as the public's wives and children could see without offense. A lot of state and city censors, each with his own notion of what is advisable for his neighbor to see, cannot fail to become in the end an impertinent nuisance.

BOYCOTTS VS. BAYONETS



By Norman Angell

IT COMES, then, to this: However great be America's naval and military power, she cannot defend by that power alone even her most elementary rights, like those which she is now attempting to establish as against the aggressions of Germany. Did she possess to-day the greatest fleet in the world she could not radically alter the naval situation of the present war, since the Western Allies have a sea supremacy as complete as ships can make it. To cover the seas with dreadnoughts would be merely to furnish targets for the invisible submarine.

If she joined the Allies, sending armies to France or Russia, the resultant victory might still leave America without any assurance that the rights for which she had fought would be respected in the future; for sea law, as laid down by her own allies, allows combatants to sow the sea with mines, and puts neutral trade in wartime still under the virtual veto of the belligerent who happens to be momentarily predominant.

So that America, having fought a great European war to secure the immunity of her citizens from death by a submarine torpedo, might find that it was still legal to drown them by floating mines. She might find the radical reform of sea law, which alone can assure the rights—moral and material—that she demands, still strenuously opposed by her own allies, with Great Britain at their head.

Even though she could secure agreement beforehand as to the sea law that was to follow the war, what assurance has she that the agreement would outlive the military alliance on which its enforcement depended? There is a vague idea that she could in some way enforce the agreement by her own naval and military strength, becoming for that purpose the "strongest Power in the world"; but nations no longer fight as units—they fight as groups.

This war, curiously enough, has demonstrated that a nation can no longer depend either for its security or for the enforcement of its views of right on its own strength. What would have been the position of any one of the allied nations—France, England, Russia or Italy—if it had had to depend on itself alone? What has made it possible for them to defend themselves is an international agreement; their national lives depend on treaties, strange as that may sound. War has become internationalized.

The Game of Military Alliances

IF, THEREFORE, America intends to vindicate her rights—perhaps even if she intends to secure her mere safety on land—by military means she, too, must do what even the most powerful military states of the past have done: enter into the game of military alliances; but, for America's purposes—the establishment and enforcement of a decent sea law, for instance—the alliances have to be permanent. If she merely, like the European Powers, demanded a certain disposition of certain territory—its transfer or evacuation, as the case may be—the demand could be fulfilled before the armies demobilized; but, in the case of demanding future adherence to a law, how can that be secured by a military alliance unless we can be sure the alliance can be permanent? As soon as it breaks up the means of enforcing the law has come to an end.

Now unhappily one of the very few things that history teaches us, with any certainty, is that these military alliances do not outlast the pressure of war conditions.

No international settlement that has followed the great wars ever settled or endured. The military alliances on which they were based have been, as the facts presented in a former article clearly show, unstable and short-lived. As for destroying a common enemy, like the Germany of to-day, those same facts show that the destruction has never lasted more than a year or two; at the end of which time the common enemy, the outlaw, generally became the ally of one of its policemen against all the rest; and the whole process of alliance shuffling begins again *da capo*.

The usual conclusion from all this is that the problem is insoluble. We indulge in a sort of fatalistic dogmatism: War is "inevitable"; "we shall always have it and it is useless to try to prevent it"; "it is the outcome of forces beyond our control"; "man is a fighting animal . . . as long as human nature . . ."—and so forth.

All of which obviously gives not the slightest help in this question of protecting America's rights and interests. It is merely a noisy way of running away from the problem. The question under discussion is not the inevitability or otherwise of war; it is whether we can make war effective for the purposes for which it is waged—can so organize our relations with our allies that it shall achieve the ends for which it is fought, which heretofore most wars have not done. If we say that this is utopian; if we are really to accept the doctrine that things must in the future go on exactly as in the past, that human effort can change nothing—then what the political fatalist in effect urges is: "Wars like that now being waged against Germany have always failed of their object. Therefore, let us help to wage this war in such a way that it also will fail of its object."

Men do not and cannot act or think in that way in any of the affairs that matter, least of all in things on which depends the whole future of their nation. If they did so argue it would mean that they deliberately surrendered their freedom to decide either their own fate or that of their country, and knowingly became the mere puppets of vague forces of impulse and ill temper. Men who give up the problem in this way merely proclaim that they desire to be relieved of the fatigue of thought by action of some kind, preferably entertaining and spectacular action—action which at the same time is some satisfaction to temper and impatience; but the fighting, however gloriously ineffective, must finish sooner or later, and then once more we are brought face to face with the problem: "How shall we get what we want?"

I have said that war itself has become internationalized and depends on agreement of some kind. Indeed the use of force effectively in human affairs generally depends on agreement and coöperation. You cannot, for instance, have piracy without agreement and coöperation. If every member of the crew said: "Don't bother me about rules and obeying the captain. I've got a pistol and I mean to make my own rules and act as I see fit"—why, of course, you could not form even a pirate crew. Success in piracy depended a great deal on the morale and discipline of the pirates—on the mind of the captain; his fairness in dividing the booty; the capacity of the crew to hang together.

The savage who happened to be born with a longer reach than others of his tribe was the bully of the whole until two weaker men put their heads together and agreed to cooperate, and so, by taking him front and rear at the same time, brought his tyranny to an end, replacing it by their own; which continued until three weaker men were able to act as one, and so on, until finally we got a combination of the whole community in the policeman.

What neutralized sheer physical force here was a thing of the mind, a moral and intellectual thing. Force, indeed, is not a thing that acts by itself in human affairs; it is an instrument of the human will, and that will is the creation of discussion, ideas. An Englishman says: "Force alone vindicates Belgium's rights." But what put the force in motion? What decided England to come to the rescue of Belgium? It was tradition—the tradition of the sanctity of treaties; a theory—the theory of international obligation. Without these mental and moral things Belgium would have been left to her fate. If mere physical force ruled the world it would be ruled by the animals of which we make our food.

It is a curious thing, by the way, that the great monsters of creation, like the Dinosauria, have disappeared before the smaller and weaker beasts.

How to Enforce International Law

THE line of advance in this matter, therefore, is not to insist that we can do without agreement in international affairs, but to see that the agreement is of such character as not to contain the disruptive elements which military alliances have obviously in the past possessed, and to see that any concerted plan, military or otherwise, is effective to the end it has in view.

What is the minimum that we must ask of any combination designed to insure the security of America and the protection of American rights and interests?

I am taking here, first, the problem of the protection of American rights and interests in the world at large—the problem at this moment presented to our government for solution—because, paradoxical as it may sound, if those rights are protected in the right way a large part of the problem of merely defensive security will be solved, as what follows may help to make plain.

American rights, so far as they are affected by other nations at all, depend mainly on a civilized sea law. Sea law may not sound a very far-reaching thing, but, as the sea is the highway of the universe, to civilize sea laws means to internationalize the world. In order to frame a sea law we must have an international legislative or deliberative body; to secure proper interpretation of it involves an international court; to compel respect for the court's decision means finding some method of enforcing it less ridiculously ineffective than taking part in a war in which both sides are setting such law as exists at defiance.

That will carry us very far; but you will not protect American interests or right with less. An international legislative body, an international court, a means of enforcing the court's decision, sounds like a big order; but nothing less will give us security in our rights, protect very wide and vital interests, and render this country safe from the military slavery that has now brought the populations of Europe under its lash.

Of the program just indicated the greatest difficulty, the feature which involves the greatest danger in its execution, is the devising of means to enforce an international law—the finding of the "sanction," as the lawyers say.

Yet the first essential for any society, whether of individuals or of nations, which desires to preserve rules necessary for the life in common of its members, is some means of restraining any individual member from taking the law into his own hands. Every society enacts that no one shall be judge of his own case and executioner of his own decision. Any society, national or international, which

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It's easy enough to push the clock ahead, but you can't hurry time any. You can manipulate tobacco, but only time can age it into VELVET.

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After the care and expense of selecting the finest Kentucky Burley tobacco, we won't permit it to lose its distinctive fragrance and flavor and good smoking qualities by impatiently rushing the curing.

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10c Tins 5c Metal-lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

BOYCOTTS VS. BAYONETS

(Continued from Page 23)

permits that necessarily becomes a mere welter of rival forces.

I may quite honestly believe—and it may be the fact—that Brown still owes me a hundred dollars on a disputed account; but if I break into his house at night and take it I shall very rightly be convicted of burglary, and, if in his defensive struggles I kill him, of murder, even though it should be proved that Brown really did owe me the money. Nor would my plea that my culture was far superior to that of Brown have the slightest influence on the verdict—or it would not if America were a law-abiding country. So our first job is to compel a party to a dispute to submit it to impartial inquiry at least. He who does not do that is an aggressor, whatever the merits of his case may be.

Yet the alliances of the past have not managed to secure even that degree of submission among the nations. The nonmilitary alliances—I refer notably, of course, to those arising out of The Hague Conferences—have been as ineffective to this end as the military.

The outstanding defect of both these kinds of alliances is not far to seek. If a treaty is to be enforced merely by the military power of the signatories, those signatories will be few in number. The practical difficulty of arranging the military coöperation of, say, Switzerland and Venezuela is just an indication of one of very many considerations that stand in the way of the formation of military alliances composed of many nations. As a matter of fact, these alliances in the past have seldom included more than four or five Powers; but when they are composed of few members the defection of a single one may suffice to bring the whole thing down—or some circumstance giving to one an increased power will lead it to try to dominate the others.

Where, on the other hand, a large number of Powers form the alliance, but make no provision for carrying their agreement into effect against any one member who may violate it, such agreement is apt to become a mere pious expression of what the nations ought to do if they were good.

Our problem is to find some effective means of compulsion that shall include the following conditions: 1—Be of a kind that will permit the coöperation of a large number of states, big and little alike; 2—Shall not by its nature set up the very conditions out of which grows the evil it is designed to arrest.

Military force alone does not fulfill these conditions. The reason for this failure on the first head has already been hinted at. Its danger on the second head is illustrated by the history of Germany during the last generation or two.

When Remedies Become Diseases

In the early part of the nineteenth century Germany played a rôle, in coöperation with others, which was a real contribution to the comity of nations. She was content with a Europe that "none should dominate, but all should share." As her military effectiveness increased, however—and especially after the victories of 1870—the dangers inherent in high military effectiveness became apparent. The means became the end. Might was not an instrument used by right; it became very nearly right itself. A curious psychological and moral change involving a profound modification in German tradition took place. She was not content with being a partner; she wanted to be a master. The remedy that had been applied to the disease of Napoleonism and militarism became, itself, the disease.

Whether German militarism is the predominant cause of the present war or not does not matter. The point is that in military efficiency of a high order certain tendencies are set up which make any nation subject to them difficult to deal with as the member of a society. No race or nation seems to be immune. A government having behind it a great and efficient military organization, rightly proud of what it believes it can do, is apt to be a little impatient of discussion; to get tired of "talk" when it feels that it has it within its power to settle the matter out of hand.

And, as the military tradition of "acting, not talking," grows in strength, there comes a moment when the break occurs. And yet, when the fighting is all over, we have to go on with the talking nevertheless. This everlasting discussion of the other man's view is obviously a tiresome and irksome thing; but it is the price we pay for civilization, and we always have to come back to it.

Can we not devise some method of compulsion that shall be free from the special risks—mechanical, psychological, moral—which military compulsion, the world over and history over, has always revealed? A means that in its first stages, supplementing military means, may, as it becomes effective, progressively replace it?

The proposal that follows has certain obvious disadvantages, and I do not doubt that a critic convinced in his own mind of these disadvantages will deem that the plan thereby stands condemned; but it is not necessary to prove any proposal free from disadvantages in order to justify its consideration. All that it is necessary to prove is that those disadvantages are less than those attaching to any possible alternative method. When, therefore, you object that the proposal here indicated has such and such defects, just ask yourself whether military force—war in the ordinary sense—has not those defects in still greater degree.

Outlawing a Nation

The plan here outlined will not work perfectly; it will be less imperfect than the present means—almost as imperfect as the means we employ within the state for punishing crime or compelling observance of necessary rules. It will be expensive of employment, just as the maintenance of law courts and police and prisons is expensive. It will hurt innocent parties, just as when we send a man to the penitentiary we punish his wife and family far more severely, probably, than we do the culprit.

All I claim for this extension of the meaning of war is that the methods which the circumstances of the modern world have made possible will be much more effective than merely military coercion, because in the last resort history proves such coercion in certain contingencies—notably such contingencies as those that face America now and will face Christendom at the end of the war—hardly to be effective at all.

Above all, will the method here suggested stand out from purely military methods as tending by its use to undermine the motives—moral and material—which create the danger of military ambition and aggression? The older and purely military method does not so undermine those motives and impulses; its employment tends to develop them, to spread the very disease which it is its object to cure. Military conquest of a military aggressor generally ends merely by transferring the danger from one area to another.

The nature and possibility of the plan I want to outline can best be indicated by imagining that it had been devised at one of the many treaty congresses of the last hundred years. We can then in some measure judge how it might have borne on recent events and answered our present needs.

Imagine, therefore, that such an international congress—representing, like the later international congresses, most of the civilized world—had agreed to coöperate in the enforcement of treaties—and enforcement in some way is essential—by these means:

Should any nation, party to the treaty in question, refuse to submit a difference under it to at least impartial examination and report, all other nations, party to the agreement, would automatically cease communication with the lawbreaker. Boycott or nonintercourse would be proclaimed against him and maintained by the whole group. This would not prevent certain nations of the group from carrying on military operations, as well, against him. Some of the group would go to war in the military sense—all in the economic sense; the respective rôles would be so distributed as to secure the most effective action.

Let us see how the universal boycott, apart from the military action, works, and how it works as an aid to the military action. The effect of the boycott would be that, from the moment of the offending nation's defiance of international law, his ships could enter no civilized ports outside his own, or leave them. Payment of debts to him would be withheld; his commercial paper would not be discounted; his citizens could not travel in any civilized country in the world, his passports being no longer recognized.

Thus, the outlaw nation could neither receive from nor send to the outside world material or communication of any kind—neither food nor raw material of manufacture, or letters, or cables. Money due to him throughout the world would be sequestrated for disposal finally as the international court's judgment should direct; and that rule would apply to royalties on patents and publications, and would, of course, involve precautionary seizure or garnishee of all property—ships, goods, bank balances, businesses—held by that nation's citizens abroad.

In other words, the outlaw nation would be in a state of war of a new kind with the civilized world; but it would not necessarily involve military operations with the whole world. Whether it did or not would, of course, largely rest with the outlaw nation itself. There is nothing now but its own caution that prevents any one nation from issuing declarations of war to the whole world at the same time. We may assume that a nation so placed in a state of nonintercourse with the world would not gratuitously desire to add to the not trifling difficulties of this situation by insisting that every party to it must fight it by its armies and navies as well as by its economic forces.

This point is important, because critics invariably start their objection to the proposal by pointing out that the acts necessary to create a state of nonintercourse provoke a state of war, which calls on a nation so treated to move its troops or its battleships.

So, under existing precedent and conceptions, it does; but with new methods and new conceptions would come new precedents and a new meaning to a state of war. If a nation cares to assume that it has received a declaration of war from the whole world, it can, of course, if it deems its dignity demands it, move its troops against the whole world.

Boycotts as Weapons

As a matter of military fact, of course, it could do nothing of the kind. It would have to choose, to say the least, which part of the world it would attack first; and would desire, if it could, while dealing with one particular nation, to be free from attack by the others.

So there is not necessarily any more likelihood than at present of a minor state—like, say, Spain or Sweden—finding itself suddenly involved in military operations. We know unhappily that such a risk exists now for a small state, even when it is not a party to such an arrangement as that which we have in mind. Belgium and Luxemburg show us that little states, obviously innocent of any intention or possibility of aggression, may now become the victims, merely by reason of their position, of the military quarrels of larger states.

But, you may say, this condition of nonintercourse is exactly that in which Germany now finds herself, and it is not at all effective.

To which I reply: 1—That Germany is not yet subject to a condition of complete nonintercourse, since from the beginning of the war she has been receiving her mail and cables and maintaining communication with the outside world, morally an immensely important factor. Nor is it entirely moral. Large supplies have, despite the naval blockade, come to her through Scandinavia and Holland—proving how important, even from a purely military point of view, a great state's relations to lesser states may be, and how important is the economic cooperation of those states. 2—That, though of slow operation, it is the economic factor which in the end will be the decisive one in the operations against Germany; as the ring tightens and a necessary raw material, like cotton, is absolutely excluded, the time will come when this fact will tell most heavily. If the nonintercourse had been world-organized the effect would have operated from the first. Incidentally, of course, America and England, between them, control the cotton of the world. 3—The effect of the suggested embargo, boycott or economic pressure would be most decisive as a deterrent to aggression, not so much by what it might be able to

effect during a war as by what it would effect afterward.

It is essential to get this clear.

The parties to the treaty here indicated would, in addition to the terms just described, agree that, however a war entered into in violation of treaty might end, the condition of nonintercourse should be prolonged after the war. It would continue until due penalty had been imposed on the offending state, and in such a way as to render its offense, so far as possible, barren of benefit to itself. Such features as the sequestration of any patent royalties, rents on the property of its nationals, would go on until the state or states that had suffered most by the act of aggression had in some measure been indemnified.

Assume these principles to be applied to the existing situation: The contracting states would notify Germany—and Germany would have been aware of this penalty years ago, which is perhaps the most important consideration of all, as we shall see presently—that whether the military operations of the Allies compelled the evacuation of Belgium or not, German property throughout the world—ships in port, royalties on patents, all other debts due to German citizens—would be sequestrated and, under order of court, ultimately realized and the proceeds paid into a central war indemnification fund for the relief of those who have suffered by Germany's aggression.

Further, that, failing the fulfillment of certain conditions by Germany, the world would be closed to her after the war for a period of years, that period to be succeeded by one in which, though intercourse might be established partially, a supertax would be imposed on all tolls or dues paid for mail, cables, harbor charges, and so on, by Germany throughout the world, such surtax also to be paid into the same indemnification fund.

Now it is evident that for such a threat to have a preventive or deterrent effect it must be devised beforehand and applied fairly successfully in minor cases. And it is certain, of course, that if the military superiority of a prospective aggressor is such as to render considerable and rapid territorial conquest possible, he could compel such a method to fall as heavily on his victim as on himself. To put an embargo on Germany in occupation of France is to include France therein. Even so, it is not certain that it could not be applied; for in that case France and Belgium would regard the disadvantages to themselves as the price of their resistance to the conqueror and would probably themselves cooperate therein. Peoples similarly situated have in the past applied successfully a commercial and social boycott against a conqueror.

But is it likely that the deterrent effect would be inoperative? Would the people of any nation, desiring to extend their influence in the world, look with favor on a policy that would lead to closing the world, perhaps for long periods, against their influence?

Penalizing Aggression

If Germany had known, during the last decade or two, when Pan-Germanism and culture-spreading had taken its most dangerous form, that the result of military aggression would be to close the world to German influence, would aggression have become a popular policy?—always assuming for the sake of the argument that Germany is the aggressor. *Would not the prospect of such a penalty on aggression reverse and neutralize the motives that provoke aggression?*

If the center of militarism and unrest in Europe has been in Germany, certainly that unrest had its origin in the German desire for national self-expression, for expansion, for the imposition of German influence in the world. But if it had been known that the fact of using Germany's military machine in defiance of the common will of Christendom implied the closing of the outside world to her trade, her communications, the travel of her people, the dissemination of her literature, the distribution of her products, would not Germans inspired by dreams of German domination have been likely to consider whether German influence would not have a greater chance of free play by peaceful methods than by the closing of the outside world thereto?

Imagine the world absolutely closed to Germany for a period of ten years, her trade absolutely shut out, all communication with her ceased! How would German influence, whether commercial, intellectual or political, stand at the end of that period? In any case it would not be a prospect that the Pan-Germanist or Imperialist would face as likely to advance his desires. There is at least a chance that even he would decide, on the strength of evidence now available, that Germanism stood a greater chance of survival through peaceful penetration than through military means. Had he to choose between reduction of armaments—coupled, of course, with some guaranty against attack by other states—plus an open field in the world at large on one hand, and continued armaments and a closed world on the other, there is at least a chance that he might choose the former.

When Military Force Fails

Now it is difficult to bring home clearly even a vision of how this thing would operate, because mankind has never used this instrument of exclusion in just this way. Two groups or countries go to war; the armies of one are destroyed; and a year after peace is made they trade with one another and both with the world at large just as before—trade between France and Germany was multiplied by three in the interval between the wars of 1870 and 1914. But, with efficient organization, the most telling elements of boycott are those against which no military force can prevail. Here is a form of defense against a common enemy in which every man, woman or child of every country that feels itself threatened can cooperate. Even bayonets cannot compel a world to drink German beer or buy German goods.

Germany herself has, during forty years in the case of Alsace, and longer in the case of Poland, employed ruthlessly all the means that unquestioned power placed in her hands, and tried to Germanize those two provinces; and, though she was dealing with peoples without means of military resistance and with but rudimentary organization of the nonmilitary means, her efforts, by her own admission, have completely failed.

This much is certain—that, confronted by an organized group of nations representing in fact the outside world determined to enforce a boycott, Germany could not challenge all at once and compel by military means all, at one and the same time, to admit her ships and facilitate her trade. She would have to begin with at most one or two and concentrate her military effort on them, and in order to be successful would have to secure some sort of peace or understanding with the others.

Lastly, just a word as to objections commonly raised:

"It is too complicated to be effective, and likely to hurt us as much as our enemy."

Well, I think most men of affairs would have argued that way a year ago; but the experience of the present war shows that centralized action, like that of a great state, or, better still, of a group of states, utilizing the devices of the modern world—instantaneous communication with all parts of it, and so on—can coördinate the immense economic forces of our commercial and industrial civilization far more effectively than most of us a year ago believed to be possible.

In the first days of August both Great Britain and Germany were confronted with the need of redirecting the currents of trade and intercourse of all kinds. Intercourse between two great groups—the British and the German Empires—had been suddenly severed, and very many thought that the disorganization so created would produce catastrophic effects paralyzing both—incidentally the present writer did not take that view. The respective governments, however, immediately used the national resources at their disposal to rearrange the fabric of credit and trade. The British Government, for instance, guaranteed commercial paper and the collection of certain foreign debts. It practically took over marine insurance. It even took charge of certain industries and became the distributor of certain raw materials.

Very much to the astonishment of even those who had the arrangements in hand, it was found that a great centralized government could effectively exercise the necessary control over very great areas, stretching, in the case of the British Empire, from Calcutta to London, from Cape Town to Vancouver, and from Vancouver to Sydney; and in a few days make such readjustments as would enable life in these immense areas to go on with relatively small disturbance.

The experiment proved two things: First, that nonintercourse can in large degree be very quickly established; and, second, that its effects can be controlled—that they can be prevented, for instance, from falling unduly on one class or section.

Now we may urge that this proves too much, since it proves that a nation like Germany can escape in large part the damage from being cut off from the rest of the world. That point I have already dealt with. In the long run she cannot stand it and maintain her position of dominance in the world. The rest of the world—those enforcing it—can stand it much better.

Every League of Peace—every combination for the restraint of disorder—assumes that the lawbreakers will be in a minority; that those coercing outnumber those to be coerced; and, though the method, like all methods of restraint—police and courts and prisons within the state cost money—involves sacrifice on the part of the majority enforcing it, it is less burdensome because shared by a greater number.

In other words, the states enforcing nonintercourse are still free to maintain their communication with one another and so to readjust their social, commercial and industrial life more easily and to greater advantage than is possible within the limits of the embargoed nation.

"Embargoes of the past have not been effective."

This objection generally is based on the ill working of the Continental decrees of Napoleon and his rivals and the futility of our own decrees of "nonintercourse" during that period; but these embargoes were enforced with sailing-ship navies and so loosely applied that smuggling became an immense industry. Those conditions are as obsolete as the old smuggler who formed a part of them; but even if the embargoes had been complete the effect would have been relatively small, because at that time the volume and importance of the foreign trade of states and communication between them were small. In the old days a nation could live within itself. In our day it cannot.

The Part America Can Play

Perhaps the one nation that could come nearest to it would be our own. The United States is indeed the one country of the world against which it would be most difficult to employ effectively the method of boycott. That fact is, of course, a considerable disadvantage and tells somewhat against the value of the method. On the other hand, however, the vastness of the resources and the weight of the economic forces that give us this immunity also give us a strong position for initiating this plan, for organizing it and rendering it effective.

What are the steps for America to take?

America stands at this juncture of international affairs as the natural and most powerful exponent of neutral rights. She should, therefore, secure practical agreement—not necessarily by formal conference—between herself, the South American states, and possibly also the neutral states of Europe, as to the international law for which they would all stand in such matters as the use of the sea. On the basis of this America might then devise with them an agreement as to their economic relations with the rest of the world in certain situations: an agreement covering not only such things as the furnishing of supplies to European or Asiatic combatants in wartime but also covering certain peace contingencies as well.

Presenting thus a solid front to the actual combatants, the neutrals could certainly secure a place at the settlement when it comes to discussing those matters that are now subjects of difference between this country and Germany and Great Britain.

Obviously the combatants will need the neutrals after the war; and if America went into the conference as the central figure of a combination composed of the neutral states she could in large measure dominate the situation, so far as future international law is concerned, and place the international relations of the future on a very different foundation by leading in the organization and application of those forces I have dealt with here.

All this, of course, calls for a little imaginativeness and inventiveness; but America has never lacked those qualities in other spheres. Will she show them in this new field that she will shortly be obliged to enter—the field of international politics? Or will she be content with the old futilities of the older world?

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The Red Record of Courage

By LEAVITT ASHLEY KNIGHT

II

ELEVEN weeks blew warm over Zamboanga and then in came a crazy little coasting steamer with a ballast of cockroaches and handed me a sizable box marked: Harvey Dobbs, Little Palangao, Philippine Islands; via James Higgins, Zamboanga. Thenjalong came the mail, and in it was this letter to me:

"*Dear Mr. Higgins:* Thank you for that wireless and the letter. I couldn't answer your wireless. I didn't understand its allusion to a letter I was supposed to write. So I had to wait until the letter came. Will you please hurry the box I am sending over to Harvey? Your suggestion about talk being better than ink hit me pretty hard, Mr. Higgins. It has been keeping me awake nights. I made a terrible mistake with the boy; but I hope the box will undo some little part of the mistake. If I send him a wireless once a month will you deliver it?"

"Will I deliver it?" I whooped. "Mississippi, chuck that box in the launch and crank up!"

Then I dashed up to the wireless station and said to Mary Serviss through the eternal ether:

"Will deliver all messages you send. And send them collect! Uncle Sam foots bill for uplifting the uplifter of Little Palangao.
"HIGGINS."

Ten minutes later Mississippi and I were slicing through blue Basilan Strait like the grandmother of all porpoises; and as fast as gasoline would kick us along we raced to Little Palangao. Harvey trotted down to the beach to meet us.

"How are things going?" I sang as we shook hands.

"Bully!" He smiled faintly and straightway grew grave. "The gang is well in hand. Djimbangan hasn't cut any capers and his crowd seem to like me as well as you'd expect they might. But ——"

"Well?" I stiffened at that word.

"See here!" He drew me down the beach, away from the women, who were working over a stack of *nipa*, and away from Mississippi, who was lugging the box from God's Country out of the launch and up to Harvey's house. "I want to speak to you about Ala."

"Who the devil is Ala?" I demanded.

"She's that English doctor's daughter from Singapore. You saw her here once." He spoke earnestly. "A beautiful woman; intelligent too! And with a terrible misfortune—one that would drive an ordinary, flabby girl insane."

"Are you talking about that slick female who's the wife of the pirate Mengo? That half-caste Lulu with a Piccadilly accent?" I choked with rage, for I saw in a vague way what was coming.

"She's not Mengo's wife. That's the horror of it!" Harvey cried hotly, and he beat a great fist against his palm. "The pirates captured her while she and some girl friends were out in a launch, with a broken engine, somewhere in the lower Strait of Malacca. The brown devils carried them off. One girl fought, and the fiends killed her and threw her body overboard. The other girls they drew lots for, and poor Ala fell to Mengo."

"You big fool!" I scowled at him—it was the one trick to play. "The minute you found that out you should have snapped handcuffs on Mengo and sent him and Ala over to me. You're a brute! The poor girl ought to be saved and sent home to her father."

"You don't understand, sir!" Harvey shook his head with grief. "She's paralyzed with fear. She saw her companion killed, you know, and she hasn't courage to run away. She's frightened to death. I tried to make her leave under my protection but she only wept on my shoulder."

"Eh? On your shoulder!" I flashed. "What's the matter with her using her own handkerchief for the sob job?"

"She was trembling all over, poor thing!" Harvey went on, scorning my interruption. "She said Mengo would pursue her and put her to death by torture. And he would too."

"So"—I eyed the youngster with as much contempt as I could put into a squint and a nose wrinkle—"you didn't have the courage to put the bracelets on Mengo and bring him over to Zamboanga! And you didn't have the sense to get the lady aboard a steamer bound for Singapore while Mengo was locked up over in Zamboanga jail! Boy! Boy! What did I tell you about Djimbangan and his girl game? Can't you see the old devil has framed up this whole yarn? Good Lord! Do you suppose Djimbangan or Mengo would bring a really-truly doctor's daughter, abducted from Singapore, straight over to Little Palangao, where James Higgins could see her and find out about her? Boy! Boy! And again, Boy! These brownies are squeezing the white man's courage and wits out of you. Bring that damned female to me—quick!"

"Please don't speak of her that way, Mr. Higgins!" Dobbs trickled the words out like ice water dripping from the end of an icicle. "What do you want of her anyhow?"

"I'm going to take her away from her horrid, horrid persecutors—going to pack her off to her heartbroken papa in Singapore."

"You will kindly respect her own feelings in the matter. And no roughness!" Dobbs glittered at me dangerously. "She's a lady. Don't forget that!"

"Haw! Haw!" came from me.

"She is a lady! She's educated."

"I've seen educated pigs—and trained fleas too!" I hurled back.

"She is a lady—damn you!" Dobbs blazed up. "Why, she's read Browning and Shakspere—and understands them too."

"How do you know that?"

"We've talked about them," Dobbs said gently, "right here on the beach, after the day's work."

"In the moonlight!" I added sardonically. "And with her lying on the sand beside you, spilling sand through her pretty fingers onto her trim, bare ankles, while the drowsy breeze kisses you both into ecstatics and the croon of the flattened surf hypnotizes you! Oh! James Higgins, idiot! Why the devil didn't you hold out for a real Boss of Little Palangao?"

"Cut out that kind of talk!" Dobbs broke in. "I've seen a good many women in my day, and I know that Ala is sweeter and more refined and more honest than the whole crowd back home. I ——"

"Oh, Djimbangan! I take off my hat to you. You've more brains than a German diplomat!" I howled. And then I grabbed Harvey's arm and said very earnestly: "Here's a proposition, son! I'm going back to Zamboanga to-night, and I'm going to send a wireless to the British Secret Service man at Singapore. He's to find out whether any doctor there ever lost a daughter who fits Ala's clothes and photo. If a doctor did, I'll shut up; but if a doctor didn't, will you kindly crawl while I come over here and arrest your precious Mengo and Ala?"

The young fellow hesitated a minute; then he thrust out his hand and we shook on it.

"Let's go up to your house and have a drink on it," I proposed; for I was curious about that box from Mary Serviss.

"Good!" said he; and up the hill we clambered.

We had come within a stone's throw of the Official Residence, and Harvey was chatting away cheerfully about getting a water filter or something else, when I spied a slender, girlish form slipping away from the rear door of the house into a thicket behind it.

"Harvey," I asked casually, "have you got a good cook? One who doesn't spill opium in your rice pudding?"

"Yes," said he. "Jim, one of the soldiers you sent me, runs the kitchen. A dandy he is!"

"That was no soldier," I muttered to myself; and then I said aloud: "And how about your servants? Got one who doesn't slip snakes into your bed?"

"I play safe there. I keep no house servants. I make my own bed and I send my wash out."

"Huh!" was all I could remark. I was worried, you may believe; but I said nothing more.

We entered. Harvey looked in bewilderment at the box and at Mississippi sitting on it. He stared at the labels.

"New York! What the dickens?" And then he choked.

"Open it for the supervisor!" I commanded Mississippi. And in a minute what do you suppose my boy was lifting out and unwrapping? A big talking machine! And a whopping bunch of records!

Harvey trembled as he put the mechanism in running order and adjusted one of the thin black disks. Nervously he spun the crank and lowered the shining needle.

We were in New York, at the opera; the lights were off and the place hushed; a great orchestra was sobbing away, while a man was singing—singing his soul out, singing like an angel cast out of heaven—like a soul that had been hungering a thousand lifetimes for its mate and hadn't found her.

The tears were coursing down Harvey's cheeks. Then the music came to an end and he murmured:

"It—it —— Oh, she must hear it! She can understand! It says what I have wanted to but couldn't." And while I gaped, wondering what the devil he was prattling about, he strode to his back door and shouted: "Ala! Ala!"

"Say!" I suddenly came to my senses and yelled. "This is a little too much! Do you know who sent you this machine? It came straight from Mary Serviss. Don't call in that miserable ——"

But Dobbs was stone deaf to me. He kept on calling; and in a minute through the door came sweeping Ala, in a simple white English dress. Below the dress gleamed a pair of supple ankles and pretty, kissable feet made more beautiful by the crude grass sandals beneath them. Above the dress a face that—well, right here I give up.

I can give you an idea of the shimmering cities of coral and thousand-colored shells at the bottom of Sulu Sea. I can tell you about the peacock clouds of our sunsets that change in a flash from blue-green to green-gold. I can even set down words that might tell the story of the Philippine moonlight on Mindanao beaches; but I pass up when it comes to writing about the soft, voluptuous, smiling eyes and lips of that Singapore girl. Her devastating beauty hit me like a sledge hammer—hit me as it had not the first time I set eyes on her. And I almost cried aloud:

"Poor Harvey Dobbs! You're up against it!"

What I really did say, though, was:

"Howdy, Ala?"

And it was the right thing to say; for it brought a swift flash of consuming hatred into those glorious eyes of hers—a flash that came and went faster than a snake's tongue darts. She knew I had taken her measure! And she was ready to fight me to the death—in her own way.

"Listen!" Harvey beamed at her, as he started the record over again.

While the music flung itself into the warm night, hushing the harsh birds that were sawing away in the near-by thicket, the youngster gazed into the girl's face with a still, radiant rapture that meant only one thing. "You understand, don't you, dear?" said the gaze. And Ala's dream-drenched eyes shone mistily back: "Yes, beloved!"

Thereupon James Higgins, confidential agent of Uncle Sam in Sulu Sea, blew up like a dry boiler. I reached out and lifted the moving needle from the racing disk.

"My dear children," I grinned, "I love grand opera; but I'm dead set against tragedy—especially in real life. Ala, your pa is sobbing his heart out for you back in Singapore. I'm going to take you back to him—right now. My launch is waiting. And don't stop to pack your duds—I'll buy you all you want at Zamboanga."

"Oh, sir, you're very kind; but Mengo—I'm afraid of him! He's a terrible brute!" Ala shrieked.

"I'll can Mengo like a tomato," I grinned. "Come along, Miss Ala!"

"Harvey! Harvey!" The girl cried and clutched Dobbs' arm. "Don't let him take me away! Those Malays will kill me! They're everywhere! I don't want to die."

"Curtain! Back to the dressing room, little soubrette!" I snarled at her; and, bless me, if I didn't make the mistake of my life and draw my gun! "This'll fix Mengo!"

"You scoundrel!" Harvey roared; and he was on me before I got my arm up.

It took me five minutes to down him. And when I got up and reached out for Ala, Ala was gone—gone, somewhere in the wooded hills that stretch eleven miles in a solid tangle across the island!

"Damn! I'll never catch her now!" I howled at Harvey.

"You cheated!" he breathed heavily. "You promised to do nothing until you had wired to Singapore."

"I apologize!" I said. "I lost my temper; but I had cause to, son. I hate to see the East down the West. And it is doing that at an awful rate. Just look! Djimbangan, man of the East, tries to beat James Higgins, man of the West. Higgins puts in an alleged man of the West to boss the pirates. Djimbangan hires a high-grade lady lobbyist of the East to thrum on the heartstrings of you, Harvey Dobbs. And how does she thrum? She thrums to the tune of the oldest, stalest flimflam in the world—lovely damsel; wicked pirates; desert island; noble youth to the rescue! Why, man, the yarn she tells is so threadbare that the five-cent movies would hoot it down! You're a great man of the West, you are! You're as big a chump as that Mary Serviss is, who has been sending a lonely youth a bunch of melting, hug-me-quick-Honey love songs, to be played with that Ala sitting round making honey eyes at you. Confound the woman! Hasn't she any sense?"

"Did Mary Serviss send that machine?" Harvey sat up and stared at it.

"I thought a woman would have some intuition. She knew the lay of the land here," I ranted along, unmindful of the boy's excitement. "By the great and beneficent Allah, I'm going to smash those records!"

I moved toward them; and as I did Harvey said very slowly:

"Higgins, if you crack a single one of those I'll kill you! Kill you! Do you hear? I hate the woman who sent them, but I love the music. How they will help to fill in the long, long hours!"

"To-morrow," I said, "I'll be back here, with a message from Singapore. Do you promise you'll make no fuss if I prove what Ala is—and if I take her away?"

"I promise!" He dropped his eyes; then smiled. "But you are all wrong about her—all wrong! She's a—wonder!"

Mississippi and I started back home. Once clear of the reefs I glanced back at the Official Residence. Harvey was striding up and down the long veranda, his head thrown back and his hands behind him. Though I heard nothing but the sea and the chug-chug of my engine, I knew he was listening to the music from the other end of the world. I had hardly done grumbling to myself over the sight when round the end of the house there came whisking a slender, girlish figure in a white dress; and I saw Harvey Dobbs move swiftly toward it, put his hands on Ala's shoulders and kiss her.

"Hell fry Djimbangan in the fat of heretics!" I yelled at Mississippi. "The Moving Finger of Uncle Sam writes, but seems to be misspelling badly!"

From Zamboanga dock I flew up to the wireless station.

"Singapore!" said I, and shook twelve hundred miles of ether by saying it. "Was ever a doctor's daughter abducted in Malacca Strait? If not, can you identify girl called Ala, seven-eighths white, from following description?" And then I gave the first first-class character sketch of a languishing beauty that was ever drawn, with no brush, pen or pencil, in empty space.

Back came the answer:

"No such woman ever abducted. Will investigate identity of Ala. Expect answer in a week or two."

"Ala!" I cackled to Mississippi as we hurried down to the shore, it being then late evening. "Back to Little Palangao! Thank God! I've saved the boy from ruin."

What's the use of planning? I was clambering into my launch, and chuckling away like a fool over my victory over Djimbangan, when down the dock came running an orderly panting to me that there was a ripping, slashing rebellion of old-time *juramentados* in the hills northeast of Apo. The troops would be leaving at midnight; and, as one James Higgins was the only white man who knew all the *datos* and *panditas* in the rampaging region, the governor commanded him to bolt a machine gun at once into the bow of his launch, hustle two barrels of gasoline aboard, and rush up to Apo.

In one hour I was on my way to the rebellion; and it was three hideous months before I came trailing back, fagged, ragged and dirty, to Zamboanga. Hardly a breathing spell did I get in all those steamy, yelling days and murderous nights in the cloggy jungles; but when I did, my mind leaped back to Little Palangao, and I saw Harvey Dobbs slipping a record on that accursed talking machine; I heard the love song swell; I saw my doomed supervisor look into the melting eyes of Ala beside him. And then I raved at that imbecile, Mary Serviss, away back in New York.

"Mississippi," I often said to my boy, "fourteen years I've been thinking the West could beat the East; but I retract. That Mary Serviss has knocked out the underpinning of that theory. Those New Women haven't got any of the Old Eve left in them. They can vote, and they can roll cigarettes, and they can knock three-baggers, and they can discuss—but they can't hold their own against Djimbangan and Ala.

"Poor Harvey Dobbs! He might have made good if she hadn't sent him that idiotic talking machine and those slushy love songs. He means well—the boy does. He wants to put up a good fight. But what chance has he got? He's over there on Little Palangao right now, Mississippi. He's cranking up. He's slipping on a crooning, mooning hug-me-quick song. He's putting the needle down onto the disk. And now he goes and sits down beside the luscious lady of Malaysia and holds hands while the tune hypnotizes them both.

"Oh, rot! Oh, mush! Why the dickens didn't Mary Serviss see all that ahead? She's blind as a bat. She doesn't understand life. But the East does, son! And the East is going to beat her."

In the second week of the rebellion Mississippi had to rush back to town for supplies and, as he left, I said to him:

"Send that Serviss girl a wireless for me. Say:

"That talking machine was a fool trick. You're throwing him into Ala's arms. Go take a beginner's course on Love in a correspondence school.

"U. S. A., per HIGGINS."

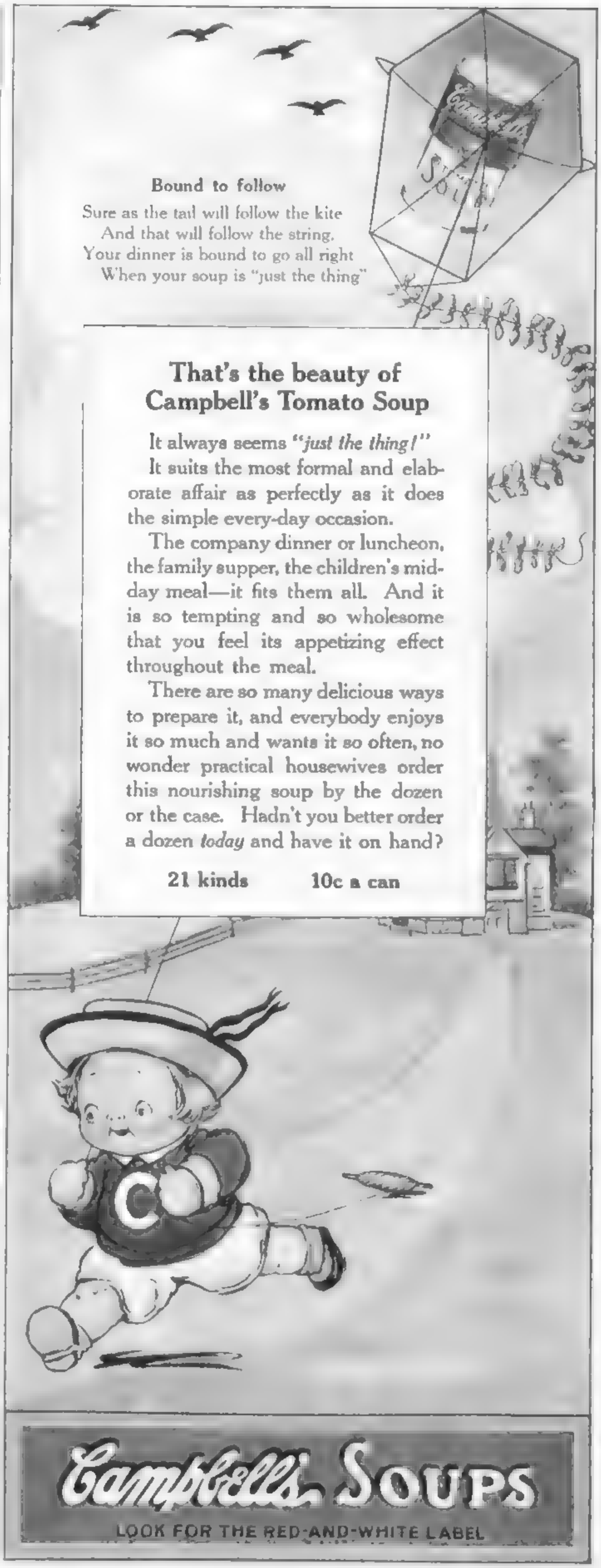
Having said which, I chased a bunch of rebels five miles to relieve my feelings.

At last came the blue-green dawn when we chugged back home, all tattered and sticky from our long jungle scrap. As soon as we docked I took a long, loafing swim. Then I hung my clothes on my arm and marched up to my Official Residence to get a change of raiment. I shinned up the bamboo ladder—and almost fell against as pretty a young lady as ever prattled United States talk. She was sitting at my Grand Rapids desk, thumbing a two-year-old magazine I had saved for shaving paper; and while she thumbed it she sipped a cup of coffee as naturally as though she were in her own boudoir, waiting for her French maid to bring her French rolls and the morning paper.

At the sight I came within a millionth of an inch of dropping my wardrobe and following it to the floor in a fit; but I did not. I compromised by making a feeble squawk. She heard it and wheeled, with a sharp whisk of her crisp white skirt; and then she blushed appropriately.

"Is this Mr. Higgins?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes'm—as soon as he gets some clothes on," I replied, and edged toward my bedroom.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Your dinner is bound to go all right
When your soup is "just the thing"
That's the beauty of Campbell's Tomato Soup
It always seems "just the thing!"
It suits the most formal and elaborate affair as perfectly as it does the simple every-day occasion.
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There are so many delicious ways to prepare it, and everybody enjoys it so much and wants it so often, no wonder practical housewives order this nourishing soup by the dozen or the case. Hadn't you better order a dozen today and have it on hand?
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The August
Ladies' Home Journal
15 Cents—Everywhere
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"I've been waiting a week for you -you don't mind my using your house, do you? People said you were awfully good-natured."

"Not in the least, ma'am," I stammered, wondering who she could be. "Maybe a missionary lady on her way to the Moros," said I inwardly.

"And you'll take me over there as soon as you've put some clothes on, won't you?" She rose and came toward me a little way, her cheeks aglow.

"Sure I will! But where is it?" I tried to look pleasant but I was worried over this talking in the dark.

"Dear me!" She laughed quietly; and as she threw back her head I saw a soft white throat. "I'm an old stupid! I've been in your house so long that I thought we knew each other. And then, all those wireless messages ——"

"My Lordy, Lordy!" I groaned. "Miss Serviss? Wh-wh-what the dickens brings you here?"

"You ask me that! After that last message of yours?" The girl grew suddenly grave and nervous. "Tell me: Do you—suppose—he's all right? Haven't you heard from him? What does he say?"

"I haven't heard in three months," I groaned. "And I'm scared to go up to the office and ask for the news from Little Palangao. I'd rather go over there and find it out by inches—for myself."

"You'll go to-day? And I with you?" Mary Serviss asked commandingly.

"You'll stay right here, young lady!" I flared up. "You've made trouble enough already. You drove poor Harvey away from home—which wasn't a bad scheme, I admit; but it was hard on him, the way you did it—without even a heart-to-heart talk with the boy. You turned him off with a cold letter in cold ink."

"That was a blunder—a terrible blunder!" The girl crumpled up and dropped weakly back into my chair at the desk. "I've tried to atone for it, though."

"And how?" I snapped. "By sending him that ridiculous talking machine and those sentimental records! No, no! I'll handle Harvey myself from now on—that is, if there's anything left of him to handle."

"What do you mean?" She leaped to her feet again and put out her trembling hands. "Is he in danger?"

"Everybody who deals with my old friend Djimbangan ought to carry a large life-insurance policy." I dodged her panic as well as I could. "Now see here: You go over to the mission school and stay with one of the teachers until I come back from Little Palangao."

"Oh!" she stiffened. "I'm going with you—you can't stop me! I owe it to Harvey! And—I can't sit round here, doing nothing, knowing nothing, imagining horrible things—I've had a week of that and I can't live through another day of it! I'd have gone over to Harvey long ago if anybody would have piloted me through the reefs."

"I'm boss round Sulu Sea." I turned from her and entered my bedroom, where I fell to throwing on sweet clothes. "My orders to you are: Stay here! Maybe—if nothing much has happened, and if he doesn't object—I'll take you over there later."

"He object!" Mary Serviss whispered with a drawn face. "Harvey object to seeing me—who have come to the world's end after him! Oh! Mr. Higgins! You don't understand! Do you know why I've come here? I'm going to marry Harvey. I can't live without him. I tried it, sir—and how I failed! I sent him away—meaning well for him, but making, oh, such a botch of things!

"I thought I was sending him away simply for his own sake—simply to make him stand on his own feet and fight his own battles and prove his own worth. But that was a lie—a lie that deceived me. I sent him away with that letter because I was a coward. I didn't dare tell him with my own lips that he must never see me again until he had proved himself a man. I—I was afraid he would take my hands while I said that—and look at me; and then I'd have gone to pieces—I'd have thrown myself at him. We'd have run away together—and ——"

"Well, what if you had?" I asked very gently through my bedroom door.

"Then I should never have known whether he was good for nothing. I'm rich. We'd have had all we wanted. And—I'd have wondered and wondered whether he was a thief in his heart, or only a dear, silly boy who had lost his temper and made a cruel mistake. Don't you see, sir?" she quavered piteously and held out her hands once more.

"I see. You were right in that, my dear." I soothed her unsteadily. "If only you hadn't sent that darned talking machine!"

"I thought it was a very clever idea!" she murmured desolately, and her arms fell limp beside her. "You heard the records, didn't you?"

"Yes—drat it!" I growled. "If they hadn't been slush and sentiment; if they'd been—well, funny stuff, you know—it might not have harmed. But—oh, that coo-coo stuff!"

"I must be a stupid woman!" She caught her lip and nipped it without mercy. "But I really don't see how it could have been so dangerous."

"You've much to learn, young woman," I smiled as I emerged in my new togs and shook hands with her. "And now run along to the mission school. I may bring Harvey back—if all's well."

"I'm going with you," she repeated in a stubborn monotone; "if not in your boat, then in another. I'll follow you. You can't lose me."

"Indeed!" I tilted my head at her and did some exceedingly fast thinking, as James Higgins often has to do in his business. "You really mean that you want to marry Harvey—eh?"

"With all my heart and soul!" A bright flush crept into her exalted face. "I—I engaged that missionary—Mr. Meggs—for it; he promised to go with us to Little Palangao."

"And manipulate the ceremony?" I gasped. "Hey, you Mississippi!" I roared round the house as she nodded her answer. "Go pick up Piang and Mumba and Ali and pack 'em into my launch quick!" I commanded the boy as he appeared at the front door.

And then I switched into Malay lingo:

"Hustle over to Little Palangao. And—you know that near-white woman called Ala—the one who hangs round the supervisor? The one who dresses like a Yankee school-teacher? Well, son, hog-tie her in a hurry and get her off the island and on her way back here to the jail before I reach Little Palangao. This lady and I are following you scoundrels in Piang's one-lung, lopsided tub. And, from the looks of the sky this morning, son, I fear me greatly that Piang's carburetor will flood at least eleven times on the way. Now hike!"

Mississippi hiked, with never a grin—bless the brownie!

"By the way," I sang out after him; "don't let the supervisor spot you. And you stay over there and hide in the thicket behind the supervisor's house. I'll signal to you—the coo of the *limocon*—and you reply likewise if you've got the pretty she-devil. Get me?"

"Got you!" grunted Mississippi; and off he trudged stolidly, as though to buy a paper of tacks.

"If there's any saving poor Dobbs so late as this, that's the way," I said to Mary Serviss in Malay. "Oh! Excuse me!" I switched to English. "What I was saying was that we must go over and get Meggs and lug him along as soon as I've cleaned up a little work at my office."

How she sparkled at me! And how we scurried over to the missionary—and used up fifty minutes prying him loose! Then I steered the two over to the Capitol, saying that I had to draw up a treaty of peace with the Apo rebels. Mary Serviss sat beside my desk, fidgeting while I wrote the Lord's Prayer eighty times in Illigan dialect on some imposing legal cap. That used up two hours more.

"It's a terribly busy life we Government folks lead," I said as I carefully tucked the documents into my drawer. "Harvey'll thank you for getting him out of the grind."

"I'm not getting him out," Mary Serviss spoke up briskly.

"Eh?" I grunted. "You aren't going to take him away—back home?"

"Why, of course not!" Her eyes swept me in astonishment. "We're going to stay on Little Palangao until he gets to be so big a man that they'll just have to promote him—to Manila, or somewhere."

"You! Living on Little Palangao until he's promoted?" I sputtered.

"Oh, that won't be so terribly long!" The girl smiled radiantly. "The Governor-General said it might be two years; and then he'll give Harvey as big a post as he deserves."

"The Governor-General!" More sputtering from Uncle Sam, per James Higgins.

"I dropped in on him and told him to keep an eye on Harvey," Mary Serviss explained innocently. "I had a day at Manila, you know. Now, do let's hurry along!"

"Yes'm! Yes'm!" I muttered; and, scarcely seeing my way in my stupor, I led her and Meggs down to Piang's one-lung launch.

How I ever drove that boat through the eddies off Basilan Reef I don't know to this day—and Meggs doesn't either; for I kept looking at Mary Serviss, as her clear blue eyes gazed fixedly into the southwest toward Little Palangao. And I took turns with myself, saying over and over:

"If only Mississippi hog-ties that Ala before we get there! If only! If only!"

Maybe it was too late. Maybe Harvey had long since married the Singapore girl. Maybe the pair had long since fled—as that Filipino supervisor had. Maybe—Lord! What a mess it all was! Mary Serviss had come halfway round the world to claim the youngster—to cheer him—to help him grow to be somebody. And he ——

"The woman of the East wins!" I groaned. "And the man of the East puts another over on the man of the West! Down with nice youths from God's Country! Down with talking machines! Down with James Higgins for not smashing all those records to smithereens!"

And, to prove that I meant what I said, I kicked Piang's carburetor so hard that it broke off; and we bobbed round on the blue three hours helpless while Meggs and I repaired it.

The ignition system went on a general strike soon afterward. Then the flywheel key slipped out. Then the cylinder went dry and bound. And the good luck continued at such a pace that it was black night before I was twisting our cripple of a boat between the coral fangs that were gnashing through the swells off Little Palangao.

As we clambered out on the warm sand beach we saw the ragged rows of lights gleaming high up on the hillside, and heard in the houses the clang of the eternal gongs loud above the shouting and droning of dance chants.

"The evening parties are on, Miss Serviss," said I; then to Meggs: "Stay with the lady while I go find the boss. He's probably visiting round."

As quietly as a tiger in grass I slunk round to the thicket behind Harvey's house and softly uttered the melancholy cooing of the *limocon;* but no answering coo came from the tangle. Again and again I signaled; but again and again there was no reply from Mississippi.

Well, I nearly went sick then and there; for that silence meant only one thing—it meant that my worthy band of strong-arm men and kidnapers had not caught the lovely Ala yet.

In aimless desperation I turned toward the house, which was quite dark save for one window from which a dim light shone.

"The lad's out," said my mind to itself. "If only he isn't with that woman!"

The floor creaked. A shadow crossed the square of light. And then, above the buzzing of a billion bugs in the surrounding jungle, a woman's voice arose, slightly suppressed, slightly blurred by the night sounds, but still quite distinct.

"Harvey dear," it said, "we understand each other at last, don't we? You have a career ahead of you, and I am going to help you in it as only a wife can."

A hideous clangor of gongs in a near-by house suddenly drowned the speech in my burning ears; but I had heard enough. A wild wave of crimson rage coursed through my body like the swift madness of snake poison.

"Uncle Sam," I snarled to myself, "you and I are beaten—beaten by Djimbangan's hired girl! What shall I do with that other girl down on the beach? She mustn't know it—she mustn't!"

For a minute I stood as stiff as iron. Then I drew my revolver and hissed softly to James Higgins:

"Well, young lady, East has blanked West up to the end of the eighth inning; but here's where Uncle Sam comes to bat in the ninth and swats four home runs—a home run for pretty Ala; a home run for Djimbangan; a home run for Harvey; and a home run for that energetic but foolish young lady, Mary Serviss."

Saying which I tiptoed through the open front door and entered the house. I peered down a short hall, at the end of which a

door stood half open; and beyond the door sat Harvey Dobbs, a wonderful light in his guileless eyes as he gazed at ——

"As soon as we can, dear heart," the woman suddenly began again, "we'll build a beautiful house on top of the hill. And we'll get that dear old simpleton, Higgins, to give you a fine, big launch."

"Guess again, Ala!" I howled; and down the hall and into the room I leaped, revolver in hand and ready to take my wily female foe prisoner, even though I had to wing her in her pretty ankles. "You've given Mississippi the slip, but you don't get away from that old simpleton, Higgins!"

Harvey lunged from his chair at me; but before he reached me I had my weapon leveled in the direction of the woman's voice. I glanced along the sights and saw—a shining needle pressing on a spinning disk! And from the box below there poured, as sure as Moros love murder, the gentle, steady, cheering voice of Mary Serviss.

"You hurt that record and I'll kill you!" Harvey shrieked as his great fist dashed my revolver up.

"Son!" I stuttered and mopped my brow while he lifted the needle from the disk. "Son, tell me, is poor old Higgins loco?"

"Maybe; but I'm not," Harvey answered soberly, almost reverently. "I'm sane—sane all the way through. And I've only Mary and those records to thank! You'd better get down on your knees to that machine. It put spunk into me when everything else had failed."

Hypnotized, I stepped up to the machine and looked at the disk. It had a red circle on it, and across the circle were printed these words: The Red Record of Courage. Nothing more.

"There are six of them," Harvey went on. "They were mixed in with fifty others. Remember the day we first played the machine? Well, I was pretty nearly all in—a little more and I'd have done something foolish. Then I put on The Red Record of Courage. I thought it was going to be a song. It began and I thought I'd gone mad. I thought I was back in her big library and we were chatting together. She talked straight from the heart—straighter than we'd ever talked face to face and straighter than anybody could ever write.

"She told me why she'd sent me away—said she had been afraid of herself—and lots else that I can't tell you. She cheered me up, she told me what to do; and she gave me things to think about—things which made me forget that beautiful Ala. Lord! She's a wonderful woman, Mr. Higgins. I never appreciated her—couldn't—didn't have the brains."

"Ala has brains!" I observed dryly. "By the way, where is she?"

"I don't know." Harvey flushed hotly. "I packed her off to Singapore two months ago; and if she comes back she'll dangle at the end of prime Manila hemp. I wasn't referring to her—and you know it. Mary's the wonder! I wish I could see her, if only for a minute. If it weren't for my job I'd go back to her."

"And let Djimbangan go out scuttling honest ships?" I drew a long face.

"Djimbangan!" Harvey's innocent eyes opened wide and then he laughed. "Oh, I forgot! He won't scuttle any ships. You see, he tried to poison me after I packed Ala off; so I hanged him."

"Then my worries are over!" I sighed with relief.

"But mine aren't," said Harvey, and his face clouded. "Those records are wearing out—I've played them twice a day. And I can't live without them, Mr. Higgins. I've come to depend on them—you don't understand, but it's true. What can I do? Can you send a wireless to New York and ask Mary to talk off another lot?"

"I'm sorry, my boy; but she won't do it for you," I said as gravely as an undertaker.

"What? You've heard—bad news—from her?" The big fellow faltered; and he put out a trembling hand toward me.

"Come with me, Harvey!" I took the hand, and down to the beach I led him, stumbling through the thick darkness.

We reached the line of phosphorescent foam. We came to Piang's one-lunger. And then, groping about, I found another trembling hand, which I placed in his.

"Allow me, Mr. Dobbs," said I, with what they call a fiendish chuckle back in the States, "to introduce you to the young lady of the West who has proved what James Higgins has always maintained—namely, that the man of the West outwits the man of the East, and the woman of the West outshines the woman of the East. James Higgins is getting rusty in the head gearings, and the old simpleton will get you two kids the best launch on the Pacific; and you'll be living in a Provincial Governor's residence before you've a gray hair in your head, son!"

I kicked Meggs into Piang's one-lunger; and I smashed the carburetor so as to keep us busy while Mary was crying on her sweetheart's coat. When the rain stopped Meggs led the parade up to the Official Residence, where he performed the major operation of marrying the two dears while a worn-out record squeaked out the appropriate wedding march.

After which James Higgins got excited and hilarious, and composed verses on the occasion, the rottenest of which was one entitled: Omar Khayyam to Djimbangan and Company—making a noise like the following:

The Moving Needle sings; and, having sung,
Moves on; nor all your Eastern Wit nor Tongue
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Disk,
Nor all your Girls drown out the word begun!

For which Harvey kicked me out the back door and into a thicket; but I didn't mind that, for I found Mississippi and my kidnapers there. Also, when I came back I kissed the bride in revenge. And as I did so she whispered into my ear:

"You know, that idea of the phonograph is yours? But don't tell Harvey!"

"Mine?" I gasped.

"Don't you remember your letter to me?" She blushed. "You said: 'Great is the power of the spoken word.' You said it was better than writing letters. You said I ought to talk to him. So I did."

"Mrs. Dobbs"—I bowed—"genius is always modest. You're the smartest girl between Here and There. And if you try to deny it you'll get no launch from Uncle Sam and James Higgins."

But she did get the launch that very week. Also, a hundred records—new ones—from James Higgins, and charged to U. S. A.

(THE END)

Irreparably Ripped

THEY were trying a darky, in a small town on the Lower Cumberland River, for cutting another negro with a razor. The prisoner at the bar was the porter of the local hotel and a general favorite with the white population. So the presiding judge and the prosecutor entered into a conspiracy between themselves to save the accused.

The judge appointed the leading lawyer of the district to represent the darky, and at the close of the trial His Honor charged the jury in such fashion that it would have been little short of contempt of court upon their part to fail to acquit.

Nevertheless, the jurors, to the surprise of all present, especially the defendant, came in very promptly with a verdict of guilty.

"Jerry," said the judge regretfully, having in mind the memory of many superior mint juleps which Jerry had mixed for him, "it is my painful duty to pronounce sentence upon you. Have you anything to say before I fix your punishment?"

"Well, suh, Jedge," said Jerry, "I been sort of tuck up short and I reckin dey ain't much use of me talkin' now. But, Jedge, I will say jest dis: I don't bear you no gredge. Seems lak to me you tried fur to let me off mighty light. And de gen'l'man dat you 'pinted to 'fend me, he done hisse'f proud and I thanks him. Even de persecutin' attorney gimme a good word. But, Jedge, dat jury—it suttinly is done tore its pants wid me!"

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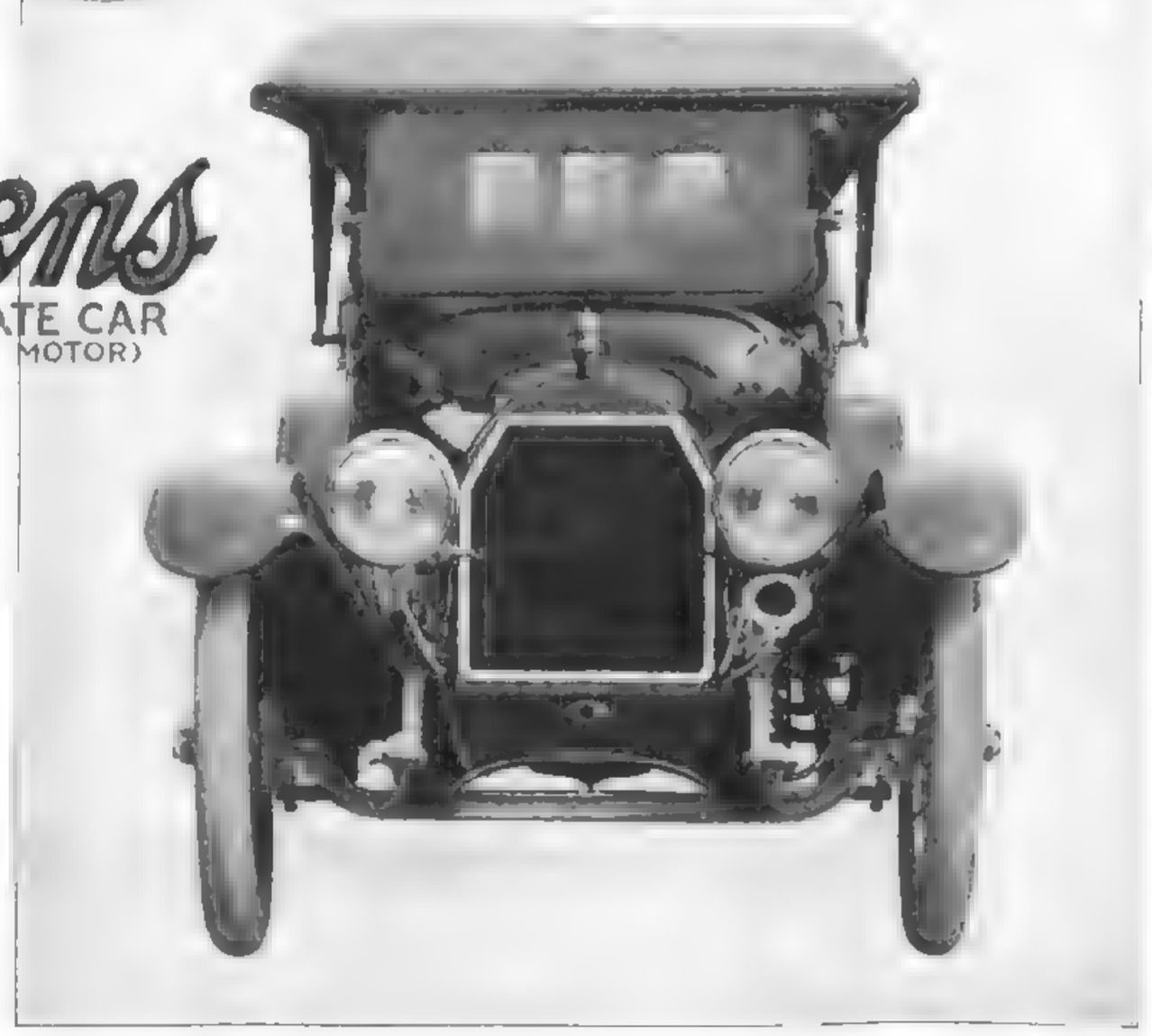
THE ULTIMATE CAR
(KNIGHT TYPE MOTOR)



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The Price is $1395

For the past six years our organization has been developing and improving the Silent Knight motor to meet Stearns standards. This, we believe, accounts for the prestige won by Stearns. It has taken Stearns experience, Stearns design and Stearns workmanship to apply the Knight principle so successfully.

For the Knight type of sliding sleeve is a principle. There are differences in Knight motored engines—just as there are differences in poppet valve motors. The Knight principle is only one feature of the famous Stearns motor—just as the motor is but part of the whole car. So the practicability of this principle depended on our application of it—just as each of Europe's foremost makers had to adapt it to meet different requirements.

Four-Year Certainty

The results obtained from the Knight motor made in our scientifically managed shops are not surpassed anywhere in the world. Only in a Stearns will you find the Stearns-built Knight type motor. So when you choose a Stearns you select a car that has already reached a standard that only years of study and labor can bring. The experience we have gained in all these years teaches us that our success with this type of motor depends largely on our specially trained workmen and our perfectly equipped plant.

It is logical, therefore, that the Stearns engineers should be the ones to produce a high-grade car embodying the Knight feature at a lowered price. All the initial costs of producing such a car have been paid. Our development stage is long past. All the refinements of production have now become standardized. So now the price can be reduced from $1750 to $1395, even with additional improvements.

Car Improved—Price Lowered

A few years ago only rich men could afford Knight motored cars. Now a better car—the last word in motor luxury—a car backed by years of practical demonstration—costs less than similarly well built cars without this feature.

To learn more about "The Ultimate Car" first write for the story of the Stearns. There is nothing so interesting in motor literature.

Then see the car at our local dealer's. Let him take you for such a ride as you never had before.

Write today for our book.

SPECIFICATIONS

MOTOR—4 cylinder—3¾ Bore—5⅝ stroke. 22½ rated h. p. We guarantee 40 Brake h. p. Cylinders cast en bloc. Force Feed lubrication to all bearings.

CLUTCH—Leather faced cone type so designed as to give easy starting.

TRANSMISSION—Selective type, three speeds forward and one reverse. A unit with engine.

DRIVE—Through propeller shaft and one universal joint to rear axle.

REAR AXLE—One piece of pressed steel with bevel gear housing mounted in center, making a very rigid construction.

FRONT AXLE—One piece forging, Stearns special design.

SPRINGS—Semi-elliptic front—Cantilever rear.

BRAKES—Foot brake contracting on propeller shaft. Emergency brake expanding in drums on rear wheels.

TIRES—34 x 4 all around.

WHEEL BASE—119 inches.

GASOLINE SUPPLY—Cowl tank—gravity feed.

EQUIPMENT—Westinghouse starting and lighting system with double bulbs, headlights and a number-carrying tail light, instrument board light and trouble-light attachment. Oil gauge, gasoline gauge, electrical horn, speedometer, windshield, one-man top, tire carrier, tool kit, and one extra rim.

THE F. B. STEARNS COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

SOMETHING NEW

(Continued from Page 21)

Occupied is the correct word, for at first sight this man seemed to fill the room. Never since almost forgotten days when he used to frequent circuses and side shows had Baxter seen a fellow human being so extraordinarily obese. He was a man about fifty years old, gray haired, of a mauve complexion, and his general appearance suggested joviality.

To Baxter's chagrin this person engaged him in conversation directly he took his seat at the table. There was only one table in the room, as is customary in English inns, and it had the disadvantage that it collected those seated at it into one party. It was impossible for Baxter to withdraw into himself and ignore this person's advances.

It is doubtful whether he could have done it, however, had they been separated by yards of floor, for the fat man was not only naturally talkative but, as appeared from his opening remarks, speech had been dammed up within him for some time by lack of a suitable victim.

"Morning!" he began. "Nice day. Good for the farmers. I'll move up to your end of the table if I may, sir. Waiter, bring my beef to this gentleman's end of the table."

He creaked into a chair and resumed:

"Infernally quiet place, this, sir. I haven't found a soul to speak to except deaf-and-dumb rustics since I arrived yesterday afternoon. Are you making a long stay here?"

"I live outside the town."

"I pity you. Wouldn't care to do it myself. Had to come here on business and shan't be sorry when it's finished. I give you my word I couldn't sleep a wink last night because of the quiet. I was just dropping off when a beast of a bird outside the window gave a chirrup, and it brought me up with a jerk as though somebody had fired a gun. There's a damned cat that mews somewhere near my room. I lie in bed waiting for the next mew, all worked up.

"Heaven save me from the country! It may be all right for you, if you've got a comfortable home and a pal or two to chat with after dinner; but you've no conception what it's like in this infernal town—I suppose it calls itself a town. A man told me there was a moving-picture place here, and I hurried off to it last night and found that it was the wrong day—open only Tuesdays and Fridays. What a hole! There's a church down the street. I'm told it's Norman or something. Anyway, it's old. I'm not much of a man for churches as a rule, but I went and took a look at it.

"Then somebody told me there was a fine view from the end of High Street; so I went and took a look at that. And now, so far as I can make out, I've done the sights and exhausted every possibility of entertainment the town has to provide—unless there's another church. I'm so reduced that I'll go and see the Methodist Chapel, if there is one."

Fresh air, want of sleep and the closeness of the dining room combined to make Baxter drowsy. He ate his lunch in a torpor, hardly replying to his companion's remarks, who, for his part, did not seem to wish for or to expect replies. It was enough for him to be talking.

"What do people do with themselves in a place like this? When they want amusement, I mean. I suppose it's different if you've been brought up to it. Like being born color-blind or something. You don't notice it. It's the visitor who suffers. They've no enterprise in this sort of place. There's a bit of land just outside here that would make a sweet steeplechase course; natural barriers; everything. It hasn't occurred to them to do anything with it. It makes you despair of your species—that sort of thing. Now if I ——"

Baxter dozed. With his fork still impaling a piece of cold beef he dropped into that half-awake, half-asleep state which is Nature's daytime substitute for the true slumber of the night. The fat man, either not noticing or not caring, talked on. His voice was a steady drone, lulling Baxter to rest.

Suddenly there was a break. Baxter sat up, blinking. He had a curious impression that his companion had said "Hello, Freddie!" and that the door had just opened and closed.

"Eh?" he said.

"Yes?" said the fat man.

"What did you say?"

"I was speaking of ——"

"I thought you said 'Hello Freddie!'"

His companion eyed him indulgently.

"I thought you were dropping off when I looked at you. You've been dreaming. What should I say 'Hello, Freddie!' for?"

The conundrum was unanswerable. Baxter did not attempt to answer it. But there remained at the back of his mind a quaint idea that he had caught sight, as he woke, of the Honorable Frederick Threepwood, his face warningly contorted, vanishing through the doorway. Yet what could the Honorable Freddie be doing at the Emsworth Arms?

A solution of the difficulty occurred to him: He had dreamed he had seen Freddie and that had suggested the words which, reason pointed out, his companion could hardly have spoken. Even if the Honorable Freddie should enter the room, this fat man, who was apparently a drummer of some kind, would certainly not know who he was, nor would he address him so familiarly.

Yes, that must be the explanation. After all, the quaintest things happen in dreams. Last night, when he had fallen asleep in his chair, he had dreamed that he was sitting in a glass case in the museum, making faces at Lord Emsworth, Mr. Peters, and Beach, the butler, who were trying to steal him, under the impression that he was a scarab of the reign of Cheops of the Fourth Dynasty—a thing he would never have done when awake. Yes; he must certainly have been dreaming.

In the bedroom into which he had dashed to hide himself, on discovering that the dining room was in possession of the Efficient Baxter, the Honorable Freddie sat on a rickety chair, scowling. He elaborated a favorite dictum of his:

"You can't take a step anywhere without stumbling over that damn feller, Baxter!"

He wondered whether Baxter had seen him. He wondered whether Baxter had recognized him. He wondered whether Baxter had heard R. Jones say "Hello, Freddie!"

He wondered, if such was the case, whether R. Jones' presence of mind and native resource had been equal to explaining away the remark.

VIII

"'PUT the butter or drippings in a kettle on the range, and when hot add the onions and fry them; add the veal and cook until brown. Add the water, cover closely, and cook very slowly until the meat is tender; then add the seasoning and place the potatoes on top of the meat. Cover and cook until the potatoes are tender, but not falling to pieces.'"

"Sure," said Mr. Peters—"not falling to pieces. That's right. Go on."

"'Then add the cream and cook five minutes longer,'" read Ashe.

"Is that all?"

"That's all of that one."

Mr. Peters settled himself more comfortably in bed.

"Read me the piece where it tells about curried lobster."

Ashe cleared his throat.

"'Curried Lobster,'" he read. "'Materials: Two two-pound lobsters, two teaspoonfuls lemon juice, half teaspoonful curry powder, two tablespoonfuls butter, one tablespoonful flour, one cupful scalded milk, one cupful cracker crumbs, half teaspoonful salt, quarter teaspoonful pepper.'"

"Go on."

"'Way of Preparing: Cream the butter and flour, and add the scalded milk; then add the lemon juice, curry powder, salt and pepper. Remove the lobster meat from the shells and cut into half-inch cubes.'"

"Half-inch cubes," sighed Mr. Peters wistfully. "Yes?"

"'Add the latter to the sauce.'"

"You didn't say anything about the latter. Oh, I see; it means the half-inch cubes. Yes?"

"'Refill the lobster shells, cover with buttered crumbs, and bake until the crumbs are brown. This will serve six persons.'"

"And make them feel an hour afterward as though they had swallowed a live wildcat," said Mr. Peters ruefully.

"Not necessarily," said Ashe. "I could eat two portions of that at this very minute and go off to bed and sleep like a little child."

.22 Cal.
REPEATING RIFLE

AMERICAN boys are the best sportsmen of their years in the world. They have inherited the great American Sporting Traditions, and all their fathers' respect for a fine gun.

Whatever other make of rifle circumstances may force on him, the American boy looks forward to the day when he can get his own *Remington-UMC*.

For all-around use the Remington-UMC .22 Caliber Repeaters are the most popular rifles today.

Slide-Action Repeater—Hammerless, fitted with the famous Remington-UMC Solid Breech. Handling fifteen .22 Short, twelve .22 Long or eleven .22 Long Rifle Cartridges.

Autoloading Rifle—16 shots, magazine in stock, hammerless, handling Remington .22 Autoloading Cartridges. The shell fired, ejected and loaded by the pressure of the trigger.

Talk to the Remington-UMC Dealer in your community. He has these celebrated rifles. You can tell the right dealer by the Red Ball Mark of Remington-UMC on his store—*the Sign of Sportsmen's Headquarters in every town*.

He sells the Remington-UMC Ammunition you ought to have, too. Go to him.

Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.
Woolworth Building (233 Broadway) New York

He Was a Grocery Clerk at $50 a Month

Then he bought a farm, started an orchard, and last year sold $3515 worth of products.

His story has the inspiration of success. In this week's issue of

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Five cents the copy *$1.00 the year*

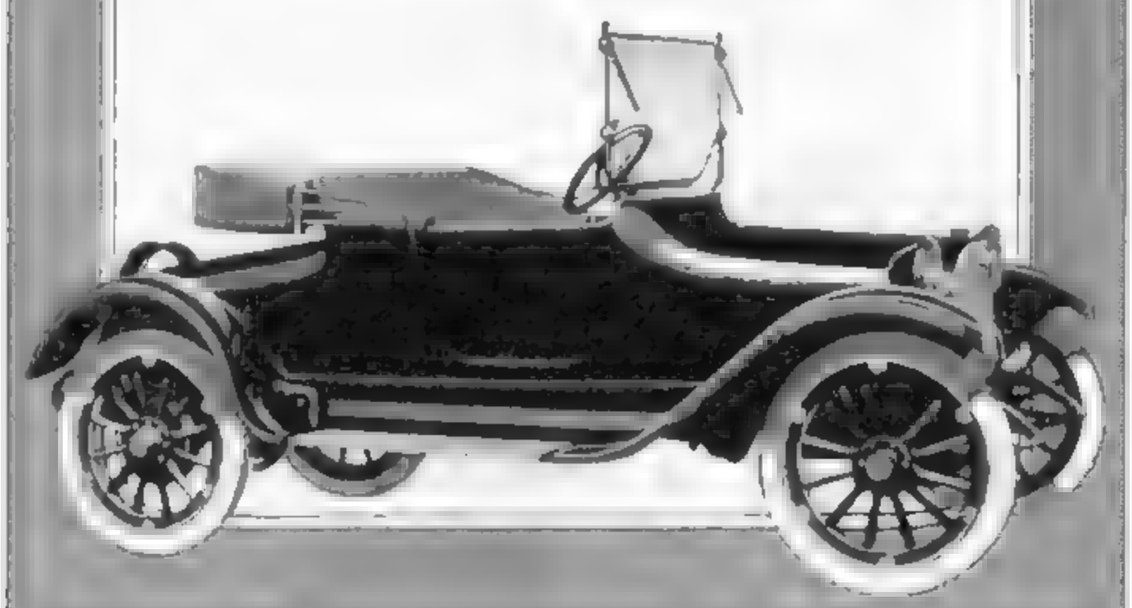
DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CAR

A speed of thirty miles is attained so quickly and so quietly that you are apt to think, until you look at the speedometer, that you have not passed the twenty-mile mark.

It is this characteristic in the car, more than any other perhaps, which has created the widest comment. But the opposite quality—the ability to creep along on high behind a slow moving wagon—awakens almost equal enthusiasm.

The wheelbase is 110 inches
The price of the roadster or touring car complete is $785
(f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



MR. ARTHUR L. ATWOOD
of Massachusetts

is the man who started to buy a talking machine, and ended by paying off the mortgage. If your salary is not big enough for the needs of yourself or your family, you can increase it by from $5.00 to $10.00 a week, by securing appointment as our local, spare-time representative.

When I Married

I borrowed money to build a home of my own. My salary was just about big enough to pay the interest on the mortgage, and to leave enough over for bare living expenses. My wife wanted a phonograph. I wanted to give one to her, but the money wasn't there.

To provide the extra money, I made application for appointment as the local subscription representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. My profits from an hour's work each evening paid for the talking machine so quickly that I decided to pay off the mortgage in the same way.

Today my home is almost free from debt.

Agency Division, Box 970
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Mr. Peters raised himself on his elbow and stared at him. They were in the millionaire's bedroom, the time being one in the morning, and Mr. Peters had expressed a wish that Ashe should read him to sleep. He had voted against Ashe's novel and produced from the recesses of his suitcase a much-thumbed cookbook. He explained that since his digestive misfortunes had come on him he had derived a certain solace from its perusal.

It may be that to some men "a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things"; but Mr. Peters had not found that to be the case. In his hour of affliction it soothed him to read of Hungarian goulash and escaloped brains, and to remember that he, too, the nut-and-grass eater of to-day, had at one time been no stranger to them.

The passage of the days, which had so sapped the stamina of the Efficient Baxter, had had the opposite effect on Mr. Peters. His was one of those natures that cannot deal in half measures. Whatever he did, he did with the same driving energy. After the first passionate burst of resistance he had settled down into a model pupil in Ashe's one-man school of physical culture. It had been the same, now that he came to look back on it, at the out-of-doors cure back home.

Now that he remembered, he had come away from that place in the hills hoping, indeed, never to see it again, but undeniably a different man physically. It was not the habit of the athlete in charge to let his patients loaf; but Mr. Peters, after the initial plunge, had needed no driving. He had worked hard at his cure then, because it was the job in hand. He worked hard now, under Ashe's guidance, because, once he had begun, the thing interested and gripped him.

Ashe, who had expected continued reluctance, had been astonished and delighted at the way in which the millionaire had behaved. Nature had really intended Ashe for a trainer; he identified himself so thoroughly with his man and rejoiced at the least signs of improvement.

In Mr. Peters' case there had been distinct improvement already. Miracles do not happen nowadays, and it was too much to expect one who had maltreated his body so consistently for so many years to become whole in a day; but to an optimist like Ashe signs were not wanting that in due season Mr. Peters would rise on stepping-stones of his dead self to higher things, and though never soaring into the class that devours lobster à la Newburg and smiles after it, might yet prove himself a devil of a fellow among the mutton chops.

"You're a wonder!" said Mr. Peters. "You're fresh, and you have no respect for your elders and betters; but you deliver the goods. That's the point. Why, I'm beginning to feel great! Say, do you know I felt a new muscle in the small of my back this morning? They are coming out on me like a rash."

"That's the Petersen Exercises. They develop the whole body."

"Well, you're a pretty good advertisement for them if they need one. What were you before you came to me—a prize fighter?"

"That's the question everybody I have met since I arrived here has asked me. I believe it made the butler think I was some sort of crook when I wasn't able to answer it. Before coming to you I used to write stories—detective stories."

"What you ought to be doing is running a place over here in England like that out-of-doors cure at home. But you will be able to write one more story out of this business here, if you want to. When are you going to have another try for my scarab?"

"To-night."

"To-night? How about Baxter?"

"I shall have to risk Baxter," Ashe answered calmly.

Mr. Peters hesitated. He had fallen out of the habit of being magnanimous during the past few years, for dyspepsia brooks no divided allegiance and magnanimity has to take a back seat when dyspepsia has its grip on a man.

"See here," he said awkwardly; "I've been thinking it over lately—and what's the use? It's a queer thing; and if anybody had told me a week ago that I should be saying it I wouldn't have believed him; but I am beginning to like you. I don't want to get you into trouble. Let the old scarab go. What's a scarab anyway? Forget about it and stick on here and look after me. If it's the five thousand that's worrying you, forget that too. I'll give it to you as your fee."

Ashe was astounded. That it could really be his peppery employer who spoke was almost unbelievable. Ashe's was a friendly nature, and he could never be long associated with anyone without trying to establish pleasant relations; but he had resigned himself in the present case to a prospect of perpetual warfare.

He was touched; and if he had ever contemplated abandoning his venture this, he felt, would have spurred him on to see it through. This sudden revelation of the human in Mr. Peters was like a trumpet call.

"I wouldn't think of it," he said. "It's great of you to suggest such a thing; but I know just how you feel about the scarab, and I'm going to get it for you if I have to wring Baxter's neck. Probably Baxter will have given up waiting as a bad job by now if he has been watching all this while. We've given him ten nights to cool off. I expect he is in bed, dreaming pleasant dreams. It's nearly two o'clock. I'll wait another ten minutes and then go down." He picked up the cookbook. "Lie back and make yourself comfortable, and I'll read you to sleep first."

"You're a good boy," said Mr. Peters drowsily.

"Are you ready? 'Pork Tenderloin Larded. Half pound fat pork ——'" A faint smile curved Mr. Peters' lips. His eyes were closed and he breathed softly. Ashe went on in a low voice: "'—— four large pork tenderloins, one cupful cracker crumbs, one cupful boiling water, two tablespoonfuls butter, one teaspoonful salt, half teaspoonful pepper, one teaspoonful poultry seasoning.'"

A little sigh of contentment came from the bed.

"'Way of Preparing: Wipe the tenderloins with a damp cloth. With a sharp knife make a deep pocket lengthwise in each tenderloin. Cut your pork into long thin strips and, with a needle, lard each tenderloin. Melt the butter in the water, add the seasoning and the cracker crumbs, combining all thoroughly. Now fill each pocket in the tenderloin with this stuffing. Place the tenderloins ——'"

A snore sounded from the pillows, punctuating the recital like a mark of exclamation. Ashe laid down the book and peered into the darkness beyond the rays of the bed lamp. His employer slept.

Ashe switched off the light and crept to the door. Out in the passage he stopped a moment and listened. All was still. He stole downstairs.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Seeker

"I, TOO, was born in Arcady";
I, Yet all your wise men's wit
Can never lead me back, and I—
Try as I do, and try and try—
Must work and wait and live and die
Remembering and regretting it!

I see your whole world sick to be
One moment like my Arcady—
My native, lost, loved Arcady—
In these last days of Time;
And, oh, before your dull sun drops
Behind your prisoning mountaintops,
I want to shout:
"Come out! Come out!
One step beyond those peaks will be
The flowered fields of Arcady;
Take heart, be brave and climb!

"Just there, across the eternal snows,
Eternal summer buds and blows;
Could we a little farther see,
Could we but hear—and oh, we can!—
There are the nymphs upon the lea;
There—hark!—there sound the Pipes of Pan!
One brief ascent, and even we,
The slaves of Time,
Shall hear and see,
Be glad and free—
Oh, climb!" . . .

And then—and then I know in vain
I plead with you, since even I
Can nevermore return again—
Must work and wait and live and die
An exile out of Arcady,
With nothing left but memory
Beneath your peaks of snow:
"I, too, was born in Arcady"—
But that was long ago.

Reginald Wright Kauffman.

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

I couldn't sell these 141 car builders if I didn't put quality above price

If your lights go out and your engine stalls at 10 P. M. on a country road seven miles from help, it's no consolation to you to know that somebody saved a few cents on the cost of a rubber jar down in your battery box.

That's why the 141 thoughtful car builders listed in this advertisement agree that I'm right in running my factory by your standards—not by price considerations.

Battery quality goes deeper than paint and a name-plate. It's hidden away in things you don't see, but which mean all the difference between satisfaction and constant trouble with your starting, lighting and ignition system—a difference not to be measured in money.

You have a right to know the vital elements in a storage battery that mean more months of good service, and less chance of going back to the crank.

One hundred and forty-one car builders hold my organization responsible for the satisfaction of 700,000 car owners.

We propose to take these owners behind the scenes and show them just what has to be done back in the factory to maintain *their* standards out on the road.

It costs us more to build battery boxes of oak so hard that it dulls any but the keenest tools; but Willard boxes don't gap open at sides or bottom, breaking jars, spilling acid and injuring the plates that store the energy.

It costs us more to fasten the corners with a hard maple dowel and secure the bottom firmly with screws that are coated with lead to make them proof against corrosion.

It is a temptation to a thoughtless manufacturer to save a little by buying rubber jars with structural weaknesses, or whose tensile strength is below par.

But Willard jars are tested for a tensile strength of 3,600 lbs. and subjected to an electric current of 24,000 volts that will drive its inch spark through tiny defects that no acid test can find.

These are only a few details of good battery building. And the maker who neglects any of these apparently little things, will probably cheapen the most vital thing of all—the quality of the plates that store the energy.

It would be easy to put a battery on a car and say, "Now the owner has it, it's up to him to look after it." But 141 thoughtful car builders agree with me that the car owner's satisfaction must be lasting. So in addition to building good service into the battery we have established over four hundred service stations to help Willard owners get good battery service as long as the car is in use.

These are some of the things that the name Willard stands for. Others will be described in subsequent advertisements.

There are ways you can find out some of these things for yourself. For instance, cut the handles of your battery with your knife. In a Willard battery you'll find that there is pure chemical lead under the paint. Cut deep into the lead and you'll find copper, and under the copper, steel. All this protection is necessary to make the handle acid-proof. Even in a handle we take pains to put real quality under the paint.

Write me and I'll tell you in plain English what the big, vital things are in battery quality—and how to be sure you're getting them by testing a few of them for yourself.

T. A. Willard

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

The builders of these cars put quality before cost. Most of them have used Willard Batteries ever since the beginning of Electric Starting and Lighting.

Abbott-Detroit
Allen
Alter
American La France
American
Ames
Apperson
Armleder
Atlas-Knight
Atterbury
Auburn
Austin
Avery

Bell
Berg
Blumberg
Briggs-Detroiter
Briscoe
Brockville-Atlas
Brockway

Chalmers
Chandler
Chevrolet, Baby Grand
Cozy Flyer
Colby
Coleman
Commerce
Consolidated
Continental
Corbitt
Crane
Crawford
Crescent
Crow
Cunningham

Davis
Denby
DeDion-Bouton
Detroiter
Dile
Dodge Brothers Motor Car
Dorris

Empire
Enger

Federal
Firestone, 1914
Franklin

Gramm
Gramm-Bernstein
Great Eagle
Great Western
Glide

Halladay
Hanger
Harwood-Barley
Haynes
Herff-Brooks
Howard
Hupmobile

Imperial
Indiana
International
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Jackson
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Jones

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Locomobile
Lozier
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Marmon
Martin
Mason
Meteor
Metz
Mitchell
Moline
Monarch
Monitor "4-30"
Monroe
Moon
Moyer

National

Oakland
Overland
Owen Magnetic

Packard
Pathfinder
Paige
Peerless
Pilgrim
Pilot
Pope-Hartford
Pratt
Premier

Regal
Renault
Reo
Richmond
Rowe
Russell

Saxon
Sayers-Scoville
Scripps-Booth
Seagrave
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Simplex
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Stegeman
Sternberg
Studebaker
Stutz

Thomas
Touraine
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Velie

Westcott
Wichita
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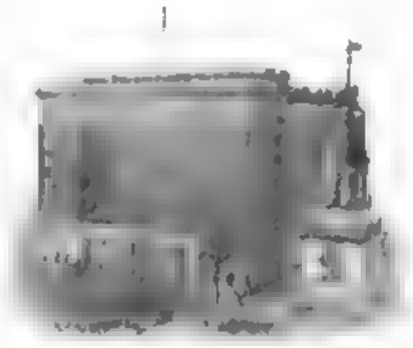
Zimmerman

These cars represent 85% of the makes equipped with electric starting and lighting.



The Curtis Publishing Company will pay very liberally for the spare time of

Bank Clerks
Accountants
Cashiers
Salesmen
Collectors
Insurance Men

and others, whose regular positions give them personal standing and wide acquaintance.

We have found that men of this type can add from $5.00 to $10.00 a week to their incomes, by devoting an hour in the evenings to taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

Men of this caliber are known and trusted. The Curtis periodicals need no introduction. The combination seldom fails to produce results.

Application for appointment to a position as a spare-time Curtis representative on a salary and commission basis may be made by the use of the following coupon:

Agency Division, Box 969

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Philadelphia

Name _____

Permanent
Home Address _____

City _____ State _____

Present Position _____

MINNIE GOOD OF MANHEIM

(Continued from Page 17)

was long since eaten. Mart had been on his round to the stables and the house was being locked for the night. At nine last night she had been sound asleep. But tonight here was dinner only just arriving. A tray was brought in and set before her. On it were a dish containing clear amber liquid—soup from its odor though its depths were innocent of any succulence—Minnie loved her soup thick; a silver plate with a piece of apparently raw meat upon it—blood still oozing from its sides; a dish of funny, pale lettuce leaves and another of queer greenish dressing, a plate of ice cream and fruit mingled, two hard little brown rolls served without a vestige of butter, and last a tiny cup of coal-black coffee with no trace of cream in sight.

It seemed incredible. She visualized for a moment the home supper—what Mart had eaten that very evening: Corn on the ear golden and tender heaped with fresh homemade butter, thin crisp fried ham, fried new potatoes, fried tomatoes, fried doughnuts, coleslaw, apple sauce, cucumbers, homemade bread, three kinds of jelly, two kinds of cake, three kinds of pie and great cups of mingled milk and coffee . . . A tear rolled down Minnie's cheek. She nibbled at one of the rolls and ate a little of the ice cream. After a little Honorine got Minnie's weary body into bed—at least the bed was soft. She fell into dreamless slumber.

At half past four, her usual hour, Minnie awoke. She listened for a moment for that faint cheeping of morning birds, but did not hear them, nor the drowsy stirring cry of little Crist. Then she realized her strange adventure, heard in the street the faint, far-off clatter of a milk cart. The house was deathly still about her. She got up and listened at each door of the room but heard no sound. She realized then what she had already heard—that city folks slept very late, that this was dark o' night to them.

She would have dressed, but she could not find her clothing. So she sat disconsolately on the edge of the bed to wait. She kept thinking of little Crist and how he would miss her that morning, of the waking kisses he gave her. Her heart grew very heavy. After a while she lay back on her pillow again and presently she slept.

The sun was streaming in hotly when she awoke again. Life stirred about her and people had entered her room—Madame Heinemann and Honorine. A sound of running water came from the bathroom again. Minnie saw in agony that the dresser clock registered ten. Madame approached her bed, dressed in a wrapper of gay yellow silk. Ten o'clock seemed only a normal hour to her. Breakfast would be there in a minute, she said. There would be just time for Minnie's bath—Honorine would help her quickly. Minnie stared helplessly. Were they crazy? Did they expect she would bathe again when she had, so to speak, only just come from her bath? But this seemed to be their state of mind, and when Honorine approached, offering a pair of slippers, and made as though to uncover her feet, Minnie sprang like a hunted thing from her bed. She felt more courageous this morning.

"I guess I can take my own bass once," she said, and retreated to the bathroom alone. It seemed silly to do over those luxurious ablutions, but Minnie hastily performed them. The breakfast tray had arrived when she got back. She could only stare in dismay. On it stood a grapefruit—something Minnie had never tasted—two small pieces of thin, butterless toast and a pot of breakfast tea; no fried potatoes, no hot cakes, no pie. She was hungry this morning and could have wept. Madame was inclined to be chatty. She complimented Minnie on her rosy cheeks, on her fine teeth and beautiful hair. It appeared that Minnie had unusual points. But the figure—*Gott*, there was much to do! Calisthenics, dancing, fencing—the last especially—and oh, the diet! No fats, no sweets! For breakfast the dry toast, the citrus fruit; for lunch the Vichy and toast; for dinner the clear soup, a little meat—very little—the green vegetable, the salad without oil, the black coffee. Positively no candies, absolutely no pastry, no starches. Minnie listened uncomprehending.

Presently Madame left her and went to her piano. She sent forth on the air rare birdlike trills and melodious cadenzas, supple scales and shakes. It was colorature music the world would have paid to hear. Minnie listened, gratis, with a weighted heart. It was Madame's wish that she walk for a while in the morning air in the little park at the corner. At twelve promptly she must be back. Minnie went forth with a queer, light-headed sensation at her idleness and unrealness. She dallied in the corner park a little, but presently crossed to a row of little shops in a side street.

One, its window much trimmed with white lettering, attracted her. A man in a white cap and apron was moving busily behind it, and she stopped to watch. On both sides of him rose gay stacks of rosy fruit and fancy pastry. Between these the man arranged on a gray slab little dabs of batter that were transformed under Minnie's eyes into the first intelligible thing she saw—griddle cakes, round and smoking, edged with golden lace. She gasped a little, then she saw a printed sign:

Hot Cakes and Country Sausage . . . . 15 cents
Fresh Apple Pie . . . . . 5 cents

She did not read farther. The brown wallet lay in her bosom salvaged carefully, furtively, through all Honorine's ministrations. She touched it as one does a precious talisman and started heedlessly for the door. . . . When she emerged the inner man, ravening these hours, was appeased to utmost satiety. The price seemed high, but Minnie was content. In a near-by shop she saw postcards and bought one for Mart. Pen and ink stood close at hand.

"Dear Mart," she wrote, "Well I am in Philadelfia. Minnie."

She mailed it, quite forgetting to stamp it and left the shop feeling immeasurably lightened of her burdens. Twelve o'clock had long sounded when she left the elevator and hurried to Madame's suite. She was afraid of the prima donna, afraid of her displeasure and its penalties. Sounds came through the door which made her heart sink a little—sharp cries, a scuffling—presumably Madame was angered. She knocked, then, as no one answered, opened the door timidly. She almost fainted at what she saw.

Dressed seemingly in a baseball catcher's costume, Madame Heinemann stood facing a small muscular-looking man in shirt-sleeves. They appeared to be violently fighting, using long, slender, skewerlike weapons. Even as Minnie stood transfixed Madame uttered a harsh cry, leaped like a lioness at the man, whirled the weapon out of his hand.

"*Touché!*" she screamed. She saw Minnie then and lowered her foil. "You are late," she said; "you should have had beginner's fencing this morning. There is not time now."

The little man had gathered up both foils and backed away.

Madame stood watching, shamelessly unmindful of her legs.

"Thursday at the same time," she said.

Minnie stood against the wall, stricken with horror and shame for Madame.

After luncheon she had her voice tested by some of Madame's friends. Madame, like a second Svengali, hovering close, peering into her mouth, encouraging her to produce her rich deep tones, her high mezzo register.

"Fa—so—la," sang Minnie again, rippling up and down. They put her through all the paces, fragments from this or that aria—which Minnie parroted perfectly—snatches from Massenet, Puccini, a rich, ordinarily indigestible vocal repast which seemed to faze Minnie not at all. They fed her Wagner, transformed her into an unwitting Valkyrie, gave her Brünnhilde. . . . "Ho—yo—to—ho!" she caroled again.

It was frankly her great hour. Madame wept with candid pleasure, and one hairy little man seized Minnie's hand and kissed it ardently, to Minnie's stupefaction. There seemed to be no doubt as to "Heinemann's find."

After this came rush calls to modiste and milliner, where Minnie was manipulated like putty, to the *corsetière*, where Minnie was carefully pulled and fitted. A ride in the park finished, and they came back finally to the Barmecide repast which must serve Minnie as dinner.

She entered her room wearily—then stopped. The bathroom door stood open; Honorine was moving about within. There was the sound of running water!

Minnie would have turned and fled, but she was too late. An even wilder horror lay in wait when this last superfluous purifying was done. For when Honorine had finished with her, a loose sliplike garment was put upon her and she found herself thrust down upon a flat couch. There entered then a large and brawny Swedish woman who, though Minnie had never before beheld her, much less offended her—fell upon her forthwith and beat her with both hands. Like unto the man going down to Jericho who was fallen upon by thieves was Minnie beaten. . . . She could only sob, and think of little Crist and realize how utterly wretched she was.

Twice, thrice sped the days thus and Minnie still lived—though marveling that she should. Her hunger for her baby and her bodily hunger grew. The first showed no appeasement, for there would be no letter from home until Sunday—still two days off. The latter she pacified as best she could by patronage of the white-lettered shop in the side street. Now, on Friday morning she got up, feeling at the end of her endurance. She was on the verge of having "nerves," which was so unwonted a state as to baffle and frighten her still more. When her free hour came she had neither energy nor appetite to make a foraging expedition. Instead she went no farther than the hotel corridor, a scene that had diverted her at first but which made no impression now.

As she crossed to a secluded easy-chair—quite unaware of the trail of comment she awakened as Heinemann's protégée—she realized that a woman was moving directly toward her, pointed indeed in a straight line as though to intercept her. A tall, full-figured blond woman she was, her hair fashionably waved and coiled high, a modish gown of dull blue silk upon her, its decidedly low-cut throat filled with petal-like frills of thin white stuff. She walked tilted slightly forward like all these well-groomed, well-strapped women, and the light shone on the toes of her coquettish bronze shoes. . . . Minnie was a full minute realizing. She was approaching a long mirror. The woman was herself! In that instant Minnie's reason trembled.

She had passed beyond her own ken. She did not know herself! And if she did not know herself, then Mart and Crist —— She wanted to sob wildly, noisily. Changed—changed beyond recognition! She sank on a near-by divan, heedless of persons near her. A man and a woman were sitting close at hand. After a moment she caught a few words of their conversation.

"Well, if we take the Pittsburgh express we'll get to Lancaster before four. It will pull out at 2:10."

The ice that had formed at Minnie's heart broke as at a spring freshet. A weight still lay there, but it was the weight of the faithful wallet. Lancaster was only eight miles from home. . . . Minnie crossed the corridor again lightly, vigorously. Swiftly she left the elevator and went to her room. She looked about carefully. She was quite alone. She had located her own clothing some time earlier. She reached up and tore with vandal hands at the careful masses of her hair.

Lizzie Echternag had poured out Martin Good's third cup of coffee when a sound at the door made the little group at the supper table turn. They cried out in concert at the sight of the pale, dusty, perspiring figure they saw.

"Minnie Good, well I never!" cried Lizzie. "*Ei du* goodness!" And Mart could not find speech at all. But the little Crist used his opportunity. He ran gurgling to the door. Minnie caught him up to her savagely, silent for a moment, then she burst into wild, noisy crying.

"I chust couldn't! I chust couldn't! I came away my ownself. A body can't leave her baby—it ain't in the Gospel that she shall, and I had not enough to eat—and such a dummness all the time. Nussing but hollering and washing yourself all the time—she is crazy, I believe. Pants she wears, and pokes wis' a spear at a man still —— And such food. A body couldn't call it food. I don't go back. I don't care." Recklessly Minnie wept, rocking her baby in her arms, telling her woe.

Mart came to her deliberately, but his face was pale, deeply moved. He put his hand on her shoulder.

"You shouldn't 'a' went," he said gravely; "it come ower me afterward it was all too dumm. But that little woman deihenkered so—it's my belief she is a kind of witch—but for all that you had right to come home and if anybody comes after you I settle wis them. If you hadn't of come, me and Crist would 'a' come Sundays once for you anyhow."

She looked at him incredulous, joyous.

"Would you, Mart? And me losing so much money?"

"I got all the money we need, I guess. For that you didn't get married."

Lizzie the neighbor and Lena the maid were busy setting the table. They met Minnie's tale of hardship with cries of wonder, sharp exclamations of pity.

"*Oi, noch e' mal*, it wonders me you didn't die right away quick—going wisout food like that. A body has got to eat still. Run, Lena, fetch those other cakes! Well, corn we got, and new sausage and sweet potadus and cabbitch and Mart bought a bick watermelon—you set right up once and eat yourself done."

Minnie needed no bidding. She kept little Crist snuggled close against her while she ate, and presently an exquisite content stole upon her.

Later she stood, her baby still in her arms, looking out over the garden across the green, quiet fields. Home again! Back in the spot she loved, the familiar contours of the barn and outbuildings before her, pigeons wheeling slowly under the big maples, the fowls clucking amiably as they tripped up to their roosting spot. Against the early evening glow she saw Mart's dear, familiar form moving about his simple daily tasks, and Minnie's heart swelled. This was the life she understood and loved. Had she been articulate she would have said that there was no choice between a career and domesticity for such as she—that her life here was her *métier*. But Minnie could not have uttered any of this. Dumbly she realized it, standing with her cheek against her baby's, but she found no words. She could only feel, but suddenly that feeling found expression. She filled her lungs deeply and burst into a cry. She gave it with full voice—a cry of absolute happiness mingled with joyous scorn.

"Ho—yo—to—ho!" caroled Minnie Good.

YOUR PORTER

(Continued from Page 15)

hardly to be classed as a philanthropy. It is a large organization; and it generally is what it chooses to consider itself. Sometimes it avers that it is a transportation company, at other times it prefers to regard itself as a hotel organization; but at all times it is a business proposition. It is not in business for its health. Its dividend record is proof of that. All of which is a preface to the statement that the Pullman Company, like any other large user of labor, regulates its wage scale by supply and demand. If it can find enough of the colored brethren competent and willing and anxious to man its cars at twenty-seven dollars and a half a month—with the fair gamble of two or three or four times that amount to come in the form of tips—it is hardly apt to pay more.

No wonder, then, the tip forms the nub of the situation. To-day all America tips. You tip the chauffeur in the taxi, the redcap in the station, the barber, the bootblack, the manicure, the boy or girl who holds your coat for you in the barber's shop or hotel. In the modern hotel tipping becomes a vast and complex thing—waiters, doormen, hat boys, chambermaids, bell boys, porters—the list seems almost unending.

The system may be abominable, but it has certainly fastened itself on us—sternly and securely. And it may be said for the Pullman car that there, at least, the tip comes to a single servitor—the black autocrat who smiles genially no matter how suspiciously he may, at heart, view the quarter you have placed within his palm.

A quarter seems to be the standard Pullman tip—for one person, each night he may be on the car. Some men give more; some men—alas for poor George!—less. A quarter is not only average but fairly standard. It is given a certain official status by the auditing officers of many large railroads and industrial corporations, who recognize it as a chargeable item in the expense accounts of their men on the road.

A man with a fat run—lower berths all occupied, with at least a smattering of riders in the uppers, night after night—ought to be able easily to put aside a hundred and fifty dollars a month as his income from this item. There are hundreds of porters who are doing this very thing; and there are at least dozens of porters who own real estate, automobiles, and other such material evidences of prosperity.

A tip is not necessarily a humiliation, either to the giver or to the taker. On the contrary, it is a token of meritorious service. And the smart porter is going to take good care that he gives such service. But how about the porter who is not so smart—the man who has the lean run? As every butcher and every transportation man knows, there is lean with the fat. And it does the lean man little good to know that his fat brother is preparing to buy a second-hand automobile. On the contrary, it creates an anarchist—or at least a socialist—down under that black skin.

Here is Lemuel—cursed with a lean run and yet trying to maintain at least an appearance of geniality. Lemuel runs on a "differential" between New York, Chicago and St. Louis. Every passenger-traffic man knows that most of the differentials—as the roads that take longer hours, and so are permitted to charge a slightly lower through fare between those cities, are called—have had a hard time of it in recent years. It is the excess-fare trains, the highest-priced carriers—which charge you a premium of a dollar for every hour they save in placing you in the terminal—that are the crowded trains. And the differentials have had increasing difficulty getting through passengers.

It seems that in this day and land a man who goes from New York to Chicago or St. Louis is generally so well paid as to make it worth dollars to him to save hours in the journey. It is modern efficiency showing itself in railroad-passenger travel. But the differentials, having local territory to serve, as well as on account of some other reasons, must maintain a sleeping-car service—even at a loss. There is little or no loss to the Pullman Company—you may be sure of that! The railroad pays it a mileage fee for hauling a half or three-quarter empty car over its own line—in addition to permitting the Pullman system to take all the revenue from the car; but Lemuel sees his end of the business as a dead loss.

He leaves New York at two-thirty o'clock on Monday afternoon, having reported at his car nearly three hours before so as to make sure that it is properly stocked and cleaned for its long trip. He is due at St. Louis at ten-fifteen on Tuesday evening—though it will be nearly two hours later before he has checked the contents of the car and slipped off to the bunking quarters maintained there by his company.

On Wednesday evening at seven o'clock he starts east and is due in New York about dawn on Friday morning. He cleans up his car and himself, and gets to his little home on the West Side of Manhattan Island sometime before noon; but by noon on Saturday he must be back at his car, making sure that it is fit and ready by two-thirty o'clock—the moment the conductor's arm falls—and they are headed west again.

This time the destination is Chicago, which is not reached until about six o'clock Sunday night. He bunks that night in the Windy City and then spends thirty-two hours going back again to New York. He sees his home one more night; then he is off to St. Louis again—started on a fresh round of his eternal schedule.

Talk of tips to Lemuel! His face lengthens. You may not believe it, white man, but Lemuel made fifty-three cents in tips on the last trip from New York to Chicago. You can understand the man who gave him the Columbian antique; but Lemuel believes there can be no future too warm for that skinny man who gave him the three pennies! He thinks the gentleman might at least have come across with a Subway ticket. It is all legal tender to him.

All that saves this porter's bacon is the fact that he is in charge of the car—for some three hundred miles of its eastbound run he is acting as sleeping-car conductor, for which consolidated job he draws down a proportionate share of forty-two dollars a month. This is a small sop, however, to Lemuel. He turns and tells you how, on

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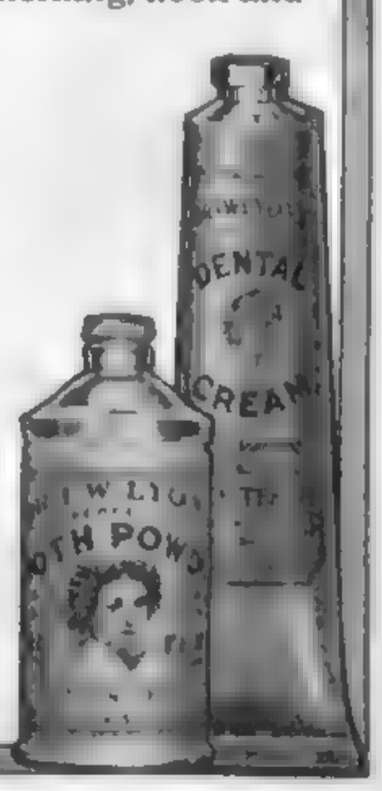

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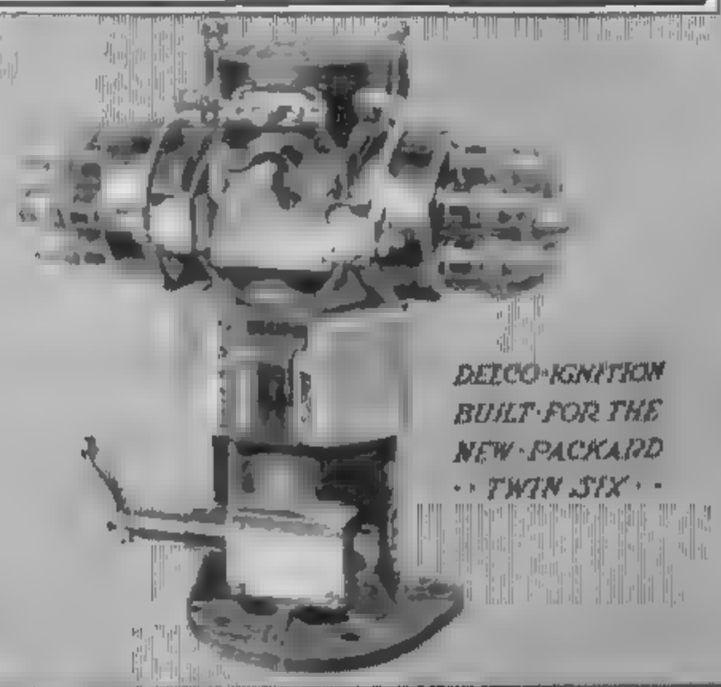

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the last trip, he came all the way from St. Louis to New York—two nights on the road—without ever a "make-down," as he calls preparing a berth. No wonder then that he has difficulty in making fifty dollars a month, with his miserable tips on the lean run.

Nor is that all. Though Lemuel is permitted three hours' sleep—on the bunk in the washroom on the long runs—from midnight to three o'clock in the morning, there may come other times when his head begins to nod. And those are sure to be the times when some lynx-eyed inspector comes slipping aboard. Biff! Bang! Pullman discipline is strict. Something has happened to Lemuel's pay envelope, and his coffee-colored wife in West Twenty-ninth Street will not be able to get those gray spats until they are clean gone out of style.

What can be done for Lemuel? He must bide his time and constantly make himself a better servant—a better porter, if you please. It will not go unnoticed. The Pullman system has a method for noticing those very things—inconsequential in themselves but all going to raise the standard of its service.

Then some fine day something will happen. A big sleeping-car autocrat, in the smugness and false security of a fat run, is going to err. He is going to step on the feet of some important citizen—perhaps a railroad director—and the important citizen is going to make a fuss. After which Lemuel, hard-schooled in adversity, in faithfulness and in courtesy, will be asked in the passing of a night to change places with the old autocrat.

And the old autocrat, riding in the poverty of a lean run, will have plenty of opportunity to count the telegraph poles and reflect on the mutability of men and things. The Pullman Company denies that this is part of its system; but it does happen—time and time and time again.

George, or Lemuel, or Alexander—whatever the name may be—has no easy job. If you do not believe that, go upstairs some hot summer night to the rear bedroom—that little room under the blazing tin roof which you reserve for your relatives—and make up the bed fifteen or twenty times, carefully unmaking it between times and placing the clothes away in a regular position. Let your family nag at you and criticize you during each moment of the job—while somebody plays an obbligato on the electric bell and places shoes and leather grips underneath your feet. Imagine the house is bumping and rocking—and keep a smiling face and a courteous tongue throughout all of it!

Porters' Tips Not Easy Money

Or do this on a bitter night in midwinter; and between every two or three makings of the bed in the overheated room slip out of a linen coat and into a fairly thin serge one and go and stand outside the door from three to ten minutes in the snow and cold. In some ways this is one of the hardest parts of George's job. Racially the negro is peculiarly sensitive to pneumonia and other pulmonary diseases; yet the rules of a porter's job require that at stopping stations he must be outside of the car—no matter what the hour or condition of the climate—smiling and ready to say:

"What space you got, guv'nor?"

However, the porter's job, like nearly every other job, has its glories as well as its hardships—triumphs that can be told and retold for many a day to fascinated colored audiences; because there are special trains—filled with pursy and prosperous bankers from Hartford and Rochester and Terre Haute—making the trip from coast to coast and back again, and never forgetting the porter at the last hour of the last day.

There are many men in the Pullman service like Roger Pryor, who has ridden with every recent President of the land and enjoyed his confidence and respect. And then there is General Henry Forrest, of the Congressional Limited, for twenty-four years in charge of one of its broiler cars, who stops not at Presidents but enjoys the acquaintance of senators and ambassadors almost without number.

The General comes to know these dignitaries by their feet. When he is standing at the door of his train under the Pennsylvania Terminal, in New York, he recognizes the feet as they come poking down the long stairs from the concourse. And he can make his smile senatorial or ambassadorial—a long time in advance.

Once Forrest journeyed in a private car to San Francisco, caring for a Certain Big Man. He took good care of the Certain Big Man—that was part of his job. He took extra good care of the Certain Big Man—that was his opportunity. And when the Certain Big Man reached the Golden Gate he told Henry Forrest that he had understood and appreciated the countless attentions. The black face of the porter wrinkled into smiles. He dared to venture an observation.

"Ah thank you, Jedge!" said he. "An' ef it wouldn't be trespassin' Ah'd lak to say dat when yo' comes home you's gwine to be President of dese United States."

The Certain Big Man shook his head negatively; but he was flattered nevertheless. He leaned over and spoke to Henry Forrest.

"If ever I am President," said he, "I will make you a general."

And so it came to pass that on the blizzardy Dakota-made day when William Howard Taft was inaugurated President of these United States there was a parade—a parade in which many men rode in panoply and pride; but none was prouder there than he who, mounted on a magnificent bay horse, headed the Philippine Band.

Veterans of the Pullman Army

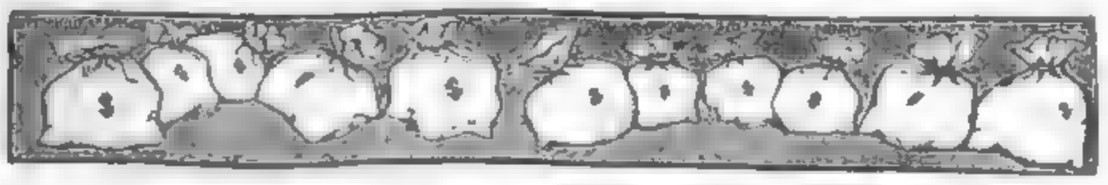
A promise was being kept. The bay horse started three times to bolt from the line of march, and this was probably because its rider was better used to the Pompeian-red broiler car than to a Pompeian-red bay mare. But these were mere trifles. Despite them—partly because of them perhaps—the younger brethren at the terminals were no longer to address the veteran from the Congressional merely as Mr. Forrest. He was General Forrest now a title he bears proudly and which he will carry with him all the long years of his life.

What becomes of the older porters?

Sometimes, when the rush of the fast trains, the broken nights, the exposure and the hard, hard work begin to be too much for even sturdy Afric frames, they go to the "super" and beg for the "sick man's run"—a leisurely sixty or a hundred miles a day on a parlor car, perhaps on a side line where travel is light and the parlor car is a sort of sentimental frippery; probably one of the old wooden cars: the Alicia, or the Lucille, or the Celeste, still vain in bay windows and grilles, and abundant in carvings. For a sentimental frippery may be given a feminine name and may bear her years gracefully—even though she does creak in all her hundred joints when the track is the least bit uneven.

As to the sick man's tips, the gratuity is no less a matter of keen interest and doubt at sixty than it is at twenty-six. And though there is a smile under that clean mat of kinky white hair, it is not all habit—some of it is still anticipation. But quarters and half dollars do not come so easily to the old man in the parlor car as to his younger brother on the sleepers, or those elect who have the smokers on the fat runs. To the old men come dimes instead—some of them miserable affairs bearing on their worn faces the faint presentments of the ruler on the north side of Lake Erie and hardly redeemable in Baltimore or Cincinnati. Yet even these are hardly to be scorned—when one is sixty.

After the sick man's job? Perhaps a sandy farm on a Carolina hillside, where an old man may sit and nod in the warm sun, and dream of the days when steel cars were new—perhaps of the days when the platform-vestibule first went bounding over the rails—may dream and nod; and then, in his waking moments, stir the pickaninnies to the glories of a career on a fast train and a fat run. For if it is true that any white boy has the potential opportunity of becoming President of the United States, it is equally true that any black boy may become the Autocrat of the Pullman Car.



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Men in all walks of life go after Prince Albert like it was their middle name! Fact is, most men are so fond of the national joy smoke that if they were asked to spell tobacco they'd answer, P. A.! Because P. A. sure does stand for tobacco in modern U. S. language wherever you camp.

Just stand up, please, and be game enough to risk five cents for a toppy red bag of Prince Albert—or ten cents for a tidy red tin. You'll certainly admit the corn that P. A.'s joy'usly good.

And when you've tested P. A. any way ***you like***—you'll go to it like a hungry boy travels for an after-school snack! So dig your old jimmy pipe out of the rafterhole, or hunt up your makin's papers, for you've some mighty good fun coming your way before sun-down.

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WALKING WITH SAMUEL

(Continued from Page 18)

Days lengthened into weeks and still no inspector came, although frequent promises were made from those in authority on the Canadian side. The horses had to be fed, of course, and an enormous sum was spent for fodder. The stockmen became restless, and it is told how one evening one hundred and fifty of them camped in the bar of a leading hotel and sought to bring the original promoter to book. It was a stormy session, but the Canadian middleman succeeded in temporarily pacifying his clients.

The long-looked-for inspection, however, did not actually occur until February; then a representative of the British Government arrived on the scene, took a hasty survey of the corrals and announced peremptorily that only a few of the horses would suit his purpose. All the horsemen I saw agreed in saying that, taken by and large, they were as good a lot of horses as had been brought in. Then Hades broke loose. No one could understand why such drastic action should have been taken; but, of course, the owners of the horses laid all the blame at the door of the man who had been instrumental in having them ship in their property for inspection.

Wiser counsel prevailed, however, and averted what might have been a wholesale tragedy; but before the next day the majority of the horsemen had taken their horses out, and had either sold them to outside buyers, who shipped them to St. Louis and other points where there were receiving stations, or sent them home again.

When I visited Idaho recently a movement was on foot to gather up again the remainder of these horses that were still in the country; but in the meantime the man who had been originally responsible for getting them together had lost the opportunity of a lifetime, besides being out whatever money he and his partners had originally invested in the enterprise. Had the inspection been favorable he would have reaped a small fortune.

Opinions regarding the merits of horseflesh differ, perhaps, more widely than in any other line where keen judgment and intense knowledge are the prime requisites. It all depends upon the particular type of horse that the inspector has in his mind's eye; and in the early days, when the purchase of war horses commenced, many a good one that now commands the top price was turned down.

Passing the Inspectors

Most of the men who are sent over here to represent their governments are excellent judges of horses. There are exceptions, of course, which makes it quite hard for the men that take chances on shipping their stock to the points of inspection.

Latterly, however, the business has been brought down to a regular commercial basis. The *modus operandi*, usually, is for the agent, or the individual who has the original order, to go to the big dealers in whatever section has been allotted to him. An upset price for the various grades is agreed upon, and the dealer sends his buyers out to purchase whatever in their judgment would pass muster. The horses refused are shipped to some other point, or sold to local dealers, of which there are hundreds. At the last monthly auction sale at the Caldwell yards about fifteen hundred head passed under the hammer. Every horse offered found a purchaser at some price. Two years ago it would have been hard to give some of them away.

The testing of horses for government purposes is, generally speaking, along the usual lines adopted by horsemen the world over. The horse must be ridden, and is first walked down a runway, then trotted back, and afterward galloped at full speed up and down, until the inspectors are satisfied that his wind is all right. Under some of the inspections I have seen, blemishes of an inferior nature, and not liable to put the horse out of commission, are passed. Wire cuts that are not likely to work subsequent injury or lameness are not catalogued under unsoundness. Splints, slight curbs and other minor infirmities are also overlooked in instances where the horse under inspection is otherwise a good one—the real fact of the matter being that the buyers cannot pick and choose as they did in the earlier days, but are forced to take anything that is serviceably sound and up to the other specifications.

In the last three or four years many a man, who possessed up to that time large bands of horses, has unwittingly tossed off a fortune. The positive voice of the prophet of the punctured tire was heard in the land. "The horse is a thing of the past," droned the automobile impresario. "You won't find him outside a museum in a couple of years. Yes, sir, it's too bad, but he must make way for machinery and modern methods." Just think—it took a world's war to prove that, after all, the horse is a necessity, and that when the supreme test came the dumb hero of story, song and sentiment was still king.

"Up to three years ago we had over three thousand horses running on our ranges," said Mr. Herbert Lemp, of Boise. "The majority of them were the kind that would have made top-notch artillery or cavalry horses, and just the type that I am selling now for as high as two hundred dollars apiece. It is beyond question that the whole band would have sold to-day on the range for one hundred and twenty-five dollars each, taking them as they came. But three years ago there was such a hue and cry about the passing of the horse that we sold out all except a few hundred head for thirty-five dollars apiece. I might add that we shipped a carload of our best to St. Louis and received the dealer's check for two hundred and fifty dollars, in full payment for them after expenses had been deducted."

The Gala Days of Horse Racing

"I think," continued Mr. Lemp, "that there are twenty thousand horses suitable for cavalry and artillery in the four counties comprising and adjacent to the Boise Valley. Of course these will be rapidly snapped up, and I do not know where we are going to get horses to replace them. For the last five or six years the farmers became discouraged, and were not breeding as intelligently or enthusiastically as heretofore. Buyers, of course, will tell you that the yearlings and the three and four year olds that are too young now for service will grow up to take the places of those shipped to the war; but the answer to this is that the young stock are not to be found in the country. We have not been raising them; and, moreover, you must remember that mares are now taken just as readily as geldings, provided they come up to the standard. The exodus of our mares will cut out at least fifty per cent of the breeding possibilities left in this country. What we would do for mounts for our own cavalry, should the occasion arise, I am at a loss to know. We certainly would not have the horses in the country."

The opinion of a man like Mr. Lemp is entitled to considerable weight. His father before him was one of the earliest settlers in Boise. He not only operated ranches in a large way, but was a leading spirit in many of the public enterprises that have been mainly instrumental in building up that prosperous city. Mr. Lemp himself is a polo player of consequence, and among other achievements bred, raised and broke Big Jim, who is conceded to be one of the greatest polo ponies that ever stood on iron. He was the only pony that played two periods during the recent international games, and was purchased by the National Polo Association for seventy-five hundred dollars and presented to Mr. Harry Payne Whitney in recognition of his magnificent services and staunch support of this spectacular game.

When I spoke of the need of some remedy for the present situation to a man big in horse affairs, I was greeted with this answer: "I should not care to be quoted, because I have horses to sell myself; but the truth of the matter is that the United States Government should prohibit the further shipment of horses. In any case, it should make a rule absolute against shipping mares out of the country. The fact is," continued this gentleman, "we have deliberately assassinated the breeding interest. Everybody who knows anything about the subject knows that the thoroughbred is the base upon which all breeds of importance must rest. In this and every other country on the face of the globe, in order to preserve the thoroughbred you must not pass drastic laws against racing.

"Mind you, I hold no brief for the manner in which racing was conducted, either East or West. In the East some of those in authority were desirous of framing the sport as nearly as possible after the English methods; but they also wanted to sit so close to the cash box that they could participate in the tremendous emolument and profit that accrued to track owners in the gala days of racing. They assumed, in some instances, an attitude that was unreasonably dictatorial. In the West, of course, they raced until they ran the game into the ground, and meetings were strung out until the patience and purses of their patrons were exhausted. It was time to call a halt, but the reformers endeavored to cure the patient by cutting off his head.

"Instead of prohibition there should have been regulation. The laws that practically put an end to racing for several years struck a deathblow to an industry that had a national importance, reaching far beyond the booth of a bookmaker or the political pettiness of a racetrack owner. A large percentage of the best breeders were in the game for sentimental reasons, and there was no incentive for them to continue. Some of the greatest breeding establishments in the world passed into history, thoroughbred mares went to Southern cottonfields, and stallions could be had for the asking. The range owner, following suit, allowed his bands of horses to deteriorate and fifty per cent of the work in breeding that had been going on since the close of the Civil War was undone. Racing seems to be coming back now, but it will take years and years of hard work to rejuvenate the stock farms that have replaced the paddocks, whose owners have become engaged in other agricultural enterprises."

In the year 1914, 341,310 horses passed through the yards at St. Louis, Chicago and Kansas City. Of this grand total, St. Louis contributed 147,873; Chicago, 106,282; and Kansas City, 87,155. It is now stated that more horses are passing through Kansas City than at Chicago—one of the prime reasons probably being that, from Western points, horses can be billed through to the Missouri River at a ten-dollar cheaper rate per car than they can be shipped to Denver.

Record Horse Shipments

It is admitted on all sides that this will be the banner year in point of grand totals at all the yards, but strange as it may appear, even with the war on in the latter half of 1914, the receipts at St. Louis ran nine thousand head behind those of the previous year.

When the war is over the demand for all classes of equines, from a polo pony to a plow horse, will be unprecedented. Lucky, indeed, will be the individual who has the wherewithal to fill an order of any kind. In this connection it is stated that many of the horses purchased by the British Government have never been shipped out of the country. Wise ones hint that when hostilities cease it is part of England's policy to have cornered enough horses to supply the needs of her agricultural and commercial interests. This is only surmise, but there may be more truth than poetry in it.

The old haphazard methods that prevailed in the early days of the purchasing of war horses have now been replaced by a regular systematized plan of action. There is not a hamlet in the whole Western country that has not four or five local buyers. The possibilities of every ranch and farm are known, and every horse suitable for army purposes has a bidder. These men in turn sell to the dealers' agents, who can now be found riding on every train that zigzags across the country.

The Denver yards alone, which by the way is the largest inspection point west of the river, have over sixty buyers in commission, and at every watering and feeding point on the various railroads one can find four or five men whose job is to head off independent shippers and to buy their stock before they get to the final market.

It has been estimated that, since the spring buying began, an average of five trainloads a week have been shipped out of the yards at Denver. The influx is tremendous. Every freight train pulling in from Oregon, California, Wyoming, Eastern Washington, Idaho and Montana, has usually fully one-third of a complement of cars made up of horse shipments. The best horses, likewise the largest average according to territory, are to be found in Oregon—one individual dealer at Pendleton alone

is credited with having shipped over two thousand head which have passed inspection.

The gambling phase of big, wholesale deals in horses projects itself into the argument when the statement is made that at this time of writing there was said to be over four thousand head of rejected horses at Denver, and the following circular letter, addressed by a large firm of contractors at that point to their buyers, goes a long way toward explaining the situation:

"DENVER, June 10, 1915.

"TO ALL BUYERS: *Gentlemen:* We are still getting too many horses that don't pass, and we want you all to pay special attention to each horse you purchase. Every horse you buy with side bones stays here, and so does every one with long teeth and bad hocks, and you can't make them a present of one with curbs. There are too many four-year-olds and short fives coming in and from to-day we shall not pay commission on buying one, unless he is of full age.

"You all have a copy of the specifications and you must not get these cherry-pickers—we want well-proportioned horses; tall, leggy horses go into the reject pen. In to-day's inspection we had no less than six with crooked ankles, so some of you need spectacles. Also, in shipping please examine cars and take out nails. We have lots of horses in hospital from being cut by nails in cars. Yours truly,

"_____."

For the benefit of the uninitiated it might be explained that a cherry-picker is a horse whose legs are so long that he appears to be up on stilts.

Of course the majority of these horses not otherwise disposed of will be turned out to grass and later may pass muster, but it goes to show that the right kind of material is becoming scarce.

"It is easy enough to tell us what to get, but it is a different matter to get them," protested one buyer. "I have just come in from a long trip, and the best I could do was to take what the other fellow left."

"The English buyers get the best," continued this man; "they pay the prices and no nonsense about it when they see what they want. We are not overanxious to deal with the French or Italian buyers; the former in many instances are too finicky; they turn down good horses, and then go out in the country themselves and dig up a lot of cheap culls."

War Horses From the Wild West

Out at the Denver stockyards there are over fifty roughriders engaged at five dollars a day apiece to show off the mounts, and they work unceasingly. It is a sight for the gods to see ten or a dozen of them saddling up as many half-broken or entirely wild horses—all fresh from the ranges. Something is happening every minute and the Wild West show becomes a continuous performance.

They saddle and mount in a small corral at the upper end of the yard and at a given signal come tearing down through a narrow runway to where the inspectors are standing—this for the purpose of testing wind. The mount is then unsaddled and trotted back. One man looks in his mouth to ascertain his age, while another gives him general inspection for blemishes. In less time than it takes to write about it the horse is either passed or rejected. If accepted he is classified and numbered by the bookkeeper.

Immediately on acceptance all horses purchased by the British Government are branded with the letter "U" on the shoulder, to indicate that they were purchased in the United States, and with a broad arrow on the hip, which is the sign manual of the British troop horse. Cavalry mounts have their tails banged square at the hocks, while gunners, or artillery horses, are banged about four inches above the hocks, and in addition have their manes roached down close, in polo pony style.

Grays or whites are not purchased at all, unless it be a few extra heavy iron grays for baggage horses. Up to a few weeks ago nothing under fifteen hands was taken, but at Denver recently several smaller horses, on the cob order, have been purchased by the agents there. A departure which, it might be added, is really a sensible one, as most of us know that many of these little blocky built Western horses can outlast the ordinary big ones in a day's ride.

From the yards at Ogden, Utah, an average of two trainloads a week are shipped East. The class of remounts seen there, however, on the occasion of my visit would have needed considerable weeding to be strictly classed as war horses; still, I understand that many first-class ones have gone through the yards there, and that many a wild and woolly one is educated in the pens. The writer saw five of them driven into the narrow runway, just wide enough for a horse to stand in, which is utilized for haltering and tail-tagging them. Though the side walls must have been over five feet high, three of them jumped out, accomplishing thereby a feat that the Western horse alone is capable of demonstrating.

"What do you-all do when you get a-holt of a real snake?" queried a lanky bronco buster of one of the English inspectors.

"What do you mean by 'snake'?" returned the officer.

"Why -a outlaw!" drawled the other.

"Oh!" retorted the representative of His Majesty, "we simply send him over to the fattening pen, feed him up a little, kill and eat him, don't you know."

After all, what is Uncle Sam going to do about it? And that brings us back again to Jimpsey Trosper—Jimpsey, who was still on the quarterdeck of the outlaw, looking away across the valley and over to where the Boise range reared purple against the skyline.

"No," said he regretfully, "there ain't no more of what you call th' quarter horses. I call 'em th' littleways horse. There used to be a crackajack in every pasture; all th' good ones was here one time or another—Silver Dick an' Big Dutch, Red S, Rattler, Angie B, Cyclone, an' Jim Fiske; but when th' Clover Hill Christians got to puttin' folks in jail fur backin' their opinions, why everybody quit breedin' an' th' good old days when you could bet anything, from a chaw of tobaccer to a threshing machine if you thought you was right, has naturally went. It's wonderful how ignorant folks is about what concerns 'em most," concluded Jimpsey. "Did you ever stop to think that not one man out of a hundred knows how many teeth are in his head?"

Experts to the Rescue

We are not lacking for horseflesh, so far as numbers are concerned. The last estimate, made in 1914, by the Department of Agriculture, showed that we had 21,195,000 head of horses in the United States, against 5,401,000, in 1867, when the first census was taken, and nearly half a million more than ever recorded before. The trouble is, we have not been breeding the right kind; we have quantity but lack quality.

Up to June, 1914, we exported 22,776 horses, at an average valuation of $148. During the same time we imported 33,019 head, at an average valuation of $68. Our buyers, apparently, were not looking for quality. The desire to breed upward had died out.

Officialdom will, of course, point to the government experimental stations as evidence that the powers are doing their part. The writer has not visited all the stations, but has in mind one in the West, which received about a tenth part of the monetary allowance it is entitled to, and boasts of nothing like the quality of breeding material that would naturally be expected of it.

For a remedy, perhaps the best suggestion would be the immediate appointment of a national commission with absolute power to act and the wherewithal to do so. A body not to be made up of deserving Democrats, anxious Aggressives, or receptive Republicans—positions not given as gifts to somebody's son—but made up of men who have learned the horse game in the school of experience and who know by practical research what crosses will produce the best results. Take men like Messrs. Harry Payne Whitney or Harry Smith, Master of the Grafton Pack, in the East; Hon. L. Ogilvy, of Denver, in the Middle West; Herbert Lemp, of Idaho, and, say, Adolph Spreckels, of California. None of these men has ever sought political preferment, and they have no need to; they are all enthusiasts, know a man's horse when they see him and, moreover, the best way to produce him. They have passed the experimental stage, and no better men could be chosen to take up the work of rehabilitating the American horse and of placing him back in the proud position he once occupied. Then, perhaps, if occasion should demand, we shall not have to walk to war with Uncle Samuel.

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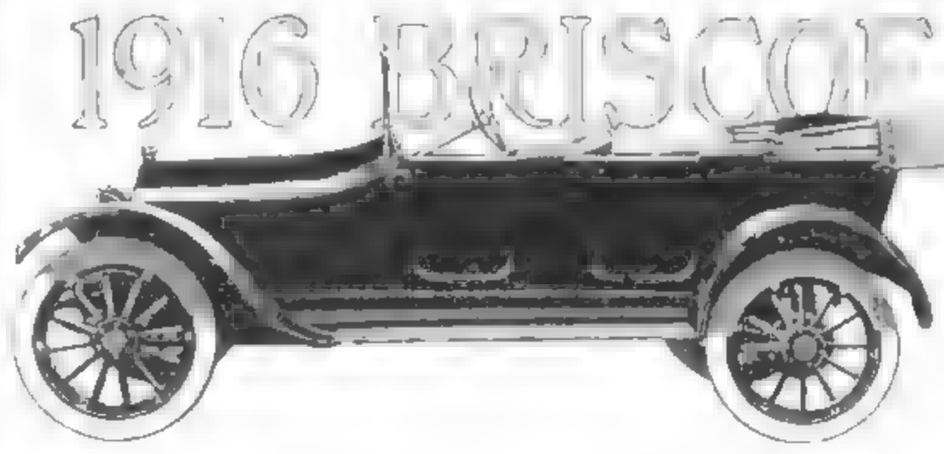

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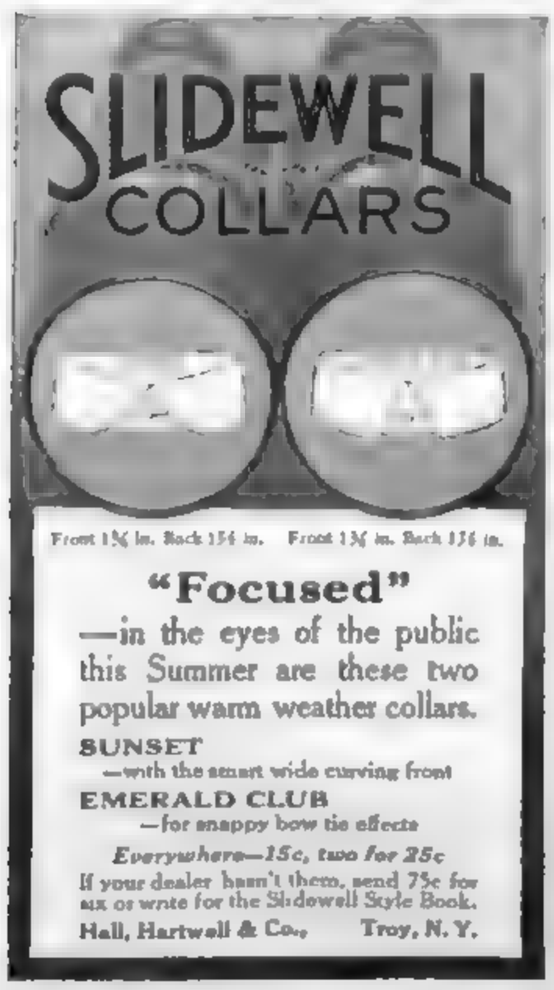

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POUNDS VS. MARKS

(Continued from Page 10)

those who cannot buy government bonds without borrowing. Then the loan banks, though having no capital of their own, actually issue notes against the loans they make, and these notes either go into general circulation as money or are issued to the Imperial Bank, which counts them among its "cash."

On December thirty-first last the special loan banks had lent $230,250,000 on the first war-bond issue; and that was before the second issue, twice as large, had even been announced. There are no figures, of course, to show how much the regular banks have lent on government bonds. In all probability, when a man has a thousand marks to subscribe for the bond issue and goes to his bank to draw money and have the bank enter a subscription for him, the banker says:

"Look here: We have plenty of money and your credit is good—why don't you borrow two thousand marks from us and buy three thousand of the war loan instead of one thousand?"

Then the banker takes the depositor's note for two thousand marks to the Reichsbank and has bank notes issued on it, which go into general circulation as money. Travelers recently returned from Germany report that money rates are abnormally low—in most places only two per cent. Of course money rates are low because there is relatively little use for money. Not only has the cutting off of nearly five billion dollars of foreign trade reduced the volume of business requiring money or credit to carry it on, but at least a billion dollars of new paper money has been created.

The second war loan amounted to 9090 million marks, of which 7569 million marks was taken by banks, bankers and public savings banks, but mostly by banks and bankers. These figures tell the story. The banks were able to subscribe because they have no other use for their funds while the war lasts; but when the war ends money will be in urgent demand, debts abroad will have to be paid, and banks will need vast sums to enable merchants to regain the markets they have lost. Then it will be necessary to unwind the coil, straighten out the pawn tickets, and pay off the immense loans on government debts. And unless Germany gets an indemnity it will prove a ticklish business.

Ticklish Financial Problems

"Diagnose it, disguise it as they will," declared Lloyd George in his budget speech to the British Parliament, "there are many girders in the German financial bridge which are made of paper, and no amount of paint and varnish will disguise that fact. It is a very easy method, a very tempting method. You appear to get over your difficulties in the simplest way, and it is very difficult for anyone to point out where you are going wrong for the moment or for some time."

Lloyd George may be right; but men kill each other with shrapnel, not with pounds sterling or marks. Germany's financial methods will probably prove unsound in the long run; but, so long as they serve to produce and buy the shrapnel, it makes no immediate difference. England is employing sounder methods, not so much from inherent virtue as because she is obliged to in order to make purchases in this country. England's problem is infinitely the more difficult of the two. No one recognizes this more keenly than the British Chancellor:

"In a protracted war the British War Minister has a great and increasing advantage over his German rival. From the point of view of a Finance Minister our difficulties are the greater for the time being. The German Finance Minister has not the same difficulty in financing purchases from abroad. Why? Because there are no purchases from abroad."

England to-day suffers from her honors and responsibilities. As the world's banker she has to keep international trade and credit moving. It is far easier to put a wall round yourself, or have one put round you and trade only with yourself. England was so strong and so lonely in her commanding position that her strength almost overcame her.

"When the crisis overtook her" says Hartley Withers, Director of Financial Inquiries at the British Treasury, "she gave a sudden tug on the economic entrails of all the civilized countries. She held the rest of the world in fee with so mighty a grip that when she said to the rest of the world, 'Please pay what you owe me,' the world could only gasp out, 'But how can I pay you if you don't lend me the wherewithal?'

"The exchanges went in our favor with such a mighty rush that the machinery of exchange broke down and nobody could buy a bill on London. If there comes a great shock, and all money-lenders suddenly decide to call on their debtors to pay, the only possible result is a brick wall against opposite sides of which borrowers and lenders batter their heads. After all, you cannot have credit without civilization; and at the beginning of last August civilization went into the hands of a receiver known as the God of Battles."

In these graphic words Withers shows why England was not able to call in her short-term credits; but she no longer has any short-term credits to speak of because her exports have stopped and her imports have shot up by leaps and bounds. She still has the bulk of her permanent investments in foreign countries—bonds and stocks, some twenty billion dollars of them; but the securities in this country only are good, for other countries are either at war or nearly bankrupt. And what has happened is this: England's foreign investments are not owned by the government but by individuals, and they will not sell; and there seems as yet no way to compel them. American securities are the only ones that appeal to the British and French investors at this moment as being good.

The Danger of Too Much Thrift

What no financial expert ever predicted was the amazing trouble that England and France would have in paying for equipment purchased in this country. It had been thought that these two creditor nations would merely have to sell their foreign securities, or merely stop making foreign investments, to have all the money they needed. Sir George Paish, a representative of the British Treasury, came to this country last winter and boastfully told his interviewers and hosts that England could fight on for five years merely on the interest from its foreign investments—an assertion Sir George probably wishes he had never made. Even Lloyd George formerly spoke of the five billion dollars and the two billion dollars this country and Argentina respectively owe Great Britain; but he has long since changed his tune.

England and France are in a position of peculiar financial distress. They are buying war equipment in this country on a gigantic scale. They are exporting practically nothing to this country, and their inhabitants will not or cannot sell American securities back to America. They have nothing to pay with but gold, and they cannot afford to lose gold.

France is in an even more embarrassing position. She has gone mad for years over *épargnes*—savings. The average Frenchman would rather go without clothes and food at the present moment than sell his American securities at a loss. A friend of mine in New York recently received a letter from a French banker in which it was said that only one thing gave his clients *une grande quiétude* at the present moment, and that was their holdings of American stocks and bonds. Wherever you go in France to-day you will find American investments held intact; for the Frenchman will tell you that if he sells others will do the same, and that would put down the price of American securities—"which would never do."

Paradoxical as it may seem, France to-day is suffering financially from its excessive thrift. At a session of the French National Assembly on May seventh M. Ribot, Minister of Finance, admitted as much. He declared that the sinking of a nation's savings into government bonds and other obligations does not constitute ideal investment. "A big nation thrives on work and industry; she is getting poor when she does not encourage her spirit of enterprise and develop her industries."

To such an excess have the French carried their financial caution that sons and daughters will not leave their inheritance in their father's business, taking stock in it as Americans or Germans or even as the English do. They must have bonds, mortgages in the Crédit Foncier, and preferably government bonds. So to-day the French own vast quantities of Turkish bonds, which, of course, are a dead loss for the time being; even greater quantities of Russian bonds, which at least cannot be sold; and finally their own government securities and American bonds, which they will not sell.

Besides, Frenchmen cannot sell American securities readily even though they wish to, because so fearful has the French Government been that some American stocks and bonds might escape taxation that practically all American issues in France have been converted into French form and denomination. Now, of course, it is no easy matter to change them back in a hurry. As for the Russian bonds, not only is it impossible to sell any large part of them, but even to keep them good at all France will probably have to extend even more credit to Russia.

Both unable and unwilling to sell her foreign securities, and with her relatively small trade still further diminished by war, France has nothing to pay for American munitions except gold. But here she is supreme. Her financial system has been of the strongest—far too strong. Instead of high money rates, low bank reserves, small gold holdings, an overflowing population and industrial activity on a stupendous scale—as in Germany—France has had low and stable interest rates, a stationary population, no industrial activity to speak of, superabundant gold reserves and excessively large foreign investments. Long ago she made her choice and must abide by it.

Napoleon said: "I have created the Bank of France in order to allow discount at four per cent." That was a very low rate a hundred years ago, and the rate has remained low and stable ever since. Moreover, the Bank of France has never ceased, since 1870, to add to its stock of gold.

As I write this article it is almost nine months to a day since France was invaded, during all of which time the German lines have been closer to the financial center of France than Trenton, New Jersey, is to the city of New York. Yet to-day the Bank of France holds two hundred million dollars more gold than the Imperial Bank of Germany, and nearly half a billion dollars more gold than the Bank of England. No doubt this gold is scattered all over France. When it was feared that Paris would fall most of it went to Bordeaux; and though much of the treasure has been brought back to Paris authoritative writers on the Bank of France asserted, so long as ten years ago, that in case of war it would be necessary to distribute the metal reserves over the entire territory in order to diminish the chances of their falling into the hands of the enemy. When Paris was besieged in 1870 the main office was helpless, but the branches kept right on paying the army.

Help From the Bank of France

The Bank of France always has played the rôle of financial savior. In 1870 it advanced fourteen hundred and seventy million francs to the beaten French Government. The act that governs the Bank of England would have been suspended in 1890 had not the French bank advanced a loan of seventy-five million francs in gold. In 1906, when London was laboring under backbreaking demands from the United States, Egypt and Brazil, another shipment of a similar amount was made; and finally, when the panic of 1907 was raging in this country, in answer to a mere cablegram from frightened London the Bank of France forwarded to that center eighty million francs in American gold eagles.

What, then, is more natural than that the Bank of France should now be parting with one hundred million dollars of its precious gold to the Bank of England? Already forty million dollars of that sum had crossed the Channel in fast British cruisers at the time when the Lusitania was sunk. The supposed lack of protection that great passenger steamer received may have been due to extra protection afforded the Channel ferry. Ordinarily this laconic announcement on the bulletin board of the Bank of England, "Sovereigns received, eight millions," would have provided something of a sensation. But what is eight million sovereigns to a nation that is spending a billion of them a year?

Not even the Bank of France can stop the movement of American exchanges

against Great Britain and France. If proud Albion gave the economic entrails of the world a mighty tug when the war started, as she boasted of doing, this country is now tugging on her money entrails so hard as to threaten to pull them out.

There is only one thing left to do, and that is for England to borrow in this country and thus establish a credit with American bankers against which munitions can be purchased; but to borrow here means that England must relinquish her proud title as the world's banker. The Old Lady must put her pride in her pocket and eat humble pie.

Great Britain is paying the penalty of too much jog-trot prosperity. She has carried on too large a share of the world's business with too little gold. France had too much gold and no trade. England, like Germany, had all the trade and not enough gold; but, unlike Germany, she cannot hoard it now, but must release it, export it. The great joint-stock banks of England—the powerful private institutions, with deposits of half a billion dollars and with a thousand branches apiece—have allowed the Bank of England to keep their reserves for them, and have allowed these reserves to dwindle for years. Yet these are the banks that have financed world trade and have developed the bank check to its highest point.

For years English bankers knew they were not keeping enough gold; but there was a feeling that they would "muddle" through. No one ever invented the English banking system, and if it did not now exist it would be pronounced impossible. Yet it is highly probable that the joint-stock banks took some heed of the many warnings and to-day hold in their own vaults much more ample reserves than formerly.

England's greatness, however, has never been due to its gold holdings. That greatness has centered round the development of the bank check and the sterling bill of exchange. Reduced to simplest terms the formula for British commercial and financial supremacy rests on the fact that Mr. Ah Sin, a Shanghai tea merchant, when selling a cargo of fragrant oolong to an American, French or almost any other consignee in the past, has not drawn a bill on New York, Paris or Berlin, but on London.

So, when the war broke out, England had a couple of billion dollars invested in bills that could not be collected. Nothing daunted, the Bank of England, despite the small gold reserves of the British banking system, shouldered practically the whole burden of unpaid bills. It has become a mammoth clearing house for credits—the main support of the Englishman's motto: "Business as usual."

When the thunderbolt of war burst on it this institution had to support the major portion of the world's bill and exchange market. It took charge of all government loans for both long and short terms—to say nothing of loans to the Allies. The Bank of England was founded to carry on the war of 1694, and it made a success of it. The Bank of England financed the wars against Napoleon for nearly a quarter of a century. No wonder Englishmen have confidence in the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street!

In both London and Berlin money rates are low because general enterprise has been stopped by the war. Germany has taken advantage of this condition by selling long-term bonds at about five and a quarter per cent. England has adopted a different policy. She is selling treasury bills for three, four and six months at from two and three-quarters to three and three-quarters per cent. In the same way France is selling mostly short-term bonds. Both countries are saving themselves for the last desperate struggle. Both are putting off the day for clamping down the permanent mortgage.

Then, too, the dragnet method of obtaining gold which Germany has employed is a game at which two can play. Germany has made her last move in that direction. England and France have not begun theirs. Perhaps the English and French will not give up their private hoards so readily as the Germans; but who doubts that in desperate straits they will do as much? Here is a purse the Allies have not yet opened.

There is probably as much gold—perhaps more—hoarded in France to-day as there was in Germany when the war began. Certainly in England and France together there is considerably more. And if the war lasts several years England will be getting two hundred million dollars of new gold each year from the mines of Africa and Australia, provided, of course, she retains command of the sea; whereas Germany cannot get a mark from outside.

Finally, when it comes to sheer wealth and ability to be taxed, England probably holds the last trick.

"In the Napoleonic wars our ancestors had to face it," Lloyd George told the House of Commons; "and they faced it like men. They began the war with a tax that was equivalent to one-seventh of the national income. They proceeded to one-sixth and, as the war went on, to one-fifth, and then to one-fourth; and they ended by taxing themselves to the extent of two-sevenths of their income."

Judging by wealth, population and productive power the British Empire is incalculably stronger to-day than in 1800. The wealth and income of the Empire are now probably ten times what they were then. Yet, after a year of incomparably more expensive warfare than the conflict with Napoleon, England's bonded debt stands at only twenty-five per cent greater than it did at Waterloo.

I have no gift of second-sight. There is no crystal ball clear enough to read the future. But it is a fairly safe guess that when it comes to finance the Allies hold the last cards.

THE EMPIRE OF CON O'CONNEL

(Continued from Page 13)

He is beyant raymumberin' av th' past or considerin' th' present. Afther a while, as wan watchin' in a dark man's dream, he says:

"How level th' thrack is!" And he steps aside into the edge av th' woods to luk at it. "Sure, it is built up for ages as a road av th' Romans," he says—"only th' ties are rotted and th' rails rusted."

Wit' a shtrange new intherest he hurried down th' line to a bridge; built like Gibraltar he finds it, av thremendous stones and girders.

"Foundation—Eternithy!" raymimbers Jerry; and, searchin' in his pockets, he finds th' tattered sheet av paper wit' th' grim wur-rds scrawled across.

So under th' rubbish heap he dishcovers th' foundation which time and flood cannot shake or wear away. A shmall job th' N. A. must have been to a great conthracthor—a jerkwater road built to carry ore from mountain mines. And yet this job, so hidden away where only himself cud know how well it was done, is th' noblest monymint to Con O'Connel.

"'Tis his wur-rk!" says Jerry, and flames wit' anger av ould Con's sneer: "My crutch I will lave ye to lean on."

"It is this foundation ye meant by 'crutch,'" says Jerry. "By th' girders and stones," he swears, "I will build up where ye have left half done—and that so splendid th' very name av ye shall be lost in my own! So th' vain pride that chained me to yez own wur-rk will be raywarded."

In th' same bitther, laughin' humor he spakes to Gary whin takin' th' train that avenin': "P'rhaps ye will bear wit' me agin on the job av impire," he says; "'twill not be for long, Gary."

At Barlow, in the mornin' sunshine, Jerry walks down th' yard av th' S. M. Railroad to shtudy all things that railroads shud have and th' N. A. has not. A varnished yellow thrain skims by, swift an' light as a swallow; 'tis th' Pacific Mail.

"A postal route is th' N. A.," says Jerry, there bein' niver a bit av thraffic to interfere wit' th' runnin' av mail thrains. And he is turnin' back, havin' learned all he wished, only to find himsilf face to face wit' a party shteppin' from a special thrain.

Th' Big Bull is there, and Martin and Mrs. O'Connel, wit' Winifred walkin' along av Edwin. 'Tis a grand inshpection Edwin has invited thim to befoore takin' hould as Giniral Manager. And he is plased that Jerry be prisint, so th' families may compare th' two av thim; for Jerry is hollow av eye and cheek, and th' collapse av th' N. A. scheme has become a curse or a laugh among all th' railroad wur'rld.

"'Tis famous ye have become, Jerry," says Edwin. "Meet my father, Misther Slade; and yez father, Misther O'Connel."

And so he inthroduces Jerry to all, wit' much wit. Winifred is th' last and gives him a ready handshake; and, th' party movin' on toward th' machine shops, these two follow togither.

"So now ye have come back to yez own proper station—and about time!" she says, scoldin'. "Very good it is av yez family and me to fergive ye, afther bein' infloonced against us.

"And what is come av it all," she asks, "ixcipt th' sinkin' av a quarther av a million in rubbish, and yez own disgrace? Papa Martin may take ye on a,gin in business, where there is little at stake and Edwin and mesilf assist."

Beaut'ful indade Winifred is—carryin' hersilf like a princess, who is daughter av th' king, d'ye mind? But her eye is a bright black stone, and her red lips pinched tight togither, and her cheeks drawn.

Almost Jerry can fancy her fingers twitchin' like Martin's under th' spell av countin' invisible money; selfish she be and proud as th' peacock bir-rd wit' plumes.

"Winifred!" he says in a kind av fear; his voice is a low, swate call from th' days agone that is answered by a faint blush and a luk av wonder—and for a momint th' gir-rl is shtill. But th' voice av mimory can do no more than call up shadows; and, bein' puzzled, she frowns.

"Ye need take no beggin' tone, Jerry," she says. "We will help all that is good for ye and no more, as ye are wan av th' O'Connels."

A mighty tormint shakes him—and is gone. "How little ye undershtand!" says Jerry; and th' laugh av him is carefree, for he knows now that in all th' shtruggle to come he will no more be longin' for her.

And Winifred, shteppin' back, shtartled, beholds such a man as th' ould kern at home must be cud he shed his wrinkled skin and brush time aside in another drive for impire. Lean as a hunter she sees him, wit' his bright eye searchin' th' thrails ahead. Jerry nods wit' half a smile; he is gone; he will not iver rayturn.

Winifred glances afther, proudly resintful, and yet wit' th' throubled notion that th' good-by handshake has printed a mark av desthiny on her palm.

The Old Switchman paused in his narrative to glance up questioningly at the boy, who hung over the rail gazing in fascination at the glimmering switch lamps.

"'Tis not for me," he observed, "to go too dapely into th' thricks and croolties av Jerry O'Connel in his shtruggle to build greater than his grandfather—for th' fiend that drove him wud be like to turn on me in rayvinge, havin' little likin' to th' men av my family, who were black magicians to Brian Boru."

The boy smiles quizzically and Denny continued, sticking cautiously to his text:

Thrick th' Grand Postmasther av Amerika he did, and th' S. M. R. R. D'ye mind that th' S. M., passin' through Barlow, made a wide curve av hundreds av miles and crossed th' N. A. again at th' ould End av Thrack station? D'ye mind that from End av Thrack Jerry had ixtinded th' N. A. to connect wit' th' little Coast Line which had laid down and died in the desert beyant th' mountain?

Well, a test run he gets for th' Pacific Mail, which comes in from Chicagy over th' Northwest Line; and it is ticketed t'rough as a theater special, wit' th' actors on board and scenery coverin' th' mail sacks. But by th' S. M. itsilf is th' thrain ticketed, who, niver suapectin' a mail run, whisks it from Barlow to End av Thrack in riccord time; and only there does th' N. A. take it and, sixty miles farther west, turn it over to th' Coast Line. An, th' route bein' shortest, th' time is cut down and th' mail conthract taken from th' S. M. and given to th' N. A. and its connections.

But there cud be no such thrickery, y'mind, whin th' regular runs begin; so Jerry calls up all th' imployees av th' N. A., wit' croolty, and drives thim befoore him.

"Hut! Ye white-whiskered drones, th' O'Connel is buildin' a hive, and, while ye last, it shall hum. Dull, rusty tools are ye all to wur-rk wit'," he tells thim; "but by th' time ye wear out I will have money to imploy betther."

He orders all th' rails and ties that can be bought on credit and thin adds up th' age av th' t'ree hundred imployees av th' N. A.

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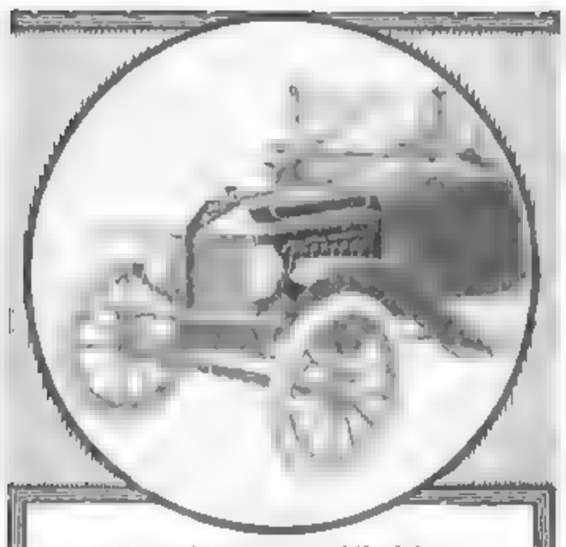

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"Two thousand six hundred and sixty-wan years have ye been wearin' out company property," he says, and fines thim aich two new rails and a dozen ties for trespass.

And he shuts down th' repair shops and th' sooperintindint's office, and appropriates th' money that comes in for thraffic; all this—d'ye mind?—unbeknownst to th' other stockhoulders and facin' charges av "imbezzlemint wit'out legal aut'ority."

Little does Jerry O'Connel heed th' curse av age as he drives all th' imployees to lay rails—two thousand six hundred and sixty-wan years it is—niver a man havin' been cursed so befoore.

And that is th' same day whin Edwin Slade, rayceivin' wur-rd from th' Postal Daypartmint av th' loss av his conthract to th' N. A., puts a curse on th' O'Connel, which is like to get quicker raysults than all those av th' N. A. imployees put togither.

So he is feared and hated; and Grogan raymarks, wit' scandal, that McCarty shud wink and lift his fut to th' persycutor.

"A baste av sorcery he is at heart," says Grogan wit' knowledge, for McCarty has been brought up along av Protesthants; "and a bad ind is at hand for th' two av thim along av such an impire!"

The last rail rings down, the last spike is driven, whin wur-rd comes that th' Northwest will deliver th' first mail run on a night in October.

Denny paused again.

"We might be interrupted, you know," said the boy in an apprehensive whisper. "Can't we hurry on about the old employees, and ——"

"And what ilse d'ye mane?"

"The O'Connel!" The boy drew his slender, well-knit little body up with a deep breath. "And his empire—please!" said the autocrat in a commanding whisper.

The eyes of the two sparkled curiously. The woman inside the private car had left her writing and stood at the door listening.

"We will not be inthrupted," assured Denny grimly as he resumed his narrative.

Th' first runs are to be made by specinl wit' light ingines rented from th' Northwest Railroad; later a coach and sleeper will be put on for t'rough passinger service. Not a soul beyant th' three officials know av th' postal conthract, for Jerry has a dark prisintimint av th' N. A. and its imployees, shud th' chance be given thim to bungle.

And on th' night, rainy and black, in October, he himsilf is at Cactus, midway av th' line. Th' ould operathor he has sint home to bed and has taken th' wire himsilf, there bein' only th' two regular thrains to dispatch. Wan, th' westbound, will arrive at its dest'nation, Coast Line Junction, far ahead av th' mail. Th' other, to Barlow, is carded at Cactus 12:01 midnight, five minutes befoore th' mail, whose time, bein' shtrung up very high, will like be siveral minutes late.

But, wit' his prisintimint that some ould fule will bungle if given a chance, Jerry has arranged for all th' safety in th' wur-rld, and given orders against th' regular thrain to th' siding ten miles beyant Cactus. There th' regular is to wait till th' mail has passed, befoore comin' on to Cactus.

Jerry sits alone in th' station, ixcipt for McCarty, who walks up now and thin from his shed beyant, like a sent'nel, to luk in at him t'rough th' operathor's windey. Th' mail has started three hours agone and been repoorted by th' first night office out av Barlow; th' prisintimint begins to fade from Jerry's mind.

"What av th' debt I have conthracted, for rails and rinted ingines and labor, wit'out aut'ority from th' other stockhoulders—has not th' mail come to pay it off?" he asks grimly av McCarty t'rough th' windey. "'Twill reshtore th' shippers' confidince and soon th' freight will follow," he says; "and thin what will we see shtreakin' t'rough th' Cactus yards, wan each way, ivery night?—Pullmans, which seem to rowl on cushions, and dinin' cars, all silver and cut glass, wit' flowers on th' white linen! So will I build on th' foundation that Con av th' Fens cud not raise above th' rubbish!"

Th' sounder at his elbow clicks—a feeble, scared, guilty stammer.

"O. C" breaks in Jerry wit' his signature. "What's wrong?"

Th' sounder halts—begins. As drops av blood to th' floor, fall those dead dots and dashes in dispatchers' offices whin grief has been given rights on th' rail.

Th' operathor at th' only night office betwane Cactus and End av Thrack has forgotten to deliver th' order to take siding! So th' regular thrain will come on in to Cactus. Jerry does not curse.

"If th' local is on time she could still run in here and clear th' mail, havin' five minutes by schedule!" he says.

He cannot chance it and will inshtruct th' office east that th' mail be flagged and ordered to come into Cactus Yard under conthrol. Th' sounder rings out loudly; th' next office east raypoorts th' mail passed O. T. fifteen minutes befoore.

"Fifteen minutes," says Jerry—"and just raypoortin' it! And th' west operathor has waited an hour to confiss th' forgotten order! More rubbish here—all to be cleared away."

He glances at his watch—11:45.

"Th' mail must be flagged down beyant th' bridge," he rayflicts, "or she will come t'rough here like a bat out av purgathory; and if th' local be three minutes late into this yard ——"

He has seized th' red lantern and gone out against a black burst av rain.

Th' shtumble that he makes over some ould ties at th' ind av th' platfoorm throws him, and he cannot get up again. So he crawls, and hears a great body, wit' light, firm steps, pickin' his way alongside in th' dark. Th' mail will be on him befoore he can make th' bridge at this pace.

"McCarty, ye blackguard!" he calls; and th' great tan mule kapes pace along av th' man as he turns and crawls back on th' platform to th' door av th' station.

Th' wreck av th' Pacific Mail and th' crash av his hopes is hard at hand; yet O'Connel draws himself up on wan leg, wit' th' other hangin' crippled—dauntless and wicked as iver.

He ties th' red lantern about th' grizzled neck held down to him, commandin':

"D'ye flag th' local for th' honor av O'Connel and his impire! 'Tis no momint for shteppin' aside at bell or whistle. Away wit' ye—shtraight forward betwane th' rails and into th' headlight!"

He seizes McCarty's forelock to start him, whin th' other raises his hoof to shake hands.

"Bad scran!" grits O'Connel. "Bad scran to ye! To hould me yez frind at a momint like this!"

His fiery, shtormin' spirit turns cold and dark; thin wance agin reels, blind and wounded, up th' very skies av ambition.

"Frind ye have been," he says in low, swate tones, ringin' far down along av time; "and as frind I will repay."

He is scramblin' inside th' dapot, along th' wall, across th' floor—like a crab wit' broken claws; and in th' inshtant is back wit' an ore sack bulgin' at th' bottom. And as another minute av fate ticks by, he knots at a rope drawn round th' neck, under th' forelegs, till th' ore sack presses tight against th' heart av th' dape, grizzled breast.

"Whin th' paw av death comes down on ye," he undertones, wur-rkin' fast, "'twill not be to mangle, for yez will go to glory on a bolt av thunder—so I have risked all to save ye hurt. Can frind do more than that? Now on, ye blackguard, for th' glory av mesilf!"

So McCarty is gone, wit' th' charge av dynamite in th' sack bound above his heart and th' red lantern swingin' from his neck. And there must be a strange undershtandin' betwane th' man and th' baste that night; for not a momint does McCarty pause or heed th' far, warnin' whistles blowin' befoore and behint.

Th' clock ticks, th' rain blows into th' impty station, and a roar av iron bursts shrill out av th' storm as th' mail rocks down, screechin' an answer to Jerry's signal. Th' air grinds under th' shparkin' drivers, bowlin' Jerry over—and a North-west ingineer, ragin' wit' th' delay, drops from th' cab to help him into th' station.

"Take siding for th' local!" orders Jerry and, wit' no further heed av th' ivint, sits drummin' softly on his table—a dirty, crippled, hated, undaunted man.

Up th' yards is heard th' whistle av th' local and th' slow-tollin' bell as she fales her way in; and wit'in th' minute Jerry hears th' mail glide out. Thin th' ingineer av th' local, a shpecter av ould railroad days, inters th' office.

"Saints guard us, O'Connel!" he says, and gets no answer

"Many strange things there be," he says, flattered by such close attintion; "but niver, while drivin' an ingine, have I seen a mule come rearin' from th' black storm, a red light blazin' out av his chest. Wit' his hoofs flung high, he came, as wan wur-rkin' witcheraft; and pilot and dome and shtack flew away wit' a noise like cannon.

"A torpedo, be it only a mule whin he blows up," he says wit' pride av knowledge, "is th' signal for caution; so I have come in under conthrol."

Th' battle is won, th' impire buildin', and a year later Jerry can see th' yard crowded wit' freight cars, from his office window at Barlow. He is shtandin' wit' th' plan av a new station in his hand, watchin' th' avenin' mail—th' Tam o' Shanter—glide out. Dark gray it is, to match th' Pullman, wit' a dinin' car av white and silver, and glass like joolry.

"Now to clear away the human rubbish!" says Jerry. "Sure I must be an inchanter to have gotten so much and gone so far wit' these shabby ghosts av railroad men. Only McCarty came in and wint out like a man," he says. "On th' whole wur-rld I have turned th' tables and am happy."

At the wur-rd a quare, fierce longin' seizes him wit' a pang.

"Con O'Connel," he undertones—"ye who chained me and my fortune to th' shcrapheap—shall I be happy until ye know how I have outbuilt and outfamed ye?"

"'Tis th' S. M. stock I notice saggin' in th' market," says his new clerk who is breakin' in to supplant Donovan.

But Jerry does not heed; th' new dapot plans drop from his hand. "By th' fear I put into thim th' ould officials can run things here for a few days," he is t'inkin'. No matther whether they can or cannot, he is unable to wit'sthand th' fierce longin' to triumph over Con as he has done over th' rist; and that night he boords th' mail.

Like a duke's istate is th' house and grounds av Martin O'Connel, th' feenancier, wit' gables peepin' t'rough th' October woods, and stone vases av trailin' vines set among bushes av great price.

Th' air is shtill and murk as this av th' railroad yards, and th' crature scatterin' th' frost at avenin' rustles th' leaves beside th' traveler who shtands watchin' th' windeys sparkle into stars. It is Jerry, returned to th' house av his father, from which he long ago dayparted wit'out blessin', and will now inter wit'out welcome.

He walks in at th' back av th' house, and no chill strikes into him that there be not aven a servant to welcome. On t'rough a hall and into th' big lib'ary he goes; and, peerin' into th' dusk:

"Con O'Connel," he calls, "I am come to tell ye over whose face to draw th' shawl."

But th' wur-rds die away foriver unanswered, and no wan shtraightens in his rheumatism to listen in scorn av him; for Con av th' Fens is dead this wake agone.

'Tis Martin himsilf first comes on Jerry, bent over th' cold hearth as though war-rmin' his body at mimory av a fire; and he tells dacently av th' passin' av th' grandfather. Peaceful it had been, no wan knowin' till th' servant found him dead in his big chair.

"So th' weddin' av Winifred will be a quiet wan in rayspict to him," explains Martin, "whin Edwin Slade comes back from th' West."

Now Jerry is filled wit' anger.

"Dead! I am cheated," he t'inks.

But Martin spakes wit' delight av th' triumph av th' N. A.

"Niver was spot so well chosen to fortify," he says; "and wit'out shame I confess ye th' masther mind. Overnight ye have raised a fort," he laughs; "and we wake to find oursilves under th' guns. Sorra th' day that I iver again stand up to a builder!"

Th' wur-rds are lost to Jerry, far adrift on th' gray river av his t'ought; but av a sudden th' shmile and touch on th' shoulder fill him wit' th' joy av a welcome, and he draws closer to his father.

A flint-spark shtrikes in Martin's eyes, wit' pride av th' son who has brought th' feenanciers under his guns; and he calls to Winifred and Mrs. O'Connel that Jerry is home, and they all have dinner pleasantly togither. Winifred spakes indifferently av th' weddin' at hand, and Jerry, wit' a still fear av t'oughts to come whin he is all alone, clings late to their company.

But, come midnight, he walks out into th' garden, though deadly afraid; and under a pale lantern-wink av moonshine he must steal down to th' lily marsh—a crippled, cowled figure seemin' iver to hobble beside him. Long he luks at th' little causeway, uncrumbled still.

"Was it for this th' ould games were played?" he asks, shtrikin' his breast. And afther a while: "Con O'Connel, I know

now 'twas not to triumph over ye but to triumph along av ye that I came. And it is too late!"

On that day S. M. stock is down five points in th' market.

'Tis next mornin', whilst watchin' little brother play in th' lib'ary, that Jerry is found av Winifred. "Ye miss th' ould grandfather," she says—"bein' such great frinds." And sympat'izes wit' him politely.

"I miss him," answers Jerry. "Tell me, did he still live alone among ye, and die wit'out frindly godspeed from his kin?"

"He lived to himself," says Winifred. A little flush comes into her cheeks, but not av shame or raygret, for the girl houlds her head high; her eyes are clear and steady. "Why, so he chose to live," she says—"as ye know! To his own rude past apart; niver a step makin' to cross th' pale into our lives and hearts."

"Th' soul av impire possissed him," is th' bitther outcry av Jerry; "and see what comes av it—wicked selfishness to me, who is young and shtrong; to th' ould, life apart and death alone!"

From that day no wur-rd is spoken av Con O'Connel, as though he had niver been; but Jerry walks apart, wit' his raymorse, t'rough house and garden, and sometimes Winifred goes to spy on him at th' windey or into th' lib'ary.

And more and more th' disgust and hatred av impire takes hould av him, till wan avenin' he shpakes av it. Thin says Martin:

"A dayeint time has gone by and we may talk av business. Ye have built up th' N. A. like a fortress, which commands us av th' S. M. Mail and freight and passingers have taken yez newer, shorter line. Th' stock that was bought at four can be sold us at twinty"

"No!" rayplies Jerry, shtartled.

"Wise ye are beyant us all," nods his father wit' approval. "Thirty! Forty! Forty-five"

"No!" cried Jerry, houldin' to th' inheritance wit' quare fright.

"So," raysumes Martin, "ye will become a power in th' feenancial wur-rld, and may use th' money to build agin. And now is yez chance; for we have bought wan-third av th' N. A. stock already from wan av th' istates who held it. And this wake we mate th' man who riprisints another third."

"Afther all I have done they have sold me out?" cried Jerry.

"Not quite," points out Martin—"but ye had best agree, wit' th' riprisintative we are to mate, on a price for all th' houldings; for, should he sell alone, we will have conthrol and yez stock wud be wort'less."

Afther a time Jerry says:

"It is fated!" And in his heart he is glad av it. "Why is a thing built if not to be sold for a price?" he asks himself.

Edwin Slade is back from th' West; he is come that night to see Winifred, and togither in th' lib'ary sit all four, talkin' av feenance.

"A fine figure ye are makin' us pay," says Edwin, wit' a wry face, to Jerry "though a year since I saw what ye were at and bought in a third at twinty-two."

"A year since," says Jerry, "I was a builder."

Wit' a saycret shame he turns to'ard the worn leather chair whince Con O'Connel has sent him fort' under a shpell. And matin' there th' eye av Winifred, steady and cold and clear, he wonders dapely at th' lape av blood wit'in him.

Nixt day he is sint for; th' riprisintative av N. A. houldings has arrived. And this time Jerry inters th' council room av feenance no unknown boy, but a masther speculator who has shprung a mine under th' market. Who rises to mate him but th' Big Bull—ould Slade himself.

"Hereafter we will come to ye in th' first place," growls Slade, "and not wait to be held up. Gintlemen, we have wit' us Jerry O'Connel, who builds to beat th' market."

A hatred av th' man comes to Jerry—a flash av' th' ould drame. Not thus wud O'Connel th' Builder be known, but th' others crowd round to echo th' great man's praise and th' shpell passes.

Th' door opens and th' riprisintative av N. A. houldings is shown in by a clerk and prisinted to Martin.

"To business!" orders th' Big Bull.

"Hush!" says Edwin to th' others.

Jerry O'Connel cannot shpake or draw breath; th' riprisintative av stockhouldings, a white-haired shpecter av a man, twirlin' his hat wit' a foolish grin, is Jimmy Donovan.

Ould Slade states th' business av th' mating and ivery wan turns to Donovan, who

[illegible] wit' inthrest th' furniture av [illegible] wood and th' white bowls against th[illegible] wit' th' light shinin' over.

So Slade calls him to order and Donovan says: "Sure. I am no hand at makin' a spache; 'tis Gary foretould I wud be shtruck dumb [illegible] but I have me aut'ority to riprisint th' stock." And he prisints it.

Now, so little Martin has worried for Jerry's sake that, inshtead av givin' him a chance to agree on a price for th' stock wit' this other riprisintative, he has planned to bring th' two togither at th' last minute and let them compete for th' sale.

"Now," he says to Donovan, rubbin' his hands, "if ye will name th' price for yez stock and let it be lower than th' price named by O'Connel"

"Sell out th' N. A.—is it?" asks Donovan, lukin' up from th' furniture. "Sorra th' day I wud sell it!"

"Why are ye come?" demands Slade.

"As riprisintative, sor."

There is some kind av hitch or misundershtandin', and Slade is quick to act befoore Donovan and Jerry get togither and fix th' price.

"Your offer is thirty-five, I belave?" he says to Jerry.

The flabby muscles av ould Donovan stiffen through all his body; th' veins start out on his bony fists.

"Is it th' O'Connel sells?" he laughs.

Slade's neck swells wit' indignation—his eyes roll full av blud; but he kapes conthrol av his tongue.

"Come, come!" he says. "An offer!"

Trimblin', Donovan shteps to th' table; but, for th' great effort, he has taken on, for wance, th' way and color av a man.

A clerk darts in and slips a missage into th' hand av Edwin, who whistles to himself and, wit' a smile av triumph at Jerry, fades from the room.

"An insoolt it be to th' O'Connel," says Donovan, "to put up his impire at a dirthy auction for money; 'tis not proper he shud notice. But, for th' inthrest I riprisint, I answer ye it will niver be sold. Th' houlder av it is a just man and has left to ould imployees av th' N. A., who have wasted a mountain av human muscle and bone—a t'ousand years av husky life—on that dommed sherapheap—whether th' man who made a railroad av it shall be deserted."

Wit' a bang comes down th' chairman's mallet.

"Does all this inthrest us?" he roars.

"No; but it does me!" cries Jerry, startin' up wit' overturned chair.

And Donovan will not be put down.

"Softer men have come to build up th' N. A. and failed," he says. "O'Connel is flint and fire, and little love we have for him; but shall th' great thing he has builded av rusty iron and broken men be sold ye and turned back into sherap? By him and th' ould N. A. we shtand! Better wan year av glorious wur-rk that kills than ten av pensian and shame!"

So it is up to Jerry; called to th' bar av impire, he fales th' storm swell in his breast as on th' day he discovered ould Con's foundation.

"By croolties and nayglects I have builded!" he t'inks. Th' dread av goin' back to such a life—av wance agin becomin' th' monsther—grapples him; and there is a shtruggle that wrings th' sweat from th' roots av his hair.

"Whist!" says Martin. "Forty-five be th' price; here is th' check, my boy." And he smiles wit' pride av th' son who has held them all up.

"McCarty is sackerficed to glory," Jerry t'inks quarely. "Shall th' ould men be denied their year av wur-rk that kills?"

"There is no sale," he tells th' feenanciers, in th' hard, swate undertone; and in a momint is plunged into th' night av loneliness, family and frinds cast aside for th' shticks and shtones.

"Back to yez job!" he says to Donovan, and is th' man av flint and fire.

Home he hastes for th' last time and packs up, seein' no wan. Only in th' lib'ary th' shade av Con bides to say farewell.

"'Twill do no good to go there now," t'inks Jerry; "miserable I am already." But, wance in th' lower hall, he cannot puss and, wit' a grin av dayspair, walks unflinchin' to th' center av th' room.

Winifred Collins huddles deep in th' ould grandfather chair watchin' him.

"Is it a judgmint on my selfishness and croolties," he says to her, "which sinds me back to commit thim agin, along av my raymorse?" Thin th' thirst av his sowl to be agin at th' thing that grinds up iron and men into impire possisses him, and he laughs aloud wit' joy av his rayturn. "No; it is not a judgmint," he says. "I have a heart for th' wur-rk, be it wan av flint."

Th' girl looks at th' hearth wit' her chin in her hands, searchin' th' spark and thread av smoke.

"So ye are goin' back, afther all!" she says. "Thin I will say what I have to say, though it be not pleasant to aither av us.

"Like an ould warlock, from day to day and year to year, did Con O'Connel bide in this chair, wit' th' mischief he was wur-rkin' on me. Often I spied in on him and wondered that his thread av life shud hould—thin as this thread av smoke it was. And he wud catch me at it wit' his cold, clear eye, and in that swate boy's voice tell me not to dayspise th' shpell for mischief that he wur-rked at his witch's fire. I have sneered or turned away in contimpt; but there was a t'ought betwane us, and thin th' mischief came. So, in a shtrange, wild anger I came in to him here and accused him.

"'Give you this missage to Jerry O'Connel whin he comes,' he says, not at all answerin' my charge against himself. 'Say that I sint him th' way av impire, knowin' how long is th' road rayturnin'. And I am not waitin' him. And yet,' says th' warlock strangely, 'he will not come too late.'"

"He said that!" cries Jerry, shteppin' forward and husky av voice; for Con, undershtandin' betther than himself th' call av impire to th' young, had niver ixpected or waited his rayturn.

"He gave me th' name av an ould frind who was to have his watch and chain," says Winifred, "and touched that book wit' his stick as th' wan houldin' his will betwane its leaves. Thin he said: 'Ye may have me. Now I will be goin' on to my buildin'.'

"He shook back th' shawl and turned his face to th' light av th' windey, and niver did I see him more; for, as though th' thread av life had only held till I shud come confissin' his power and hear his missage, that afthernoon it parted."

Jerry luks round wit' a high, new peace av mind.

"So I had not nayglected him!" he t'inks, and afther a while: "What is this riddle 'twas said I wud not come too late?" Th' gir-rl has not moved. "Winifred, how cud ye imagine th' ould man put mischief on ye?" asks Jerry suddintly.

"So he did!" she answers in passion. "His t'ought followed me iver. Well, he is dead now!" she ixclaims, risin'.

"Who was th' frind he named?"

"Donovan."

"And 'twas ye whom he riprisinted at th' mating this mornin'!" says Jerry, staggered. "Now it all is out!"

"Yis; it is all out!" she cried—"and my fortune is sunk in th' sherapheap along av th' quarther million. For ye will not sell on th' high market. Edwin learned that I bought into N. A.—he has been here."

"Well, ye have made th' profit, and sold to him," says Jerry wit' a snarl.

But she laughs in his face wit' anger.

"I sell out th' N. A.? When that shpell from th' grave is on me, drivin' me mad wit' th' love av buildin' and av impire!"

"Listen!" says Jerry afther a stillness. "Ye are mad only for fortune buildin'. Bide yez time; I will build for impire and th' stock will bring yez fortune."

Eager to go, he takes down th' book that Winifred has pointed out and runs t'rough th' leaves for th' will, which he unfolds and rades wance, and wance agin.

"Gir-rl!" he says; but she cannot answer, havin' sunk in th' ould chair at his last wur-rds and covered her face. "Winifred," he asks, "what is written here?"

"It is not thrue!" she cried in defiance; and he shtands amazed by th' sudden glory av th' wur-rld.

Sure there is somethin' wild and shtrong as lightnin' in th' great shaggy letters rushin' and crowdin' across th' page:

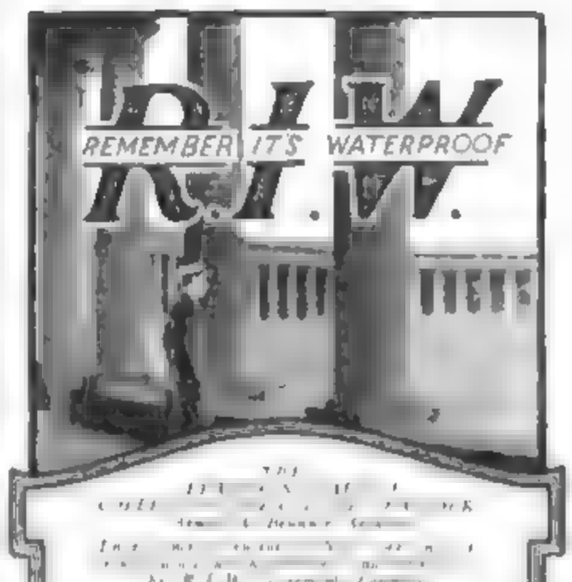
"To my grandson, th' builder, I will th' heart and loyalty av Winifred Collins!"

"No, no!" she says. "'Tis love av impire he manes. No, no!" And her arm's already round Jerry, kneelin' by th' chair.

"I am not too late?" he begs.

But niver cud he have come too late. 'Twas prophecy along av Con av th' Fens.

The story was finished; but the boy continued gazing silently down the yards with the uncanny feeling that the empire of the O'Connels hung dissolved in the glimmering dusk round him. Old Denny relighted his pipe.



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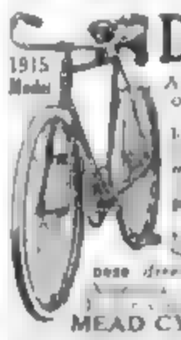

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"Miss Winifred wud not confiss to hersilf her love and pride av Jerry," explained Denny; "and yet she backed him up wit' her fortune whin he faltered."

"Did she love the empire too?"

"No—she niver did; but to th' day av his death she backed him up in it."

The boy looked down, affected by the thought of Jerry's death. "I guess all his building must have turned back into rust and old sticks again," he ventured, sighing.

"It shtands," replied Denny—"though only half complated; but some day will come along his son—maybe a masther builder ——" He paused; and the boy was puzzled by the gradual crystallization of the smoky air into such mighty things as could be built on the foundations of the O'Connels.

"I'd like to be that other boy!" he said.

"And go th' way av impire," Denny warned; "whince are no roads rayturnin'—to yez playfellows, or to the mother who shtands here beside ye."

The boy turned as the woman laid her hand on his shoulder. He was startled by Denny's suggestion; and yet he looked into the woman's face without reassuring her.

"Maybe ye will hght th' lantern for me—I have used th' last match," said Denny; and, as the boy stepped into the car:

"Perhaps your friend would like some cigars?" suggested his mother.

For the moment the Old Switchman and the lady were alone.

"You are one of my husband's old employees?"

"Pace to his ashes!" said Denny.

"Why should you tell my son this story? Somehow it carries home to him. His discontent has already frightened me."

"And shall th' impire pass as a tale that is tould?" asked Denny with more earnestness than was usual with him. "Gary I am, who was wance Masther Mechanic av this ould N. A.—th' name bein' altered from McGillicuddy for th' purposes av fiction. And well ye know who was Jerry O'Connel, wit' yez own silf th' Winifred av th' story."

The woman was plainly distressed.

"I am more than glad to meet my husband's friend of old!" She shook hands warmly. "But you will understand—won't you?—that I wish my son to grow up content to be with me and live my life. I could not bear," said the woman, more strongly affected, "to see him pass away from me into that field of ambition." Her voice died away; the boy had returned.

Denny, swinging down to the track, stood a moment with lantern upheld to his eyes; he read destiny in the mellowed globe, absorbed as a crystal gazer.

"So th' wur-rk av th' Masther Builder might be complated," he said, ending his conversation with the boy. "But 'tis not like to be so; for th' son may know nothing at all av th' matter, havin' been denied all knowledge av it by his elders."

"'Course he'll know!" assured the boy "Why, he'll feel it rise up in him, as Jerry did!"

"Thin woe to any who wud hould him back from th' task av impire waitin' to his hand; for his sowl will haunt th' iternal foundations av Con av th' Fena. Will it not? And he will fret and storm and dayspair wit'in himsilf to watch th' great industhries crumble back to splinters and rust, which he, wit' his magic touch, can raise up into blessed, busy kingdoms."

The boy could not restrain his outcry:

"No, no! They can't hold him! Anyway, his mother'll understand—she'll back him up like she did Jerry." He glanced up, eager to have his opinion confirmed.

"She niver will," said Denny.

The woman's face, a white blur in the lantern light, was half turned away. A long moment she gazed down the yards, murmuring of steel and steam, the crush of empire in its purple dusk.

"Yes," she said faintly, and gathered the boy to her side—"she will back him up."

And old Denny of the N. A. touched his cap reverently; for had not a shade with shawl and crutch passed before them, and once again affirmed the loyalty of Winifred Collins to the House of Builders?

GOLDIE MAY AND THE FAITHFUL SERVANT

(Concluded from Page 7)

"I haven't time to go riding. I've got to be here to-morrow. Do you want some candy?"

"No; I don't want any candy. When do you get away? Don't you get a day off, or something?"

She slid back a door of the case and straightened a candy tray. "Friday afternoon," she said in a whisper.

"Good!" he said cheerfully. "I'll pick you up at the other end of the bridge at two o'clock. Is that too early?"

"No," said Goldie May, still in a whisper.

"Thanks awfully for what you did the other evening. Don't forget Friday. Good-by!"

"I won't," said she. "Good-by!"

Friday came at last. She saw the gray car across the bridge when she was still a block away. Panic seized her and she would have fled down a side street; but he had seen her, and the gray car swept to her side like an albatross.

"Hello, Merry Sunshine!" he said. "Hop in!"

They sped away, following the river for a little. Presently she was at her ease with him and wildly happy. He joked and said foolish things, at which she laughed—the wind singing in her ears.

Suddenly he noticed her jacket and disapproved of it.

"Your coat's too light for motoring to-day," he told her. "You'll catch cold. We'll stop downtown and get you something heavier."

She demurred at this. She told him she would not catch cold and that she did not want anything heavier. He hummed something about "flowers in the spring, tra-la!" and paid no attention to her. She became dignified and said firmly:

"I won't let you do anything like that!"

His answer was to stop the car before a store in the shopping district. He got out and held up his hand to her.

"Step this way, please!" he said in a ridiculous voice. "No trouble to show goods!"

She did not want to laugh, but she could not help it. She was beginning to feel perfectly helpless—and somehow she liked it.

"You must tell me what it costs and let me pay you sometime."

"Sure!" he agreed. "We'll jew 'em down to one-ninety-eight."

And when he told the man what he wanted and the man said, "Ladies' cloaks? Step this way, please!" they giggled all the way to the elevator.

He won the saleswoman on the spot. She enveloped Goldie May in a long white miracle, woolly and soft and warm, with adorable pearl buttons and an awesome satin lining. He said something to the saleswoman in an undertone.

"We'll take this one," he said aloud. "It's certainly a nice coat for eight dollars."

"Isn't it?" said the saleswoman.

But Goldie May said "Silly!" to him scornfully. She was past caring by this time—she had looked at herself, front and back, in the long triple mirror.

As they were leaving he spied a French motor bonnet of gray velvet, with silver trimmings and a turquoise-colored feather. It should have been kept in a jewel box; but when they climbed back into the machine its ribbons were tied in a wonderful bow just under Goldie May's chin.

Then they flew away to the country, along the edge of the sea. Miles and miles they flew and then swung inland. They came home through hills aflame under a setting sun; and Goldie May, drugged with their flight and the beauty of it all, put up her lips in an ecstasy when he drew her to him, as night and the lights of the city came on.

After this first ride there followed a month of Indian summer, with more rides, and dinners the like of which Goldie May had never tasted before.

She would sit across the table from him, her face like a flower lifted to the sun. She saw no one else. They were the only real people in the world! Even the waiter—though he seemed to fulfill his destiny by serving them—was a phantom.

Sundays they picnicked in the country. In the autumn woods he could hold her in his arms and feel her heart beat against his, and look at her—her hair tousled, her cheeks aflame—between kisses. The wonder of this was enough for a time; and so he was content.

Then winter came suddenly, and the rides and the country and the hours spent close together were denied them. They went to shows. Their first evenings at the theater filled Goldie May with delight; but soon she found her hand stealing through the darkness to meet his. And when his knee touched hers she forgot the people on the stage, and they became phantoms too.

As for him—he became more and more silent. He did not make her laugh so much when they dined together. He would look at her—long minutes—with somber, questioning eyes.

One night he seemed not only silent but dejected. She watched his face as they dined and at last asked him timidly what was the matter.

"You don't seem like yourself—is it me? Have I done anything?"

"No; bless your heart!" he said. "You haven't done anything but be sweet."

"Well, something's wrong—I'm not having a good time."

"Yes—Merry Sunshine—something's wrong. . . . We're not going to see each other like this much longer—I have to go away."

"Go away! Where?"

"To England. I'm not going to school here any longer. I'm going to school in England. I got the letter yesterday. I must leave here Friday. . . . It's awfully unexpected."

It was awfully unexpected; and, for Goldie May, the world just came to an end. Before they separated that night he told her they would have their last evening together on Thursday.

Their last evening began with a dinner, which neither ate. They hated the table that kept them so far apart. When the waiter was not there, and no one seemed to be looking, their hands clung together and parted with a squeeze. Suddenly he leaned across the table and she instinctively leaned to meet him.

"Little sweetheart," he said, "do you want to spend our last evening at a theater? . . . Let's go somewhere—where we can be alone."

They looked deep into each other's eyes for a breathless moment.

"Yes—let's!" said Goldie May.

The good-looking freshman's roommate was worried. He suspected there was a process unknown to him that would make every hair lie straight back from his forehead. He took his eyes from the looking-glass reluctantly as the door leading into the hall opened.

"Hello, Billy!" he said. "Where were you last night? You weren't out with that candy girl!"

The good-looking freshman hesitated an instant—then nodded.

"Don't you breathe it!" he said.

"Why, you son-of-a-gun!" said his roommate admiringly. "Say, how does this purple tie look with this shirt?"

The good-looking freshman did not answer. He was thinking of Goldie May. It was tough luck that he had to leave so soon. He would run over from New York next summer when he came back from abroad. He would not let her know he was coming. He would just walk into the drug store and surprise her. He looked at the clock on the desk—she must be at the store by this time.

But she was not at the store. She had scarcely stirred since he left her. The store seemed to belong to another life that she had lived long ago. In that life a girl had stood—safe behind her candy counter—and met them all with friendly, impersonal smiles.

Another girl altogether watched a new kind of sunlight, with no gladness in it, throw a cold shaft through the window into a strange room. In terror of that sunlight she feared to breathe. She dared not wipe away her tears lest the big grown-up world outside should heed them. So they stole down her cheeks in silence, the end of a childish dream. The tears came because The Faithful Servant, after all these years, had come—and gone!

"And now my story is done." I seem to have left out Spike Lavinsky, and Mrs. Talbot Kingsbury will be disappointed. Well, somehow I don't think Spike belongs in the real story of Goldie May.

A BILLION-DOLLAR BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 5)

trip with horses to France that the Nebraskan was torpedoed. One firm of forwarding freight agents shipping from the Bush Terminals has one hundred and forty-eight ships engaged for freight to Archangel. Archangel itself is now under direct supervision of the Russian War Department.

Never a steamer leaves Atlantic ports with munitions for the Allies but the fact is cabled to Germany and recabled to the hidden bases for the submarine fleets. Spies are on the docks; spies are outside the factories; spies know when sealed cars slip out at night from upstate factories, to be towed down the Hudson on barges and laid at shipside for loading on a transatlantic liner during the night. The ship's manifest is not made public until the ship has left the harbor; and then, as one officer related of his lookout:

"We watch for the periscope to poke its head above water and keep our eyes open—and we make tracks! We blanket our lights—and we make tracks; and we never quit looking out for danger until we are on our way back in ballast. We have taken two cargoes of cotton into Bremen, where the sea is seeded with mines; but it is dangerous work and worth all the extra we get for it, for it's only a matter of from five to seven minutes with a freighter if you are hit. When the Greenbrier was hit she heeled down in seven minutes. When a hole twenty feet by twelve was torn in the Nebraskan she settled on the instant, though she did not sink."

Take a random glance at the outward manifest of these free-lance blockade runners: When the Tyr sailed for Archangel she had a million dollars' worth of spelter, copper, nickel, nitrate of ammonia, motors and zinc. The Ikbol, for the same port, had half a million dollars' worth of cartridges, three hundred and twenty-seven motors, and a quarter of a million dollars' worth of powder. Steamers to France have horses, picric acid, carbolic acid and flash-light stuff—naturally not in the same cargoes. Steamers to the Mediterranean have enormous quantities of petroleum and gasoline and explosives for use in the Dardanelles.

Every effort humanly possible is made to slip out the war-order cargoes unobserved by the spies of the enemy; but the number of vessels torpedoed by Germany and held up by England is pretty conclusive evidence of how thorough is the spy system.

"Is there sufficient cargo room to carry all the war orders now being given?" I asked the traffic manager of one of the largest Atlantic lines.

"Ample; but war sends ocean rates up—you know the saying: 'Sky is the only limit.' Consider why rates must go up! England has withdrawn fifteen hundred merchant vessels from commerce for transports to the Dardanelles and to France. These carriers can be used for war orders if necessary; but the sudden withdrawal of that number of merchant vessels lessens competition just when the cargo demand is greatest."

Rates That Have Jumped

"All German merchant vessels are interned. There are few French ships afloat; and now the Italian mercantile marine will be used for war purposes. All this has thrown an enormous amount of business to the neutral lines; but the American Government has had to assume insurance marine risks on American ships during the war, the same as the British Government; and the clause on contraband is very strict. Here it is; read it:

"'Warranted to the best of the knowledge and belief of the insured no shipment of absolute contraband will be loaded and that no conditional contraband will be loaded when the articles constituting such conditional contraband are destined for the use of the armed forces or of a government department of a belligerent state, or are consigned to the authorities of a belligerent state, or to a contractor established in a belligerent country who, as a matter of common knowledge, supplies articles of this kind to a belligerent state, or are consigned to a fortified place belonging to a belligerent, or other place serving as a base for the armed forces of a belligerent.'

"Insurance rates have risen twelve per cent as the result of war risks. Wages have risen twenty per cent, owing to the war, besides a war bonus to each man of from ten to fifteen dollars; but the greatest extra expense owing to war is from delay in discharge at European harbors. At Archangel and Genoa ships have been held up a month that ordinarily discharge in less than a week. On interest charges—say on a vessel of ten thousand tons' dead weight—this delay totals twenty-five hundred dollars. On wages it totals another twenty-five hundred dollars, and the dock charges are a hundred and fifty dollars a day; so it is not surprising that grain rates have jumped from four cents to twenty-four and thirty-six and forty-eight; or flour, from fourteen cents to fifty; or bacon, from three shillings to sixty shillings. There is ample cargo space to carry all the war orders; but the risks, overhead charges and delay are what rush up rates."

What the Nations are Buying

It is when you come to look over the nature of the war orders that all surprises are discounted.

For a hundred years Russia has been regarded as the land of the farmer—of the peasant, if you like to use the name; the land of cows and horses and hogs, and homemade clothes, and handicraft. Yet in early June there went forward to Russia from the United States as many as twenty carloads a day of sole leather for the soldiers. Russia had the hides but not the tanneries; and when a rush emergency comes it is on the complicated industrial machine that dependence is placed rather than on the old-fashioned plodding cobbler. In one section of the Middle West Russia ordered four million pairs of shoes at three dollars and twenty cents. Russia has an enormous wool clip. Yet shipments to Archangel in June included two thousand cases of army suits and two thousand cases of drab uniform cloth.

It has been well known for months back among the war brokers that Italy is in the market for everything, from shoes and drug supplies to motors and munitions. The same thing is now known about Rumania and Greece; though, so long as these countries do not actually declare war, their purchases may be set down as for Austria and Germany. The first week in June one entire pier in New York harbor was taken over for the handling of motor shipments to Italy. At another pier twenty cars of shells a day are coming in from one factory, to be shipped out and filled at another factory.

For a quarter of a century Germany and France have been considered the very acme of perfection in drug and medicinal supplies; yet one single order of medicinal supplies to Germany totaled three hundred thousand dollars; and the outward manifests of New York harbor showed three million dollars' worth of hospital supplies sent to Europe in one month.

Roughly, it may be said that England and France are buying in the United States everything an army can use—animals, clothing, equipment, wagons, harness, saddles, motors, trucks, flying machines, guns, submarines, shells, explosives, poisonous gases, wooden legs, glass eyes, uniforms, socks, gloves, sweaters, food in every shape and form. Russia is buying everything except food. If Italy bought food she bought it last winter, when the big blockade of freight tied up Genoa. To-day she is in the market more for means of equipment, locomotion and munitions than for commissariat. Every nation is in the market for means of transportation—cars, steel, aëroplanes, motors, trucks. If you want to know what Germany buys, watch the manifests to Sweden, Denmark and Greece—chiefly metals for armor-making and supplies that go into ammunition.

When you come to the big fellows who are making the shells and the submarines, the rifles and the powder, picric acid and sulphuric acid, and the poisonous explosives, like the Bliss and the Du Pont people, the Bethlehem Steel, the Electric Boat, the General Electric, the Atlas, the Ætna, the Hercules, the Savage Arms and the Winchester Arms—you are handling something as touchy as dynamite or some of the explosive gases. Buyers and government agents acknowledge openly that they have ordered munition supplies from a dozen different plants to a total value of over three hundred million dollars to June; but when you ask these plants about these orders you are confronted with a wall of denial and secrecy.

This does not prevent the world from seeing that these plants have been extending themselves like mushrooms grown up in a night, and that their stocks have jumped on the Stock Exchange and Curb. One could name a dozen munition companies that have enlarged their plants three times in three months, and whose stocks have gone up from 30 to 165, or from 80 to 340, or from 80 to 320, or from 160 to 360, or from 124 to 475, or from 15 to 115, or from 120 to 300, between July, 1914, and June, 1915. But they diligently refuse to acknowledge that they are filling any war orders. I know a factory that added a thousand men a week to its pay roll throughout the entire spring, and another that has been offered a war order of almost one hundred million dollars if it can fulfill the specifications; and yet each and all of them fight shy of acknowledging any war orders.

The reasons for this secrecy are apparent. The first reason is what is called the investigator—in other words, the spy.

Another reason is equally vital: The war caught the munition factories of America so unaware that few of them can fill an order completely by themselves. For instance, one big company is making shells; another company fills them. One big concern takes an order for submarines; two boat companies manufacture the parts and the big concern puts them together, and a third company ships them out of the country. A Middle-West factory is making acids for the explosives that are completed on the Atlantic Coast. It is dangerous to permit the public to get any inkling of when these transshipments occur or where.

Yet another reason entails secrecy in self-protection. After the war order has been manufactured it has to be inspected, and has to come up to specifications. The percentage of rejections has been very high. Tests are relentless. Defectives are thrown out without mercy. Europe may end a shambles, but it does not purpose to become a junk heap for munitions rejected by the American Government and handed over by irresponsible war brokers. This is one of the curses to the present buyer. His steps are dogged by brokers selling obsolete rifles, defective shells, paper-soled boots; and if there is a kick from the war brokers that they have no chance with sales through the big banks, it is a kick that might have a comeback at both ends if the bank buyers spoke out.

War-Order Scouts

The story is going the rounds of one war order where only five per cent came up to specifications. The manufacturer said he was turned down by the banks because he was not in the ring. The banks said they were not buying junk; and if the fact had been known that this war order was filled at a loss it would have brought soaring war-order stock down like a pricked balloon.

Because the present war is being fought in trenches as filthy as a city sewer, as repulsive as a shambles, by men caked with mud like railroad navvies, the idea has gone abroad that the romance and adventure of war have passed forever in history. Chemistry has taken the place of courage. The laboratory man with horn spectacles and working apron has supplanted the gay old boy of gold braid and plumes and prancing steed. Exit romance! Enter an inhuman horror-monster that is a cross between a Moloch and a Frankenstein! Label it Science; and let the showman describe it as devouring its own creators.

Don't you believe it! Cut out the drab, commonplace, ash-gray view of life! Follow a war order from its manufacture, dogged by spies and spotters until the submarine cuts the green waves in a mine-seeded war zone, or the aëroplane mounts in the blue zenith—a wasp launching its bolt at some Zeppelin elephant—and you will find that chemistry has not taken the place of courage.

Heroism is none the less because it meets death in the poisonous gases belched from the formless, invisible horror of modern war rather than in the wild confusion of the blind charge.

The Cool Garter for Hot Weather

BEING without metal or pads, Ivory Garters are lighter. They are cool to your skin and lessen leg sweating.

Ivory Garter
REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFFICE

The clasps are sanitary, never rust or corrode. They will not tear your sock or chafe you. Try a pair—if you don't find greater comfort in them, get your money back—that's our guarantee. 25c and 50c at haberdashers'. If not at yours, send to us.

Dealers: Ivory Garters are selling big. Write for our proposition.

IVORY GARTER CO., New Orleans

Here's a typewriter you can pack in your grip—the

CORONA
Folding Typewriter

Think of it! A typewriter with every modern improvement, that takes but a corner in your grip or suitcase, and adds only 6 lbs. to the weight.

Consider how *you* could use this machine. For personal correspondence, reports, manuscript, etc., that you've *been* writing in tedious long-hand. How much more and better writing you could do with a Corona! Remember, too, the Corona is wherever it suits *your* convenience to have it, whether you're at home or a-travelling. And this remarkable machine costs but $50.

Write now for interesting booklet No. 1 and name of nearest Corona dealer.

Corona Typewriter Co., Inc.,
Groton, N. Y.

New York: 141 W. 42nd St. Agencies Everywhere

POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL
ALWAYS FRESH
PURE-SWEET-WHOLESOME

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

STABILITY

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST during the year 1914 contained the largest amount of advertising in its history.

But the point most significant to POST readers is not the amount but the stability of this advertising.

In spite of the fact that there are many conditions which affect the success of any manufacturer's advertising campaign, but over which the advertising has no control—

In spite of the fact that there are many other advertising mediums—

In spite of the fact that during 1914 war and depression affected the plans of many business men—

85.8 per cent of the advertising in the POST in 1914 came from firms which had also advertised in the POST the year before.

* * *

When you buy groceries or hardware or clothing, you prefer to trade at a store which is not constantly changing its brands, but which carries the same lines of merchandise right along. This is because you feel that those goods must be good, or the store would not be able to sell them over and over again.

For the same reason the fact that more than 85 per cent of the advertising in the POST comes from established advertisers is important to you as a purchaser of advertised goods.

Unless the goods advertised in the POST were worthy of your confidence and patronage they could not continue to sell, and so would not continue to be advertised.

And when you see a new product advertised in the POST, you can feel an added confidence in it because it appears alongside these well-established, successful lines.

Advertising in the POST stands for quality, reliability and permanence.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Severest Test of Good Looks

Bathing plays havoc with women's attractiveness, men say. But if you have a PALMOLIVE complexion, it won't wash off, and your good looks can stand this rigorous test.

It's simple: Just thorough daily cleansing, with the profuse, creamy PALMOLIVE lather—

—The "Palmolive doctrine of soap and water," which helps retain naturally fresh, rosy complexions that no ducking can damage.

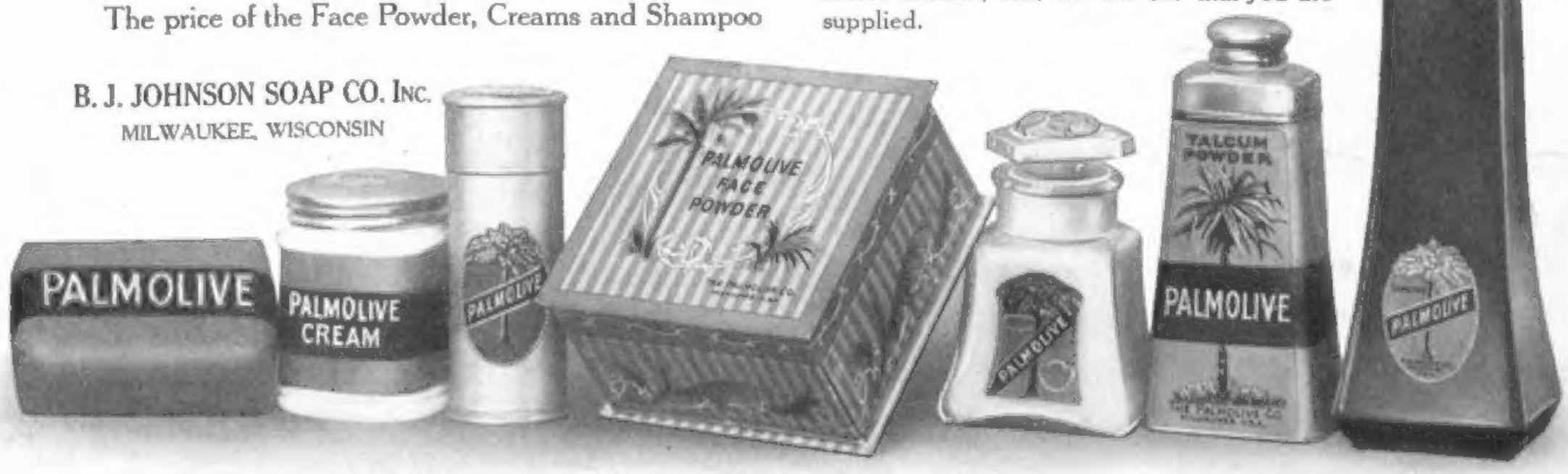
PALMOLIVE SOAP

Now in addition to this nationally famous Palm and Olive oil soap and its companions, PALMOLIVE Shampoo and Cream, the PALMOLIVE line includes PALMOLIVE Face Powder, Vanishing Cream, Talcum and Shaving Stick.

The price of the Face Powder, Creams and Shampoo is 50c each, that of the Talcum and Shaving Stick 25c each.

If your dealer has not yet been able to obtain his supply of the new PALMOLIVE products, write us, enclosing the price of the article desired, and we will see that you are supplied.

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO. Inc.
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN



The Great American Smoke—"Bull" Durham

Fall in line with hundreds of thousands of red-blooded smokers of the good old U. S. A. Smoke the cigarette tobacco that's been an American institution for three generations—"Bull" Durham. The rich, relishy, star-spangled taste of "Bull" puts the national spirit of get-up-and-hustle into your hand-rolled cigarette. "Bull" is the freshest, snappiest, liveliest of smokes.

GENUINE

"BULL" DURHAM

SMOKING TOBACCO

"Roll your own" with "Bull" Durham and you'll find a far greater satisfaction in smoking your cigarette than you ever did before. The rich, mild tobacco leaf "Bull" is made of has that delightful mellow-sweetness which suits your taste to a "T". And its aromatic fragrance is supremely unique. Men who never smoked cigarettes before are now "rolling their own" with "Bull" Durham.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY